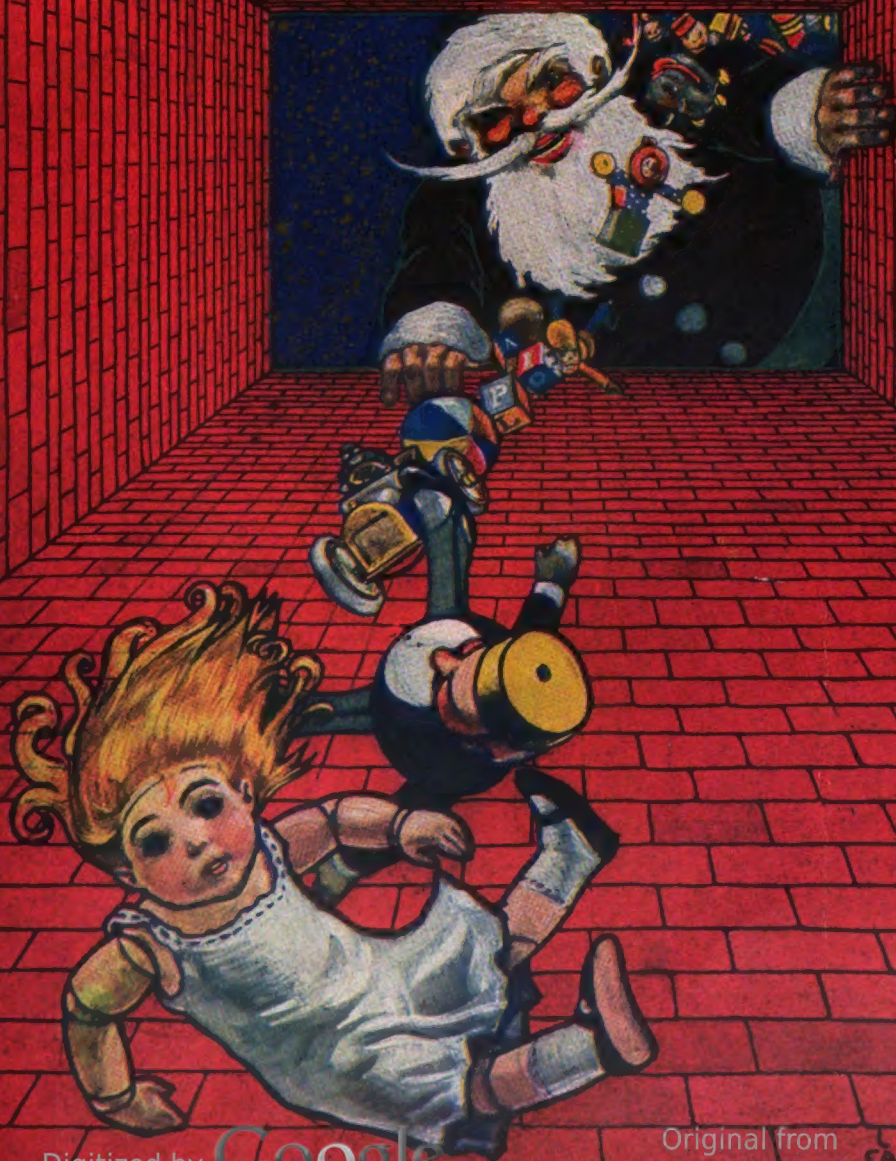


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Everybody's Magazine



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THE RIDGWAY COMPANY UNION SQUARE NEW YORK CITY



*The
Finest Art
and
the
Fairest Faces
are
always
Natural.*

HAND SAPOLIO

*never falsifies • • It brings a
natural glow and genuine beauty*

TOILET AND BATH





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"THE LONG HILL THAT GIVES ONE A COAST OF A GOOD FAST MILE STRETCH."

—*To the Country for Christmas.*—Page 744.

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THE SUNDAY LADY OF 'POSSUM TROT

by JOHN L. MATHEWS

PHOTOGRAPHS by ARTHUR ELDREDGE.

THERE is a man in middle Georgia who is so generous and so kind to those who need his help that his fame has spread through fifty counties. Not long ago, as he stood at his dooryard gate, there appeared before him a ragged, dust-begrimed urchin whose clothing, cast off by his elders, would scarcely stay on his emaciated frame. Freckles triumphed over dirt upon his face. His feet were bare. He wore a tattered straw hat, and twin tears gullied his cheeks as he spoke.

"Air you Mr. Jim Heath?" he asked.

"Why, I reckon I be, sonny," said the kind-hearted man.

"Then, suh, I done foun' you," said the boy. "I be'n a-trompin' mo'n five weeks git-tin' heah. I come f'om the mountings. A man passed th'ough up there an' tole we-all about what you done foh boys. I be'n wantin' to learn, an' when I heard you was good to boys I sot out an' tromped, askin' the way. Some folks sent me the wrong ways an' some sent me right, but I kep' on askin' an' now I found you. Mister, I'm jes' a-hungerin' for knowledge."

The good-hearted man felt a suspicious moisture around his own eyes as he listened to the story.

"Son," he said, opening the gate, "you go into the house and tell the lady you come to stay. I reckon you found a home."

Hungering for knowledge! Aye, and as that boy hungered for it so do thousands of others like him hunger in those forest-clad mountains of the South which stretch across Virginia and the Carolinas and deep into Georgia and Alabama. Their isolated cabins on the mountainsides are near no

schools. Libraries, even single books, all the things requisite for the attainment of knowledge, are far from them. And yet that racial instinct which has always stirred the Anglo-Saxon and the Scotch-Irishman, that demand which has driven these races upward toward higher civilization, is strong in these people and eager for expression. Here and there, along the edge of the mountain country and even in the heart of it, are isolated schools established for their benefit, most of them, however, affecting hardly more than the region immediately at their doors—Lincoln Memorial University in the Cumberland Gap, Berea College in Kentucky, and others in Virginia and the Carolinas. But for hundreds of miles there are no such schools, and there is no way of aiding the boys and girls who dwell in those waste reaches; for them nothing is left, if they would seek after learning, but to seek it through some kind-hearted man or woman, by "tromping down out of the mountings" by whatever road fate may lead them.

For the state itself the education of these mountaineers is a very difficult problem. There are large areas of the Appalachian chain so thinly populated that it is impossible to maintain in them any regular form of government. The individualistic tendency of the mountaineer, inherited and developed, makes him wary of anything at all approaching cooperation in governmental work. The tillage of the mountain farms brings such scant return that the entire cash receipts of a family may be much less than a hundred, or even fifty, dollars in a year; and each family becomes a unit by itself, rais-

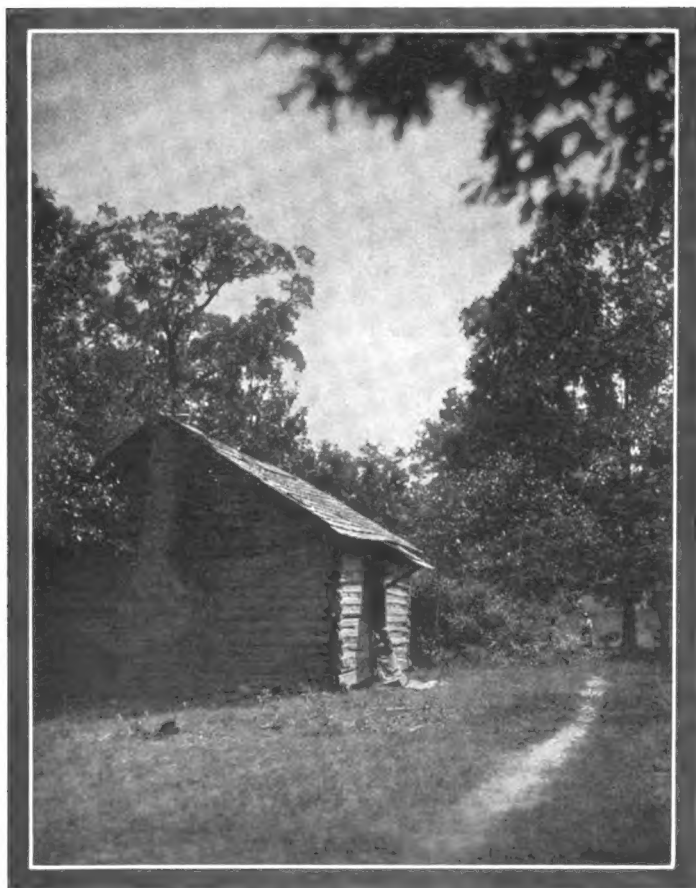
ing and living upon its own corn and hogs, spinning and weaving its own clothes, and buying only sugar and the few other importations which the mountains will not yield. Under such circumstances, even could enough children be collected to make a school, it is impossible to organize a taxing body which can support the teacher without virtual extortion. And as the mountain roads are often impassable, and the cabins isolated for weeks at a time, the scholars cannot be kept together. All these conditions have prevented the development of the school system.

Besides, the character of the mountaineer has held back the hand of charity. In spite of its ignorance there is no prouder race in America than this of the Southern mountains. But it is often the sort of pride which refuses to allow the son to know more than his father; the pride which will not ac-

cept charity, though, having a chance to pay its share, it will work to the death to carry out any plan to which it has pledged itself. It is a pride often misdirected, but when turned into the right channel it will lead a mountain boy far on his path to better things.

This is to be the story of some such boys who have sought the way out and have found it. It is not to be the story of that single tattered boy from the "mountings," nor of the kind-hearted man who welcomed him, but of the hundreds of other boys, hungering for knowledge, who have found the path which leads down 'Possum Trot into the Flat Woods. And it is the story, too, of the woman who stands there by the road to help them on, the much beloved Sunday Lady of 'Possum Trot.

'Possum Trot is in upper Georgia: a musical little brook which comes down out of the mountains, collecting from a hundred sweet-water springs; flowing through the hard and the piny woods; past half-tilled cotton fields, whose curving terraces follow the hillsides in a vain endeavor to prevent erosion; tumbling over rocky ledges, flowing more gently through deep trout-pools, and by the doorsteps of hillside cabins—half-chinked and ill-kept structures—and at last falling into the Ostanaula and so by the Coosa coming to the sea. Where the road to Rome crosses the branch there is a growing cluster of cabins and cottages, surrounding a neat frame schoolhouse, and this, too, is called 'Possum Trot. But the Lady takes her title from the mountain stream, because the little branch is emblematic of another stream, a river of life, flowing from pure water sources in the highlands into the larger river of progress and purpose and so into the sea of accomplishment;



THEIR ISOLATED CABINS ARE NEAR NO SCHOOLS.

a stream which runs its course because of the miracle she has wrought and the great sacrifice she has made.

She came to 'Possum Trot from a big mansion on the edge of Rome, a fine old Georgia place. No life could have been more different from that of the mountains than that which was prepared for her. With an income sufficient for her needs, permitting her to dress well and to go upon those traditional visits and to those merry house-parties which make much of the gaiety of Southern life; with the work of the house left entirely to negro servants so that she need not turn her hand to it; with more than usual beauty of person, grace, and intellect, so that she was dominant wherever fortune placed her, she might have gone on her way as other Southern girls have gone and are going, through a long and merry round of dances, visits, teas, and receptions, to marriage; and after marriage to more teas and visits and dances and receptions until old age should come. She might have taken up a charity for a hobby, after the society way, and given her spare time to it.

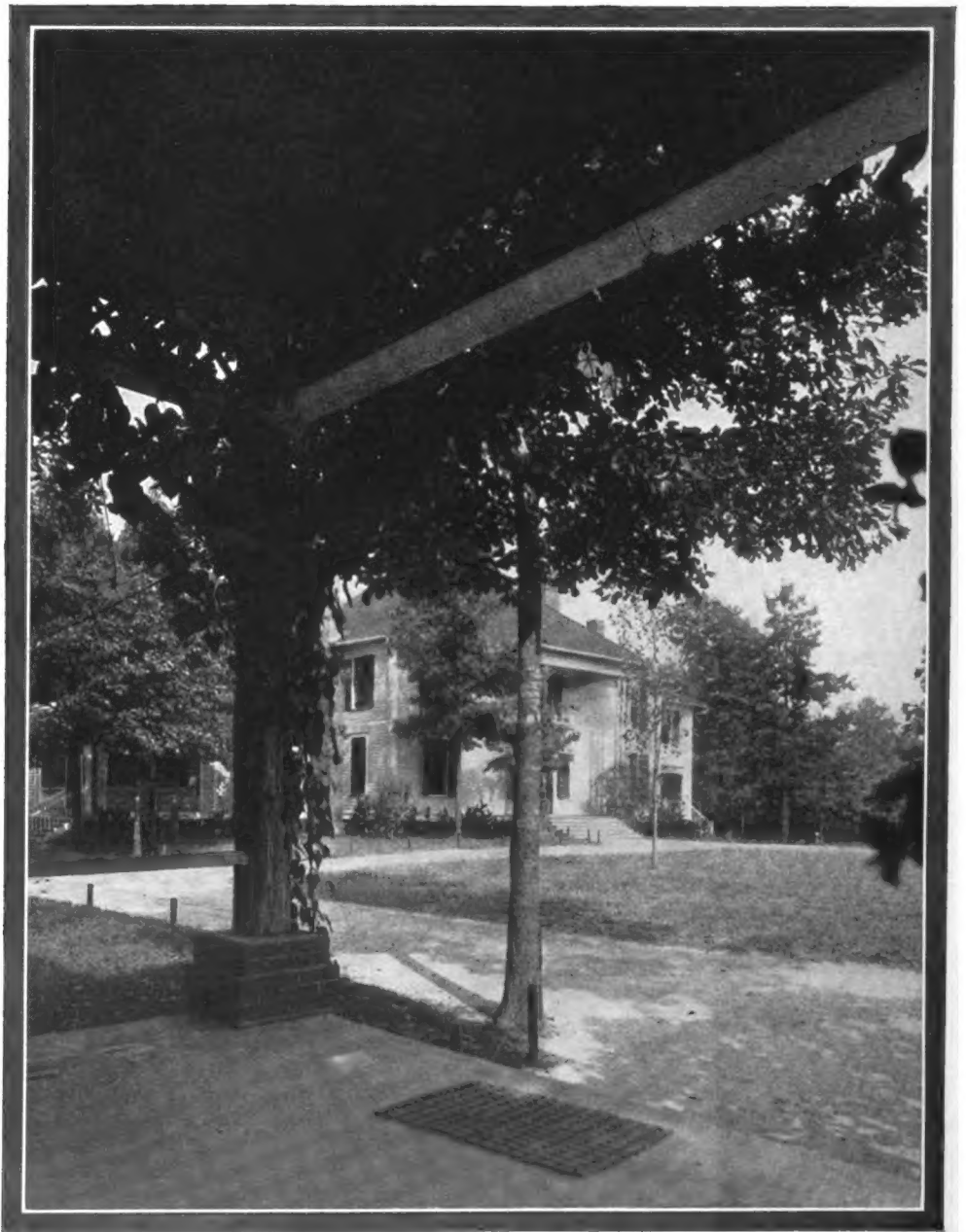
But there was stirring in her continually a demand for work. It impelled her to discipline herself, to take up long courses of study, and to follow them rigorously. It made her discontented with her easy life. Out in front of her home lay the Flat Woods, extending in lovely undulations from the lesser hills to the mountains; and over beyond these rose the peaks of Mount Lavender and many another of those abrupt, tree-clad hummocks of the southern Appalachians. In between, almost under the eye of her dwelling, was a little log cabin, old and abandoned, sheltered under an immense yellow pine, secluded, quiet, restful. It was



MISS MARTHA BERRY, "THE SUNDAY LADY."

just such a cabin as might have been duplicated a hundred times in a hundred-mile drive through the mountains; but the lowlands know little of the mountains, and at that time the Sunday Lady knew little of the mountaineers. This cabin charmed her eye one day, and with enthusiastic labor she turned it into a den of comfort, a place for idling and for working, for inviting her soul and enjoying the peace and quiet of the dreamy wood. But it was this little cabin which was destined to bring her face to face with the great work of her life, this which was to place her on a plane of understanding with those other cabin dwellers on the distant mountainsides.

So through the long afternoons, just within the cabin door, sat Martha Berry, from whose mind no subject could have been farther than that of turning missionary to the mountain folks; to whom no possibility could



TO-DAY, IN THE OPEN FOREST, STAND HANDSOME BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THESE BOYS.

have been more absurdly impossible than that she, a young lover of luxury, should give her life, her fortune, her entire time to the founding and care of a school for boys.

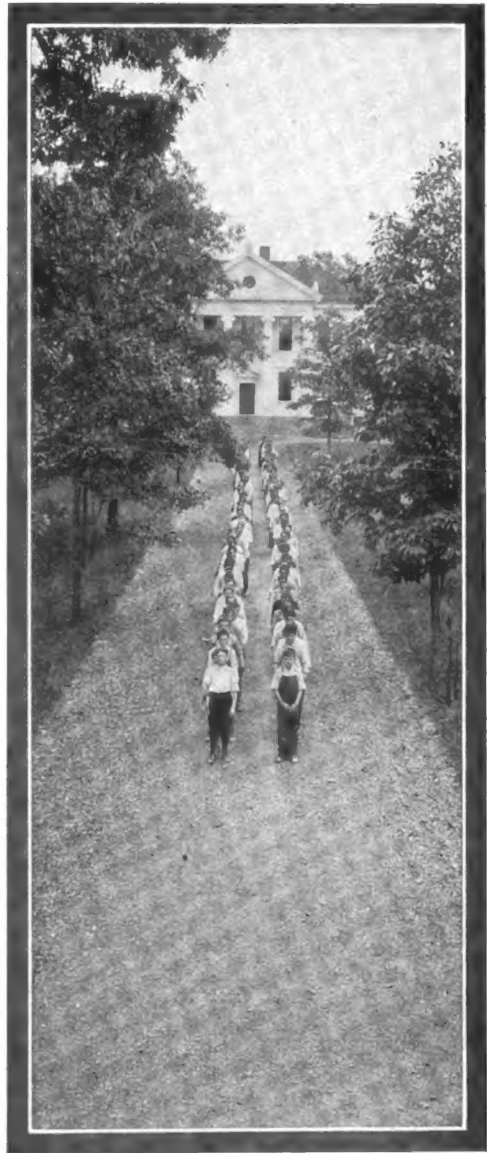
Yet, as she dreamed, her fate was stalking her. It came upon her in the guise of some little children, strolling through the Flat

Woods one Sunday, and halting to peek at her in shy curiosity. It came in a prompting to call them and speak to them. She learned that they were mountain children from 'Possum Trot. They had never been to school. They did not know how to read. They had never heard of Sunday-school. And as for

the wonderful traditions and stories, from the Bible to Grimm, with which every juvenile mind should be stocked, they knew not one of them. She gathered them about her in the little cabin and through the long afternoon read and talked to them, while they turned fascinated faces toward her and listened, almost breathless, lest at any moment a breeze might blow their happiness away. The next Sunday they came again, and

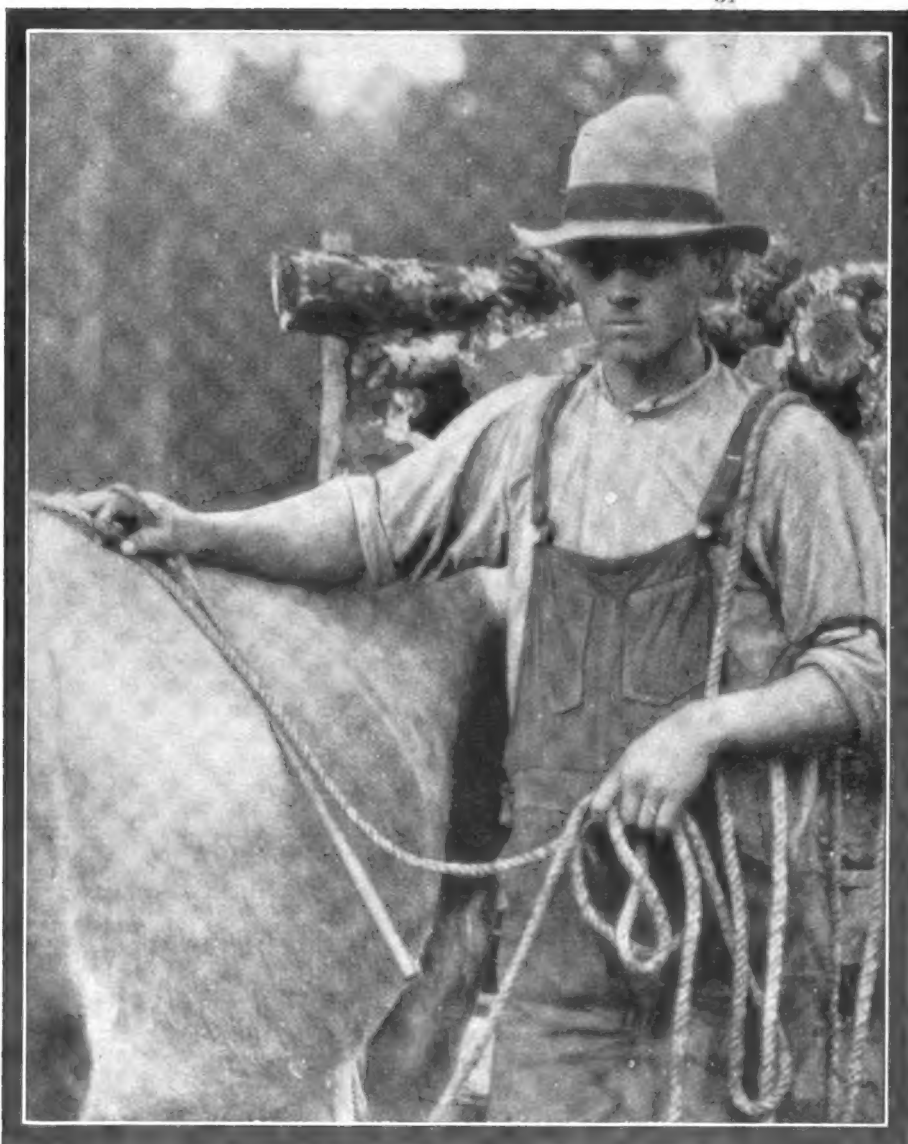


THE BOYS ARE BRINGING ABANDONED COTTON LANDS TO THE POINT WHERE THEY PRODUCE TWO BALES TO THE ACRE.



BOYS WHO HAVE SOUGHT THE WAY OUT AND HAVE FOUND IT.

brought their brothers and sisters, and a few weeks later behold Miss Berry, behind old "Roney," the Sunday-school horse—so they call him in the mountains—driving away up the road to 'Possum Trot to meet ignorance half-way, to meet the boys and girls and their elders; going out to the fork of the road to greet them and to cheer them on; going out to 'Possum Trot to found her first school and to dedicate herself to a life of hard labor.



EACH BOY MUST EARN, BY HIS DAILY TWO HOURS OF FIELD WORK,
HALF OF HIS SCHOOL EXPENSES.

Two years later one might have seen this same young woman, with a new light and a new beauty in her face—the light and the beauty of self-sacrifice and of devotion to a cause—sitting upon a pile of lumber in a little clearing in a dense wood, superintending a number of carpenters who were rapidly erecting a ten-room house; or one might have seen her balancing herself across scantlings or scaling precarious ladders, to give closer attention to details.

The two years had brought new problems and new work. Starting out with a girl's eager ambition to teach the beloved Bible stories to the mountain children, she had found that this was but the beginning of things she had to teach, and not alone to children but to their elders. Only so far could they go as she would go with them. They could not read for themselves. Appalled at their ignorance and their helplessness, stirred by their eagerness to learn, and

moved almost equally by the menace to the state of these uneducated people, she went to work first to supplement the Sunday-school with a day-school. The county school-board consented to hire a teacher for 'Possum Trot, and later, when Miss Berry had erected the buildings far back among the hills, for several other schools. But the meager pay for a few short months of school, the many difficulties to be overcome, and the hardship of teaching in the mountains made it difficult to obtain teachers. To make it easier, Miss Berry added to the pay the county gave and lengthened the teaching year from her own income.

It soon became evident, however, that these day-schools could not be maintained. The natural reluctance of the illiterate to have their children better educated kept many children away. The slightest excuse was enough to keep at home those who were enrolled. There was no way of enforcing discipline, and the attendance was scant and irregular.

But while the day-schools were failing—and yet were accomplishing good—Miss Berry herself was learning something of the magnitude of the task into which she had unwittingly stumbled. She learned that the mountaineers needed to be taught discipline and the dignity of labor; and then the dignity and possibility of a better life. They needed to be dragged up out of their poverty and isolation to a condition in which they would themselves support schools and roads and would begin to lean toward community feeling instead of individualism.

To attain this end, there was but a single course. They must be taught and inspired to till better their scanty fields so that the crop would better reward their efforts; they must learn how to make the earth produce other things than cotton and hogs and corn. The work which would give them these things would in time benefit the state and the nation, too; for of all the crimes of poor tillage which have aroused the workers toward conservation, all the reckless clearing of timber, burning of soil, washing away and erosion of fields, all the process of robbing the land of its fertility by endless successions of the same crop, the worst examples are to be found among these mountain dwellers. This Miss Berry came to know, and so, having passed from the Sunday-school to an experiment with a day-school, she saw that this was but a trial step from which she must move forward to an industrial school.

When she saw that, and, further, realized that it must be a boarding-school or it could not hope to keep up attendance and to discipline the pupils, or give opportunity to teach them by association and example, she hesitated long between the boys and the girls. Her inclination was toward her own sex; and surely the mountain girls needed her. But the necessities of the case won for the boys. They could live on plainer fare; they could put up with more hardships at the start; and, perhaps most important of all, they could do a greater part of the work of the school themselves.

Over in the Flat Woods there was an eighty-acre tract which her father had left her on his death. It was a sort of memorial to him, as she regarded it, and never to be parted with. Now, however, it offered the site for beginning operations. So she incorporated the Berry Industrial School, deeded the little forest to it for a home, and depleted her little capital to provide funds for a ten-room house. Miss Edith Brewster, a Leland Stanford graduate, came to aid her, and with the help of loyal friends the little building was finished and filled with makeshift furniture, collected chiefly from neighboring attics.

It was a more difficult task to find boarding pupils than to fill a Sunday-school room. Back into the mountains for twenty miles went the Sunday-school horse and the Sunday Lady, seeking recruits. In an unkempt cabin in the far hills she found two boys, boarding themselves and paying two dollars a month tuition to a snuff-dipping old drone of a superannuated schoolmaster to teach them Greek. They had not yet mastered arithmetic. These two she corralled, and one other, on the promise of a complete literary and industrial education for fifty dollars a year, board included. School was to open on a Monday, in the middle of January, 1902. On Saturday morning a ramshackle rig drew up before the building and out climbed a boy, holding an old trunk in his arms. He had heard about the new school and had come to try it. He was the first volunteer pupil. Another showed up on Monday, and the school opened with one building, five pupils, and two teachers, and about eighty acres of forest lands.

One might have seen the Sunday Lady in the school yard the next morning giving a first lesson in the dignity of labor. In the center of a clearing was the big iron

kettle—after Southern fashion—mounted upon bricks, while a fire blazed or smoked underneath it. Near by were two tubs on a bench, and a pile of dirty clothes; while in the offing—distinctly an “offing”—were the five boys whose extra clothes were to be made like new.

“Now, boys”—this from the Sunday Lady—“we will all wash the clothes. I will show you how, and after this each boy will wash his own.”

The boys demurred. “No, ma’am,” said the eldest. “I ain’t never seen no mankind of no kind do no washin’; and I ain’t goin’ to do none.”

“Very well, you may stand and watch while I do it,” she said sweetly. Into the tub went the unaccustomed young arms, while the boys looked on in embarrassed silence. They fidgeted from foot to foot while she scrubbed and wrung and twisted in unfamiliar exercise. At last as she bent, wearily resting, beside the tubs, the oldest boy was overcome by tardy shame.

“I ain’t never seen it done,” he announced defiantly, “but I’m a-goin’ to wash them clo’es, Miss Berry.”

“Very well,” she agreed. “I will leave you to show the others.”

She went away and left him to manage the younger boys, while she rested her tired back and cried with the relief it all meant. The great struggle had been fought and won. In the new school the tradition was established that the boys should do the scrubbing. Below that there was nothing. Even cooking would thereafter be a matter of course.

So, with the boys won to her plan, she set about building out of nothing a school which to-day has no superior among the agricultural colleges of the country for the practical efficiency of the work it does. She secured a school-trained farmer to take charge of the out-of-door work, while she and Miss Brewster planned that indoors. They regulated the work of the boys by the clock, and divided it into periods. They provided that two divisions of two hours each must be spent in the class-room and one division in the field; for it cost \$100 a year to keep and teach a boy, and each one must earn in this two hours a day the fifty dollars’ worth not covered by his tuition. As a matter of fact, only half of the boys paid anything at all, and the rest earned their entire keep, or an equivalent, working at odd hours upon the farm or about the buildings. The same proportion holds to-day.

From the five pupils thus first brought together, the little school grew as rapidly as circumstances would permit. About twenty boys finished the first year, and then, money being furnished from outside in small instalments, the boys, under the direction of a carpenter, erected other buildings and made room for more boys.

Six years have elapsed since the first opening of the school in the woods, and the school now numbers 150 pupils. To-day, in an open and carefully kept grove stand more than half a score of handsome buildings, all but the poorest of them erected, under a carpenter’s guidance, by these boys, most of whom have before coming here seen nothing more pretentious than a log cabin.

Out beyond the grove, reached by fine macadam roads—also built by the boys—stretch some hundreds of acres of well-tilled fields, all old abandoned cotton lands, which, when taken by the school, produced less than half a bale of cotton a year. On these the farm instructor and the boys are practising that careful cultivation which is necessary to the preservation of our soil values, and, by means which are entirely possible for the mountainside farmer, are bringing them rapidly to the point where they produce two bales to the acre. A good, large dairy barn, and a milk-house, both built by the boys, shelter a herd of ordinary cows and a fine-blooded Jersey bull—an outfit which at the same time provides a profit from its operation and proves a school in stock-raising. Steadily improving the grade of the stock, and keeping careful record of the quantity and quality of each cow’s milk and the cost of her keep, the boys learn the difference between profitable and unprofitable cattle.

Hot-beds and truck-gardens—things unknown to the mountain country—spreading peach and apple orchards, a canning factory, now being enlarged, for taking care of the surplus production of summer fruit, a woodworking shop and manual training-school, a steam laundry operated by the boys—all these are among the enterprises on the edge of the woods; and out in front, facing the entrance, are the lecture-halls, the dormitories, and, in front of all, a big, white-columned recitation and library building with a well-selected stock of books.

All this represents an investment of \$100,000, besides what has gone to running expenses. And the story of that \$100,000 is as wonderful as the tale of the school itself.

For in all her struggles Miss Berry has never actually asked for help. She has traveled uncounted miles around the country, telling the story of her boys wherever she could find some one to listen. She has told quaint instances of their devotion, their ignorance, their helplessness, and has left to those who heard to do what their consciences dictated. As a result, this school has never yet received a gift of \$1,000 at one time, and but three times has it received \$500. Most of the money represented in the ground and buildings and that which goes to keep the boys has come in fifty dollars at a time, or even in five and ten dollar instalments, and much of it in dollar bills. Letters come in every day with as little as fifty cents in them, and there has never been a month in the history of the school when the next month's keep was assured in advance.

In consequence, not only have the boys worked hard, but all the teachers have had to sacrifice their material interests for the sake of those whom they teach. Salaries of thirty dollars a month are taken by those worth five times as much, because that just suffices for the necessities of life. And as for the Sunday Lady herself, it is on record that one year the boys of the school, by working overtime and out of hours, amassed a sum exceeding \$4.50, which they presented through a committee to Miss Brewster, with the request that she buy Miss Berry a new skirt in place of the one to which she was then reduced. They have done more than that, these boys. On the fifth anniversary they, with the teachers and the alumni, presented to the school \$250, representing more than twice that many days of hard and patient labor. And wherever they have gone out of the school they have carried the spirit of hard labor and sacrifice which has been instilled into them by the example of their teachers. So it has come about that even the University of Georgia and the Technological School of the state vie with each other in securing Miss Berry's graduates, because of the spirit one of them instils into a class.

The young man who graduated this year at the head of his class at the University of Georgia, editor of the college paper, president of the Y. M. C. A., already well known through the state as an orator and as a speaker on matters of public interest, is one of those two boys whom the Sunday Lady brought down out of the mountain cabin to

be her first pupils. And his story is the more remarkable because, having learned at the washtub of the industrial school that any labor that is clean is manly, he has paid his way through school with whatever work came his way, even by waiting on table. He has done this in the South, where such work is relegated to negroes, and has set a new standard in his college without losing his own caste; and through his example the results of the struggle of the Sunday Lady at 'Possum Trot will go increasing down through the years.

The school to-day maintains a regular six years' course, two years of preparation for those boys who come ignorant even of their alphabet, and four years of a college preparatory course. So thorough is this that graduates enter the State University without examination. The school day begins, for those told off to light the fires, at four in the morning. The cooks, who are also pupils, arrive on the scene soon after, and breakfast is ready at six. From that time on the day is divided into regular periods, giving each boy at least four hours in the class-room and two in the field. There is no task about the place which is not done by the boys.

They work in a very different spirit from that first encountered in the mountains by the Sunday Lady when she came to 'Possum Trot. At that time, when she wished to establish her Sunday-school in an old log schoolhouse, the first day was rainy, and the audience shifted about to avoid the streams which came through the leaky roof.

"We'll have to come up here some day and mend this," said Miss Berry.

"No'm," said an old mountaineer. "Hit done rained now. Hit mout not rain ag'in for a month."

"Yes, and hit mout rain next Sunday," said Miss Berry, with a ready adaptation of the dialect. "We will mend it Thursday. Lemonade for those who work."

Lemonade! The word went like wild-fire through the mountains, where there were few who had even seen the fabled beverage. It brought a crowd to 'Possum Trot on the appointed day, but not many were willing to try the real labor. They stood about expectantly until it became evident that Miss Berry meant what she had said, and that no one would get even a taste till he had earned it. Then one tried it, and found the lemonade good. Thereupon there was a scramble for places at the work, and the roof was soon

rebuilt and the whole building "slicked up."

"I never seen no woman mend no roof before," said the old mountaineer wonderingly. But if he came now to the Berry School he would see stranger things every day, and would find mountain boys cooking, scrubbing, ironing, making beds, and with equal facility following the plow.

How thoroughly the lesson of economy and sacrifice has been impressed upon them was indicated by this conversation overheard by a teacher at the kitchen door. The head cook was berating an assistant.

"You peel those 'taters thinner," he said.

"Aw, go on. They ain't your 'taters. I'll peel the 'taters as thick as I like."

"No, you won't, either. You peel those 'taters thin or I'll bust your head. They're Miss Berry's 'taters, and she said we got to be careful and not waste anything, 'cause we're awful close to the edge of having nothing."

I have called them boys. In my own fancy, when I went to Rome, they were to be youngsters of fifteen to eighteen, of the size and kind of ordinary urchins. Instead, I found the forest peopled with stalwart young giants, twenty of them more than six feet tall, at least one of them six feet three, and strong in proportion. Yet they are boys for all that, overgrown but under-nourished, mentally as well as physically.

The story of the Berry School has been one of growth and progress. Latterly the state has taken notice, and has established a series of schools of agriculture, modeled on Miss Berry's practice, in each congressional district. But it has left her corner of the state all to her care. The department of agriculture at Washington has taken account of the good work she is doing in teaching these mountain lads real farming and real forestry, and is cooperating with her. And the mountain people for a hundred miles back in the hills have heard of her and come down to see and to try to get place for their boys in the school, so that every year twice as many are turned away as are admitted, and as many are admitted as can find cots in the corners or bunks on the floor.

How far the fame of the Sunday Lady has spread now it would be hard to tell. But in the early days, when the school was new, she had an indication that it was traveling fast. She announced a Christmas tree for the school. A Christmas tree! Never had

the mountains actually seen such a thing. On Christmas morning, when Miss Berry peered from her windows, the grove before the house was filled as far as she could see with people and with ramshackle wagons and buggies. The "mountings" had come to see the tree. Amazed, she quickly ran over in mind the scanty presents—just enough for her pupils. Hastily dressing, she emptied her treasures from trunk and drawer, and put into a pile all the ribbons, kerchiefs, pins, and whatever could be made a gift. Her brother was away, but she pre-empted his neckties, handkerchiefs, socks, and stick-pins. She rifled the rooms of the other members of the family with equal impartiality, and at last had something on the tree for every one. Then she went out to greet her guests.

"Where do you all come from?" she inquired.

An old woman took the pipe from her teeth and answered her.

"Well, miss, ol' Sal thar's come f'om right smart ways back in the mountings. She heern about your tree, so she started day befo' yistiddy and walked all the way."

Miss Berry's fame is still spreading back there, and, as it spreads, the boys come from farther and farther back, tramping down in their ragged clothes, to be dressed and fed and filled with the knowledge for which they are hungering. A more manly, self-reliant, hard-working class of boys it would be impossible to find than those who make up the school. And as the Sunday Lady has been faithful to her work for them, so have they been faithful to her and have entered as sincerely as she has into the work for their own uplifting.

Away back there in the mountains, by the head of a little stream which enters 'Possum Trot far above the road from Rome, there is a cabin desolated by death. And on the mountainside, in a neatly kept enclosure, is a white stone, seldom visited except by the father and mother of the boy who lies beneath it. But the legend on that stone, which might to the passer-by seem ludicrous, is, in the mountains, sincere and earnest, and might well be written over the lives of many more of those who are still struggling ahead. For there is chiseled into the stone the words: "*He was faithful unto death; by request of Miss Martha Berry.*"



THE KING'S PREROGATIVE

BY ROWLAND THOMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. FALLS

I · A CERTIFICATE OF GENUINENESS



HIS is to bear witness that Kilauea was a King of the first water, every cubic inch of him. I stake my standing as a poor and honest writing-man on that statement.

I do not pretend to have known many Kings intimately, but the few—the half dozen, more or less—whom I number among my acquaintances I have studied all the more closely for the rarity of the opportunity, and I flatter myself that I ought to know what are the kingly attributes *par excellence*. They are three.

The first is a certain disdain for things which render life interesting to little people who are not Kings.

"Chamberlain," Kilauea used to ask languidly each morning when he had taken his seat on his lofty throne, "what's doing to-day?"

And the Chamberlain, bowing very low, would answer, "Y' Majesty, if it meets Y' Majesty's gracious approval, it is planned that to-day Y' Majesty's court should do this—or that."

And whether the Chamberlain suggested this, or that, Kilauea's comment was the same. "Heavens!" he would mutter. "That!" (Or "This!") And then he would

yawn, prodigiously, with regal insolence, in the faces of the discomfited Chamberlain and court. Try as they might, the Chamberlain and the court never succeeded in discovering anything that really amused their King. But they never allowed that to worry them, for—

The second attribute of Majesty is a certain (properly condescending) consideration for the little people who cannot be interesting, because they are not Kings.

"Never mind," Kilauea would murmur, when he had done yawning. "Go ahead and do it. Never mind me. After all, one thing's no stupider than any other thing." In that way he put the Chamberlain and the other courtiers at their ease, making them feel that their good intention, at least, was appreciated.

The third attribute of Kings is a certain calm assurance that Kings are always interesting, to everybody but themselves, just because they are Kings. You will notice that Kings enough, observing the dullness of their courts, have pitied themselves for being Kings, but very rarely a King, observing his own dullness, has pitied his courtiers for being his. And Kilauea never had thought of doing such a thing. He considered them extremely fortunate people.

So on all three counts he merits a place among the most regal Kings in history.

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity—save Me!" he cried often—or might have cried it, had he not found it *ennuyeux* to cry anything at all.

Most things are *ennuyeux* when one is a King. If you have any illusions on that point, read the next chapter.

II • A KING AT HOME



HE throne-room was a great dusky cavern of a place that morning—for the shutters were half drawn—and the air lay heavy and fragrant in it, and very still, and yet it was all a-tingle with the thrum and tinkle of primitive stringed instruments.

Two *hula* girls were dancing before Kilauea's court. They were a pair of slim young brown things simply gowned—so far as they were gowned—in flowers, a pair of South Sea dryads, very probably, newly escaped from the imprisoning column of some tall palm. At any rate they were straight and graceful as tall palms themselves, and while the music throbbed about them they swayed their responsive bodies in the immemorial postures of their dance.

Around them the court of Kilauea sat cross-legged on the floor and watched, for the *hula* is a fascinating dance to watch, albeit a certain naïve freedom in the postures of its devotees, a certain ingenuousness in the underlying plot of it, might give alarm to the highly cultivated sense of impropriety of—of such a man as Mr. Anthony Comstock, let us say. But this was farther east of Suez than Mr. Comstock's warning voice, so far, has had power to carry, and the unenlightened courtiers were apparently quite unalarmed as they sat looking on.

Indeed, that free, unaffected, simple, sensuous dance seemed merely natural expression there, and quite in keeping with its setting. For a bit of fairy-land lay outside those half-screened windows—a landscape magically golden in its sunshine, magically green in its verdure, and magically soporific in its whole effect.

In the foreground an avenue of spreading fan-palms held out gently fluttering streamers to the trade-wind, and the wind lifted them a little way, with a sleepy rustling, and let them fall, and lifted them and let them fall again, unendingly. A line of surf, airy and luscious as frothed nectar, murmured eternally on the bright strip of beach beyond the palms,

the beach where throngs of foolish stranded jellyfishes evaporated in the sun at every tide and left throngs of supererogatory ground-plans of themselves on the sand to mark their passing. And out beyond the anchorage where the dingy whalers lay was the open sea, the blue, dimpling, sparkling sea where white-caps glistened coolly on the long rollers while through the livelong day hours of golden sunshine alternated with the tempering mists of trade-wind showers, and through the sleep-long night stars like great blobs of yellow flame crackled softly overhead.

And the hurrying years stood still in Kilauea's realms. There was no summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, there. It was all and always beautiful, as unchangingly beautiful as one of Mr. Belasco's most beautiful thoughts, the thoughts that make your breath catch, they are so unusually beautiful.

In such a scene as that imagine, if you can, the flowery *hula* girls swaying in the immemorably naïve and graceful postures of their dance, while the trade-wind rustled in the palm-trees and the surf lapped on the beach and the sweet, heavy air throbbed faintly to the throbbing of the strings—imagine that and you have the atmosphere of Kilauea's court that morning, as completely as if I had had a poppy-stem for a pen and a pot of some gallo-tannic infusion of poppy-juice to dip it in; the finest sleepy, drowsy, dozy, forever-almost - waking - up - and - always - just - nodding - back - again atmosphere that ever flowed softly round a lazy man and brought his anemic energies a painless death. You'd think, wouldn't you, that nothing could be less *ennuyeux*—I love that word—less *ennuyeux* than that? And now observe the innate Kingliness of Kilauea.

High above it all he sat lopsided on his throne, twiddling eloquent thumbs in mute disdain. It seems incredible, but to him that green and golden landscape with the magic air of Lotos-land poured round it made no appeal. He sat in the midst of it as unmoved as ever critic was before the unveiling of Mr. Belasco's most unusually beautiful thought of the season.

To him those swaying dryads meant no



TO HIM THAT COURT WAS MERELY A COLLECTION OF UNMITIGATED BORES.

more than the third pink and yellow person from the prompt end of the chorus means to you as you sit in the stalls and gaze at her impersonal blandishments. To him the court sitting crosslegged there—the polychromatic court which would have been a feast to unaccustomed democratic eyes hungry to behold an autocratic monarch, even a brown and fat one, throned in majesty—to him that court was merely a collection of unmitigated bores.

It seems incredible, but it is so. You must remember that you are now beholding a King at home. For him the salt of life has lost all savor, and so he sits there, blasé, magnificent, disdainful, a King in every cubic inch of him, if ever there was one.

But he is not destined to sit so till the end of time. Otherwise I should not bother to write about him. A photograph would be biography enough.

III. A HIDEOUS DOUBT ASSAILS THAT KING

SUDDENLY, in the midst of the music and the dance, a disconcerting thing occurred. The King moved slightly on his throne. His

jaw dropped slowly, and his lips shaped themselves into a great letter O. He inflated his chest. His cheeks puffed outward and

upward till his eyes were creases in the blank expanse of his face. And then his jaws approached each other slowly in a series of short jerks and, as they came, "Oh-ho-ho-o-ha-aa-hum!" said the King. A moment after that he opened his eyes and looked about him contentedly. He had yawned. It was the only satisfaction Life still held for him. And he did it beautifully.

But it was very disconcerting. Often as it happened, the King's yawn was so prodigious, so truly royal in its completeness, that it brought constantly a fresh surprise. The court, somehow, never could get used to it. And now the tinkle of the music ceased. The swaying dryads stood poised like two elfin figures in soft bronze. The deep and placid breathing of the audience was broken by a little universal gasp of surprise and—admiration, possibly. All eyes were centered on the King.

He did not heed them. His chest was swelling with another mighty breath. He raised his thick arms from his sides and stretched them out in a horizontal plane. He flexed them slowly till his clenched fists rested on his head. Slowly, yet irresistibly, his jaw began to drop, his lips to round themselves, his cheeks to obliterate his eyes. Then with a bold and regal gesture he stretched his arms straight out again, and while he twisted slightly on his throne that imprisoned breath oozed slowly out. "Oph - ho - o - o - o - haaaa - ah - hum!" That was the noise it made when Kilauea yawned at his full capacity.

Then another disconcerting thing occurred. While the King still sat there with closed eyes, enjoying to the full his only pleasure, the delicious afterglow of a perfect yawn, something happened which made him forget it and sit up very straight and open his eyes and stare about him. It was a simple thing enough, but very disconcerting.

For an instant the crepitation of imitatively gaping jaws, or something very like it, had been distinctly audible in the throne-room, and a rustling, as of sleeves on outstretched arms. It sounded very much as if the court had yawned. And it looked very much as if the court had yawned and was striving desperately to conceal the fact, as well it might strive! The altered demeanor of the fat-paunched, heavy-jowled Chamberlain, who was accustomed to sit, grandiosely dignified, on the step of the dais at his monarch's feet,

was most suspicious. It seemed as if some internal agony convulsed him. His eyes were glazed, his teeth were set, his chin protruded, his lips were pursed, his diaphragm was heaving, his Adam's apple working up and down. It looked exactly as though the Chamberlain was striving gamely to gulp down something long and hard which would *not* down. And you may have noticed how long and hard a yawn is when you try to make it turn about and go back where it came from.

The other courtiers displayed precisely similar symptoms. The old and fatuous, the young and jealous privy councilors, the resplendent admirals and gilt-cased generals, the chancellors and judges and the beaux, were gulping with pursed lips and the desperation of dismay. If the comparison were not too undignified, I should tell you frankly that Kilauea's court, at that moment, resembled nothing else so much as a chicken-yard surprised in a battle with a horde of unusually stubborn angleworms. Even the splendid sulky young captain of the guard, hunched bolt upright in a corner, was rigid with the struggle, and so were those elfin *hula* girls as well. Kilauea gazed about him with growing certainty. And with growing anger, too. The thing was disgraceful, any way you look at it. A dull red glint began to glow in

Kilauea's eyes.

"Chamberlain," said the King suddenly, in a pleasant voice, an awfully pleasant voice, "you are an authority on the customs of this my court. Tell me, what would be the penalty for one to pay who presumed to—to to yawn in the Presence?"

The Chamberlain turned a sickly greenish-yellow. He had heard that awfully pleasant voice before. His fat knees shook under him. He opened and shut his mouth several times, tentatively, and at last it yielded him a thin flow of words.

"D-death, Y' M-majesty," he stammered. "Ah," said his Majesty meditatively. "Death." His voice seemed to enfold the word caressingly. "Tell me, Chamberlain," said the King, "what sort of death do the immemorial customs of my court, the unwritten laws of Tapu, prescribe for an offense like that?"

"The m-most unc-comfortable sort, Y' M-majesty," stammered the wretched Chamberlain. "He should be th-thrown to the sh-sharks. Ahh-hh-h!" The exclamation



was involuntary. A wave fell just then, on the bright beach beyond the palms, with an unusually liquid plash.

"Death by the sharks," said the King slowly, in that caressing voice of his. He smiled at his trembling Chamberlain. "And now perhaps you'll tell me," he suggested, "how, knowing the penalty, you found courage to—to—to do it."

A worm will turn, you know. "I didn't," said the Chamberlain, with the boldness of desperation.

"You did," said the King. "I saw you."

"You didn't," retorted the Chamberlain, more desperate still. "Y' Majesty's eyes were shut."

The King looked sheepish in spite of his anger. The Chamberlain had him there, and he was a just man. But he had one refuge for his dignity, one always open to men—if it's polite to call them men—in his position. "Ananias!" he hissed, all the direful pleasantness gone from his voice.

In spite of his fright the Chamberlain looked puzzled. "I beg Y' Majesty's pardon," he ventured.

"Liar!" snapped the King, and smiled. The word had restored his self-assurance, that most necessary attribute of Kings. "Death by the sharks," he mused, looking down at his courtiers with those redly glinting eyes. "Death by the sharks to all who presume to y—to—to do it in the Presence." His voice was thick with an anticipated pleasure of some sort.

There was a breathless pause. The throne-room was very still, so still that the sound of a cook frying spluttering fish in the distant kitchen of the palace was almost painful in its intensity. It was a dramatic moment.

The spell was quickly broken. The *hula* girls still stood poised there, pathetic, drooping little elfin figures. But suddenly one of them lowered her outstretched foot to the floor. And then she raised a slender, exquisitely modeled hand and laid it on her pouting lips. And then, delicately and unobtrusively, as any truly considerate lady

would in the Presence of Majesty, but still quite frankly, she—yawned! "Gee, Liz," she whispered, behind her exquisitely modeled hand, but still quite audibly, "ain't this the slowest gang?" (Those are not the exact words she used, but the nearest equivalent our English speech affords.)

"Fierce," her companion responded sympathetically. "And I've swallered my *bunga*, too." And then she, too—yawned.

The court, forgetting its terror for itself, forgetting even Outraged Majesty on the throne, gazed at them, at their audacity, aghast. But the girls were quite unabashed. They were used to being gazed at. Yielding to a common impulse they—yawned again, in unison.

There was a sound from the throne, as of a heavy body moving slightly. It creaked, to speak plainly. And then the courtiers remembered and turned blanched faces to their King, waiting for the thunderbolt to fall. It was another dramatic moment.

But what a change was there, my—readers. The King was staring at those *hula* girls in fascination, and the face was the face of one they had never seen before. Anger and cool disdain, the mockery of smilingness and the flat placidity of boredom alike had faded from it, and it had become as the face of a little child. The frightened appeal of a little child was in it as the King gazed questioningly, anxiously, hopelessly, second after second, minute after minute, at those *hula* girls, and the girls and the court gazed back at him.

"Y' Majesty," the Chamberlain ventured to ask at last, "is—is anything wrong?"

"Nothing that you can remedy," said the stricken monarch gently. He waved a dismissing hand. "Go away and leave muh," he commanded. "Leave muh to muh sorrow."

And so, unwillingly, wonderingly, they went. "Gee, Liz," whispered the irrepresible *hula* girl to her companion as they disappeared, "warn't it fierce the way he rubbed? I thought me skoit was crooked, sure."



These sweet peas make swell skoits, don't they?"

"Nasturtiums is sweller this season," her companion sniffed.

But Kilauea did not hear them. Alone in his throne-room he faced the situation. A hideous doubt had suddenly assailed him, a doubt, I fancy, that no King ever faced before. "Do I," Kilauea was asking, shudderingly, of

himself, "do I bore them as much as they bore me?"

And remembering—could he ever forget it?—the frank and naïve testimony borne by those innocent little *hula* girls, the only answer he could get was "Perhaps."

That was the situation he faced. It was something fierce.

IV. A KING A-MUCK-RAKING



"PERHAPS!" That was the best verdict Kilauea could find for himself in a case which touched the very foundations of his standing as a King. For a King who doubted for an instant his sufficiency to interest all comers would cease, *ubique aliter*, to be a King. He would fall, *gravitate ipsius*, into the same class as a

superannuated vaudeville performer or a pitcher whose arm has gone back on him for good. He would be a Has-Been, and all Kings are, *ex officio, de necessitate, de jure, and de facto*, Is-ers. They are always It.

And Kilauea, when he should have routed his suspicion with a good round kingly "No," could manage only a tame "Perhaps," for whatever may have been his faults, he was an honest man. I hope the extreme fierceness of his position is clear to all.

It may have been a week afterward that he summoned that meeting of his privy council which caused such a stir. His subjects wondered why he called it, as his councilors wondered, too. For the only question the King offered to their judgment had but one possible answer, as a child might have foreseen. It was a puzzling occasion, all around.

In the first place the King did not look like himself. His face was drawn and haggard—he must have lost fifteen to twenty pounds on his cheeks alone; his chest was shrunken, and the old proud swell of it, its innate chestiness, had vanished; his great, broad, beautiful, fat back was bowed like the back of a hod-carrier; his eyes, when they could be seen, had lost their direct and haughty challenge. But for the most part Kilauea gazed fixedly at the council-table.

His manner was changed, too. It was flurried, anxious, almost timorous. And he spoke in a low, hurried, broken voice. No

wonder the courtiers gazed at their King in mute surprise. He hardly seemed a King at all.

But a still greater surprise lurked in the King's first words. For the councilors were hardly seated when Kilauea, without looking up, addressed the Chamberlain thus. "My Lord Chamberlain," said he, "have I any reason for suspecting that as a King I am a failure? That I fail to inspire in my court the—the tone which Louis Quatorze inspired in his, that I fail to impart to it all the—the zip which Charles the Second imparted, and to create the air of—of *bonhomie* which George the Third knew so well how to create? In short, My Lord Chamberlain, do you find my court, do you find—me, the—the least bit—dull, and—and stupid? Have I the misfortune to—to—bore you?"

What a question to ask! Anyone who ever saw a King would know the answer to it.

"Stupid!" cried the Chamberlain. "Dull! Dull? Stupid?" The Chamberlain's surprise was so great that in a maze he got heavily to his feet and took an oratorical attitude. "Y' Majesty," he began, "I am both surprised and—and pained. I ask of Y' Majesty's gracious self, I ask of Y' Majesty's council, assembled here, I ask of the—Worrld! Can it be dull, can it be stupid, to bask in the countenance, the shining countenance, of Kilauea! Can it be dull, can it be stupid, boresome, *ennuyeux*, anything but liveliest satisfaction, to behold, with feelings of unmixed admiration and justifiable, wholly justifiable national pride, the greatness of our King, the King of the Greater and the Lesser Islands, the Lord of the Pacific, of forty-nine volcanoes, of sixty-seven lakes, of four hundred and thirty-four ponds, of nine hundred towns and villages, of two hundred and twenty-one thousand cocoa-palms, of—" The Chamberlain was safely off on the oration he had delivered at the last celebration of Kilauea's birthday. There is no need



of repeating it here, for it was typewritten in full in the next issue of the *Court Gazette*.

Long before it was finished Kilauea was looking up at his Chamberlain with shining eyes and a re-inflated chest. He was himself again, a King *redivivus*. All might yet have been well with him, but—

Kilauea was in the grip of his curiosity, a fatal curiosity. He would make one more experiment, and be reassured forever.

"My Lord Master of the Rolls," said he, "do *you* find it dull or stupid here?" This time he put the question lightly, smilingly, as if it were a jest.

The Master of the Rolls smiled at the merry

"CAN IT BE DULL, CAN IT BE STUPID, TO
BASK IN THE SHINING COUNTENANCE
OF KILAUEA!"

absurdity of the question. "Stupid!" he echoed. "Dull! Dull, Y' Majesty? Stupid?" Ordinarily the Master of the Rolls was not a ready speaker, but now an inspiration seemed to come to him. "Y' Majesty," he said, rising to his feet, "I ask Y' Majesty's gracious self, I ask Y' Majesty's councilors, here in council assembled, I ask—I ask the sun, I ask the moon, I ask the stars, I ask the royal palms of Nuuanu, I ask—I ask of forty-five volcanoes, sixty-seven lakes—" there is still less need of repeating all he said.

When he had finished Kilauea's eyes were not shining, and his chest again had lost its chestliness. "My Lord Keeper of the Fish-Ponds," he asked dejectedly but gamely, "do *you*—"

"Stupid!" ejaculated the Keeper of the Fish-Ponds, promptly as if the King had

touched a spring in him. "Dull! Dull? Stupid? I ask Y' Majesty's—" Why go into detail? You all have imaginations. I hope.

Long before the last councilor—there were eight of them—had finished with what he remembered of the Chamberlain's oration, Kilauea's question was answered, for he was a man of ordinary intelligence. For all practical purposes he had his verdict, and it was "Guilty!" Imagine how he felt.

But he was a brave man at all times, and now the mania of investigation was on him, and he would pursue it to the bitter end, no matter whose reputation was involved. Few, even among our most determined magazine-writers, have ever shown such heroism as that, for it's generally some one else whom they're investigating.

Kilauea looked his councilors squarely in the eyes. "If there's one truthful man in my realms," he said simply, "I mean to find him. My Lord Chamberlain, is there such a man?"

"Y' Majesty," the Chamberlain replied, "there is one other, besides the members of Your Majesty's council. He is a Swineherd, and Y' Majesty must have heard of him. He is notorious for his truth—"

"Where does he live?" Kilauea demanded.

"In the grove of Pilopal," said the Chamberlain, "behind the hill Koogaagaoguogiuogugak, where the waterfall Lillollallal-lullulululul—"

"Enough," said the King hastily. "I know the place."

"—ulululul," the Chamberlain finished, "comes down and the wind soughs always in the branches of the pine-trees."

"I know it," said the King. "You may all go now, if you like. And thank you all ever so much for coming," he added with a thoughtfulness he had never shown before.

And so he was left staring at his empty council-table. At last he raised his eyes. "I am going," he muttered doggedly, "to find out for sure. And Heaven help me," he added, "to bear it, if it's true."

Late that night the solitary figure of a large fat man might have been seen—for it was a moonlit night—puffingly climbing the steep road which leads to the hill Koogaag—to

the hill with a long rocky name, where the waterfall Lillollal—the fall with a long splashing sort of name comes down, and the steady trade-wind soughs in the branches of the trees of Pilopal.

It was the King, going out alone to learn his Fate. Far in advance of him a single regiment of cavalry jingled and clattered, far behind him a single regiment of artillery rumbled and skidded. Alone through the night and the solitude, up the steep and rocky path, the irresistible impulse of investigation led Kilauea on, dogged and dogged.



V • THE DOUBT BECOMES A CERTAINTY



UST after sunrise the King found his Swineherd. He was sitting beside a little fire in the open, a very lank young man with tattered garments and tousled hair and a pair of the clearest, calmest, most straightforward eyes imaginable. Well enough for a Swineherd, of course, but rather

an insignificant person for a King to have taken all that walk for

"Well," said the King disappointedly, looking down at him, "you're the leanest Swineherd I ever saw. Honesty has hardly been a fattening policy, with you."

"I never claimed it was," said the Swineherd calmly, "for me or anybody else. By the way, you're the fattest King I ever saw."

Kilauea opened his eyes. "How do you know I am a King?" he demanded.

"By your infernal nerve," said the Swineherd calmly. "Sit down and have some breakfast. There's no more than I need

myself, but there's a fool tradition about being hospitable."

Kilauea stared at him haughtily. "I am not in the habit of intruding——" he began.

"You've intruded already," remarked the Swineherd, "so you might as well go the whole hog. Sit down."

That was too much for Kilauea. "Thank you," he said meekly. "I will. This mountain air gives one an appetite——"

"Why don't you eat then?" the Swineherd mumbled, his mouth full of *poi*.

"Now," said the Swineherd, the minute the dish was emptied, "what do you want?"

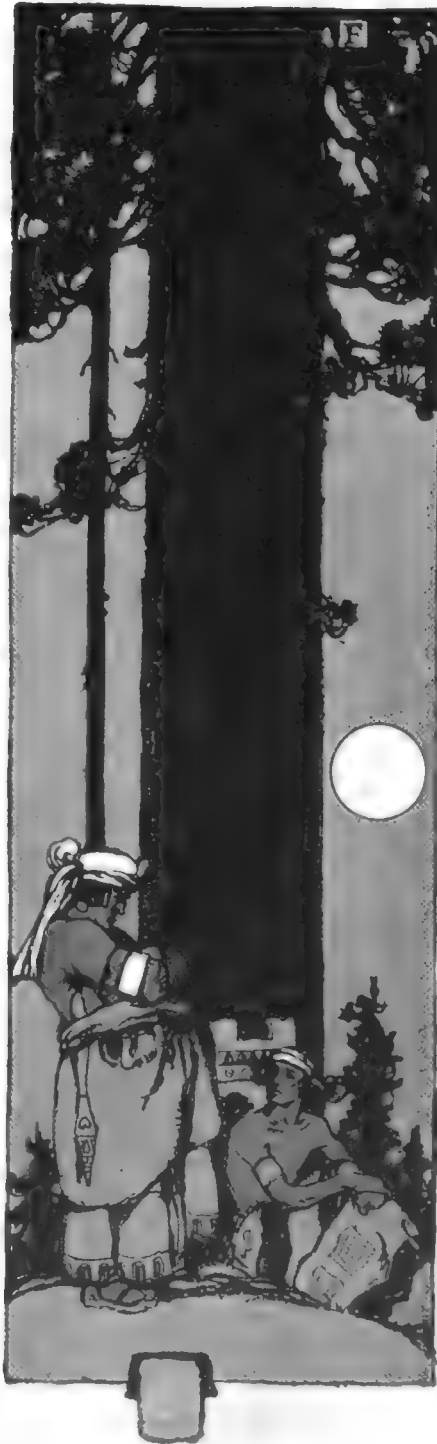
Kilauea was quite taken aback by the abruptness of the question. A certain—modesty—oppressed him, too, now that he was face to face with his Fate. "What makes you think I want anything?" he fenced.

"Fat old men like you don't climb high hills like this for fun," said the Swineherd.

"By Jove," said the King, looking at him admiringly, "I like you, rather. You're so beastly frank."

"I haven't discovered any particular reason for liking you," said the Swineherd. "But that doesn't matter. What do you want?"

And then, in a gush of confidence, the King told the Swineherd the story of the yawn. "And



"SUPPOSE I DO BORE PEOPLE, WHAT DO I CARE? IT'S ONE OF MY PREROGATIVES AS A KING."

looking back," he concluded, "I remembered that it wasn't the first time, by a long shot, that I had heard that noise around me when my eyes were shut. And so it was brought home to me that perhaps I—I bore my courtiers as they bore me, that I might after all be just as—as stupid as I've blamed them for being. What do *you* think?"

"I can't tell," replied the Swineherd.

"Why not?" asked the King.

"Because I haven't seen any of the courtiers," said the Swineherd. "But I tell you what you do," he added, touched, perhaps, by the disappointment in the King's face. "You stay up here with me to-day, and by sunset, I expect, I can tell you pretty nearly how stupid you are."

"You seem to take it for granted," said the King, with a touch, the merest touch, of his old hauteur, "that I *am* stupid."

"Naturally," said the Swineherd grimly, "considering the fool questions you ask. Come on."

And Kilauea meekly followed him. There was something primevally forceful about that Truthful Swineherd.

That night at sunset, on a high cliff that overlooked a magnificent panorama of sea and shore, with the thin mountain air sweet and sharp about him and

the tinkle of the waterfall Lillollallallullululululululul in his ears, the King sat to listen to a Swineherd's judgment on him.

"I tried you with the leaping-pole across the earthquake crack," said the Swineherd dispassionately, "and the first go you broke the pole. I can leap twenty-seven, eight and three quarters with it and come down lightly as a soap-bubble on a baby's head. I saw then that your forte was not amateur athletics. I tried you," said the Swineherd, "at killing pigs, and the first thing you cut your thumb. I can dress off a hog in three minutes and forty-five seconds from the first squeal. I saw then that your talent was not productive work. I tried you with a meditation on the glory of Nature and the insignificance of Man, and you went to sleep. I saw then that your gift was not meditation. I tried you," said the Swineherd, "with a contemplation of the splendor of the sunset above yon sleeping sea, and you sat and killed mosquitos and counted the bodies of the slain. I saw then that your endowment was not contemplation. I have tried you with conversation, and you talked about your troubles, I have tried you with silence, and you yawned. If," said the Swineherd, yawning himself, "you have any forte, gift, endowment, talent, genius, except your truly kingly nerve in obtruding your company on me for a whole day, I have yet to discover a trace of it."

His voice was stilled, and Kilauea drew a deep, long, shuddering breath. "You mean," he asked, barely breathing the words, "that I *am*—stupid?"

"If you don't mind," said the Swineherd wearily, leaving the King to draw his own conclusions, "or if you do mind, for that matter, I'm going to sleep. I've put up with about all that's coming to me to-day, I guess."

And so the sunset faded and darkness gathered over shore and mountain, and the night-wind soughed mournfully in the branches of the grove of Pilopal, while Kilauea sat there motionless, listening to the tired breathing of

the Truthful Swineherd. He had his answer, and he faced a disillusioned Future. Let's not talk about it.

The moon had risen when suddenly Kilauea lifted his head. In the moonlight his face shone bright, triumphant. He rose, with a very bold free swing for so obese a man, and it was evident that for some reason or other he felt himself every cubic inch a King once more. He strode over to the slumbering Swineherd and kicked him in the ribs.

"Wake up, truth-telling animal," he commanded. "Suppose I *am* stupid, what difference does it make? Suppose I have no gift, forte, talent, genius, or anything else, who ever heard of a King that did? Suppose I *do* bore people, what do I care? It's one of my Prerogatives as a King."

The Swineherd sat up. For the first time that day he seemed interested. "Fattest of Kings," he said, half admiringly, "I didn't think you'd have the sense to see that. You're not so absolutely stupid after all. And now," he added suggestively, cuddling down again, "you must be in a hurry to get back to your palace. Good-by."

Kilauea straightened to his full height. "It's not good-by," said he. "No wretch talks to me with your insolent truthfulness unscathed. Back to my palace you shall go, and be a courtier, and sit there, and yawn there, and be bored to death, that I may never again have a doubt of my Prerogative. Come."

So commanding was Kilauea's tone, so regal his bearing, so withering his haughty glance, that the Swineherd, I think, would have followed him unquestioningly. At that moment Kilauea was, beyond cavil, a King.

But to remove all doubt he sat down, with his whole enormous weight, on the wretched Swineherd's chest. He drew a silver whistle from his bosom and blew on it, and from the distant grove of Pilopal, where his escort was bivouacked, clanging trumpets answered him. There we will leave him.



VI · MORAL



HIS is a republican country and each of you is, in his simple democratic way, a King. Therefore each of you may be more closely touched by this story than you think. Parson in pulpit, editor in sanctum, poet in—wherever our poets keep themselves—*pater familias* reading paper aloud at fireside, interesting young man entertaining bashful maiden, captain of industry explaining secrets of success, orator on platform, stump, or scaffold—to each one of you there comes at times an esoteric yawn, a troublesomesuspicion that after all you may not be

quite as interesting as you thought you were.

Very probably you aren't. But never mind that. Go on with your unfinished thought or with your unfinished sentence, paragraph, rondeau, scherzo, quotation, appeal to Reason and the Constitution, whatever may be your favorite substitute for thought. Suppose you do bore us. Only sit fast, as Kilauea did, and you have us, as he had his Swineherd. We acknowledge your Prerogative, for, being Kings ourselves, sooner or later we shall ask your acknowledgment of ours.

It's a beautiful thought to carry out into your daily life, that of our necessary Mutual Toleration. It ought to come to you with redoubled force after reading this story.

A SAINT'S HOURS

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Her Matins. IN the still cold before the sun,
Her brothers and her sisters small
She woke, and washed and dressed each one.

Tierce. And through the morning hours all,
Singing above her broom she stood
And swept the house from hall to hall.

Texts. Then out she ran with tidings good,
Across the field and down the lane,
To share them with the neighborhood.

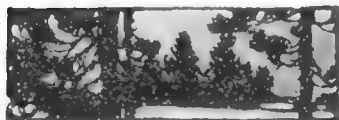
Nones. Four miles she walked, and home again,
To sit through half the afternoon,
And hear a feeble crone complain.

Vespers. But when she saw the rising moon,
And lakes of shadow on the hill,
Her maiden dreams grew bright as noon.

Benediction. She threw her pitying apron frill
Over a little trembling mouse
When the sleek cat yawned on the sill.

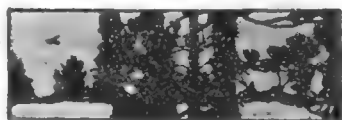
Compline. In the late hours and drowsy house,
At last, too tired, beside her bed,
She fell asleep—her prayers half said.

To the Country for Christmas



by Emily Post.

Author of "Moven in the Tapestry," "The Flight of a Moth," etc.



IT was the nineteenth of December—I know it was the nineteenth, because it was one of the glad days. There are three glad days in every year: the days on which the children come home from school for Christmas, for Easter, and for the summer holidays. Also there was a snow-storm. I remember that particularly, because of two women who sat next to me on the ferry-boat as I was coming over to meet the children. They were talking of the weather (resourceful topic!) and they were not taking it at all philosophically. One of them hated snow—she did not see why there had to be any; it made the streets abominable, and was of no use to anyone. I had been thinking but a moment before what good coasting there would be, and I was hoping, furthermore, that it would freeze hard and make skating for the children!

Still, the snow question might be an open one—certainly in the city it does little except block traffic and slush over the trousers or petticoats of pedestrians. And these women, I reflected, probably had no children looking out of the car windows and delighting in the snow, as I knew mine were doing. Then I heard a deep sigh, and the second voice exclaimed: "I wish Christmas was over! *Detestable season!* The stores are a jam, and I never know what to buy people."

The first shrugged her shoulders. "I am not going to bother about presents at all. It's too much of a nuisance."

"I agree with you! I have told every one not to give me anything, as I am not going to give them anything—but even so I have a discouraging list."

"Are you going away for the holidays?"

"Oh, I suppose I must go to my sister's. They make a great deal of Christmas. Personally, I think her children would be far better off without it. They always eat more candy than is good for them and are sick the next day. Where are you going?"

"Nowhere. I shall stay at home. My daughter is going to the Dodds', who are opening their house for the two weeks. Imagine taking that trouble!"

"Oh, but my dear, that is nothing! The Stevenses have rented our Westchester house just for the holidays. Did you ever hear of anything so crazy?"

By this time the ferry-boat had reached the slip, and I hurried out to secure a hansom, but as I drove across town I found myself vaguely wondering about several things. Was I getting dully old-fashioned because Christmas still held enchantment for me? Was I quite mad because I had the day before moved my own household out to the country for three weeks? Was Christmas an old and stupid custom that had better be let go its way with Hallowe'en and St. Valentine's?

Full of the conversation of the two philistines—they were philistines! I will have it that they were—I neared Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. The snow dulled the rumbling of vehicles; the air was filled with those sounds that in themselves proclaim the season: the bell-reins that a fakir was jingling, the tin horns of another, the squeak of toys, mingled with the roar of the elevated, the cracking of whips, and the scraping of a snow-shovel.

"Ten cents! Ten cents, here y'are!" A tin frog jerked across the sidewalk, with a vigorous swinger of clubs threatening it; a

horseless conveyance of yellow enamel, with a driver in red and blue, sped round and round, encircling all sorts of wiggling and trundling and hopping objects displayed in a dazzling array—tawdry perhaps, but most delectable. Not even the gaunt girders of the elevated could make the street gloomy that day!

At railroad stations, on ordinary occasions, one notices a hurrying mass of individual units, but on such a day as this the station platform is the scene of an impromptu reception. People nod and stop to exchange a few words, invariably the same: "Waiting for your boy?" or, "Is your boy at St. Mark's?"—or Pomfret, Groton, St. Paul's, or one of a half dozen others, as the case may be. Another difference that no one could fail to note is the gladness in every face, the emotion close to the surface, the expectancy that is of the heart more than of the mind. The laughter is light and easily produced. Who cares that the pavement of the station is chillingly cold? The women wrap their furs more tightly about them, the men hold their hands deep in their pockets and tap their shoes on the flagging. There are sisters and aunts and cousins as well, looking less continually, but

still eagerly, at the clock signs. Suddenly a megaphone voice rings out! The chattering groups are silenced.

I know that these printed letters cannot convey the effect, or the thrill, of that resonant long-drawn cry, "S-ai-nt P-au-l's Sch-oo-l on track number-r e-leven-n!" Then comes the grinding rumble of the heavy train swinging into the station, the iron gates clang open, and the St. Paul's parents and friends surge toward the track named.

Almost at once the megaphone voice rings out again, "S-ai-nt M-ar-k's and P-om-fret Sch-oo-ls on tr-rack number-r four-r!!" The second train, ponderous and snorting, drives its nose in under the great roof, whose domed sounding-board now echoes a distant murmuring roar—the school cry of boys' voices, "St.-Paul's! St.-Paul's!—St.-Paul's!!"—the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" growing louder as the St. Paul's boys come up the passage on a run. Then a new cheering is taken up, and from the second train-way comes the cry of "Pom-fret! Pom-fret! Pom-fret!" And through the lower gates pour the boys, the little ones to have their heads quickly lost to view under arms and furs, as each mother gathers in her own. The bigger ones, more casual, cry,



IT WAS AN IDEAL HOUSE FOR SANTA CLAUS.

"Hello! Mother, there you are!" But whether they greet us with hugs or hello's, the joy of the welcome makes one of the glad days of our lives.

For from the time of meeting at the train, until that other day, which is not at all joyous—that day when it seems that all the lights have gone out, and that the tide has gone down so low that all the sands are bleak and bare—but why write of that when they have only just come home! And the last of my sentence, anyway, was that the holidays—every

going?" I asked, and nearly all replied, "To the country!"

In this expression is the keynote of a growing change in American social life. Of course there were always people who had substantial country homes, but until recently (comparatively speaking) city people left town for three or four months at most; and the majority went to summer resort hotels. When the autumn came they packed their trunks and returned to the city.

Thirty years ago people were only beginning to have "summer cottages." Those built at Bar Harbor at that period cost twenty-five hundred to four thousand dollars apiece! Big houses they were, too, so it may be imagined that they were not exactly suitable for winter. There was one chimney, which served for the kitchen on one side, and for the fireplace in the living-room on the other. There was no cellar, but merely an air-space, and the luxury of one bathroom, on the ground floor at that, was rare. Most people had big wooden tubs (like those used for clothes), painted blue outside and white inside. On a windy day the houses shook like paper and the cold came in through the door-frames in gusts.

We must surely have grown very prosperous in the intervening years, for the same people who then lived in just such bungalow shacks, ornamented with peacock feathers

and cattails, now live in great stone or marble houses with decorations taken bodily out of palaces abroad and filled with objects of such splendor that it would seem impossible for the genii of Aladdin's lamp, given the treasures of



A PASSAGE LIKE A LONG
PERGOLA ENCLOSED
IN GLASS.

hour, every minute, every second, ought to be glad!

The first words of my youngest were: "Where are we to spend Christmas? In town?"

"No," I answered. "In the country."

"Oh, gee; that's great!" At least what my son's phrase lacked in distinction was made up for in enthusiasm. Other boys that I knew came up to shake hands. "Where are you





GREAT HOUSES WITH DECORATIONS TAKEN BODILY OUT OF PALACES ABROAD.

the world to choose from, to add a single touch. And with the evolution in our "summer cottages" has come a change in our division of seasons. We now spend six months in the country, and it is no unusual thing to open the town house for only three or four months.

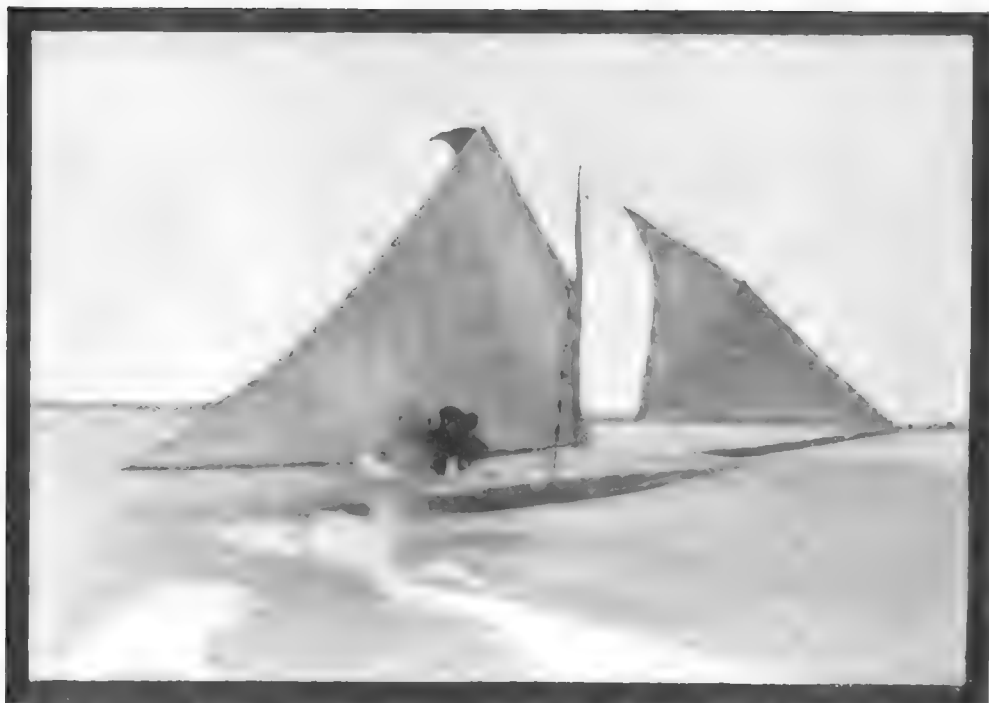
Still, the Christmas country house-party (which seems to be a phase of to-day) did exist twenty years ago. At least, I can remember Christmas at a certain very big house overlooking Long Island Sound, a brick and frame building with verandas enclosed by glass and an enormous hall, and with the biggest fireplace that I had ever seen. The dining-room had high-backed chairs that seemed to stand in solemn military file against the wainscot, and on the table, I remember, were pink fluted finger bowls of a fine ribbed glass. And there were hot-house grapes and *marrons déguisés* and iced cakes, which Thompson, the butler, used to save for us children when we had supper in the schoolroom.

On the day before Christmas each afternoon train brought to this house a new group of cousins. It was a four-mile drive from the station, and we children were crowded

into a sleigh, with innumerable express-boxes packed around, underneath, and on top of us! The sound of the sleigh-bells, and the long white road up the hills, our own noisy chatter, and our speculations as to what could be in this and that particularly delightful looking package—are the impressions that I keep most vividly in mind. In the huge hall great Christmas logs blazed—probably they blazed every afternoon, but those especial logs in that especial fireplace are indissolubly connected in my mind with Santa Claus and the twenty-fifth of December.

Our stockings were hung on a cord stretched across that high chimney, so high that we taller ones had to lift the little children up. Their eager but incompetent baby fingers always softly pushed the pin all crooked—and then we had to pin it for them. And then, standing as close to the fire as they were let, they looked wistfully up the yawning space, a good three by five feet—oh, there was no doubt that Santa Claus could get down that chimney all right. We were all sent to bed early—No wonder!

For the preparations below were in every way up to the expectations of the young persons blinking and listening, and a few



GUESTS AT SOME OF THE LONG ISLAND HOUSE-PARTIES GO "SCOOTERING."



of them whispering in twos, above.

It was an ideal house for Santa Claus, and I remember sitting on the window-sill one night with a cousin, who could no more sleep than I, and looking out across the gleaming fields, white under the winter stars. We

both gazed long over the billowing hills for a sight of the sleigh—driver, reindeer, and all. We were not such little children, either—but with such a moonlit scene spread before us, it took very little imagination to hear the sleigh-bells and the hoof-beats on the roof. In the morning there were queerly lumpy stockings and piles of presents. Such presents as they were, too! And then came the sleighing to a small country church, and the mid-day dinner, and the long afternoon skating and coasting.

I remember one Christmas, though, when there was no snow. We were quite at a loss what to do with ourselves until some one suggested coasting down-stairs on tea-trays.

Have you never tobogganed down a good long flight of steps on a japanned tin tray? Try it!

At dusk they lighted the tree in the stable. There was another smaller one at the house later, but the big one was for the children in the village, to each of whom were given two presents, one of clothing, and one a toy, besides nuts, oranges, and candy. I remember the array of dolls and tool-chests, tin kitchens and grocery-stores, go-carts and skates piled along one side of the harness-room; the other side was equally heaped with caps, gloves, mufflers, and jackets. The smell of woollen things and of the tin and paint of the toys to this day is almost as strongly associated with my thought of Christmas as is the aromatic spruce.

Now there are country houses innumerable far more pretentious than the one described. A dinner to-day with twenty guests would seem poorly served with only a butler and one footman, assisted by the parlor maid! Good old Thompson, who used to save us dessert, would certainly look antiquated were he to appear between the portières of a modern drawing-room in loose-fitting clothes and white cotton gloves, to an-

nounce urbanely that "dinner is served."

In a way I rather miss those white cotton gloves that Thompson and James, his assistant, wore; just as I miss other old-fashioned customs, such as the guests' stopping for their candles at the foot of the staircase. Electricity has robbed us of that quaintly charming procession of men and women up the stairs of a great country house, each carrying a lighted candle. In the house on the Sound there used also to be enameled canisters of hot water placed on the wide glass tops of the washstands before luncheon and dinner; and in the morning a tin tub, painted, like the canisters, to match the wall-paper, was brought in and filled with water either hot or cold. Nothing ever has been invented that was more uncomfortable than a "hat tub," and the private bathroom that every guest at a great house now takes as a matter of course is a luxury we would not dispense with; yet it is true that there is lacking in our modern service a certain personal attentiveness that the older had.

To-day, visiting in a big country house is like stopping in a hotel. Your name is

A year or two ago we spent Christmas in one of those country houses that represent the last word in modern luxury, though, incongruously enough, they are still called "cottages."

We did not arrive until noon on Christmas day. It was a sparkling day of sun and stillness, with the boughs of the evergreens weighed down to the breaking point with snow, and rocks and gullies barely indicated under the deep quilt of white. Notwithstanding the snow, we found at the station many more motors than sleighs. At least a dozen big gasoline cars were chugging their chained tires through the drifts. In the bend of the road a few deer stood immovable and tawny among the brown tree-stems.

We reached the house at about half past twelve. It was a pile of white granite that glistened in the morning sunlight like the snow that padded every slope and ledge. The entrance hall was of white marble, and two footmen in plush and powdered hair stood by the open door. Our host and hostess—the latter just coming down-stairs for the first time that morning—hailed us with the usual



COUNTRY HOUSES THAT REPRESENT THE LAST WORD IN MODERN LUXURY ARE, INCONGRUOUSLY ENOUGH, STILL CALLED "COTTAGES."

written on the outside of your door, and this seems to furnish the household with about the only clue to your identity. Over the electric-bells are printed lists showing what will be the results of various numbers of rings.

"Merry Christmas." Other guests, who had come earlier in the holidays, and were now gradually beginning to make their appearance, joined in the greetings. A few of the younger ones had been



THE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE ALL AT
THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.

out. There was skating on the river. One young man had been skeeing, another had been snow-shoeing, and another group had been coasting. But the older women were still in their rooms, and the few men who had come down were lounging about smoking and reading the papers.

We were told that our rooms were in the annex and were given their numbers. From the hallway of the main house there was a passage like a long pergola enclosed in glass that led to the annex—or, properly named, the palaestra. This is one of the innovations in the modern country house. It is no longer considered enough to provide guests with food, lodging, and good company—or is it for want of the last-named that some hosts feel it incumbent upon them to

furnish special amusements? In this particular home we traversed a long gallery, which leads into the "riding-ring," a tan-bark-covered enclosure, two hundred feet square, roofed with glass, which they use for indoor riding and jumping in bad weather. They sometimes use it also for polo practice, though it is too small for a game.

A corridor crosses one end of the ring, and beyond that is the entrance to a long building of two stories in which there is nothing but guest rooms. The house is run in every way like a hotel; each bedroom, furnished in mahogany and chintz, has its adjoining bath and a room for the visiting maid or valet, and one or two have sitting-rooms. At right angles to the guest quarters and occupying a second side of the riding-ring, like an ell, comes a big billiard and lounging room, then the swimming-pool, which is forty feet long and sunk in a broad white marble floor, and furnished like a conservatory, with parrots and other birds among the palm-trees, with fountains, and long low divans upholstered in white rubber. There are also Turkish and Russian baths, and a Swedish *masseur* and *masseuse* are in attendance. Adjoining the pool is the gymnasium—as perfect, except in size, as any at our colleges. Then there are racquet and squash courts, an indoor tennis court, and an artificial ice skating-pond.

We had barely time to find our rooms, turn around, and go to luncheon. There was nothing very suggestive of Christmas at that meal, excepting the table decorations of holly and mistletoe.

After luncheon we all took care of ourselves. There was everything conceivable to do, both indoors and out, therefore the host and hostess's duty was ended. On that particular day nearly every one agreed that the weather was too heavenly to stay indoors. Most of us went out, the women in short, rough country clothes, the men in



THE ESSENCE OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS TO
BE FOUND IN THIS LOW-ROOFED FARMHOUSE.



Photograph by A. R. Dugmore. Copyright, 1908, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

TOO HEAVENLY TO STAY INDOORS.

knickerbockers. A few looked dubiously at the snow-drifts and gradually settled around the bridge-table. The girls and boys were all to be found at the toboggan-slide or on the long hill that gives one a coast of a good fast mile stretch. I found myself "hitching" with my own children before my second protest was more than weakly framed, and the sport continued uninterrupted till tea time. It was too far to go back to the house, so most of us stopped at the near-by country club, merely to snatch a piece of toast and a cup of tea, and

then dashed out again to skate until time to go home and dress for dinner.

They were a tramping looking lot of people that trooped through the guest corridors; to reappear an hour later, metamorphosed into butterflies! Sweaters and short woolen skirts had been changed for low-cut dresses of satin or elaborate gauze; diamond and pearl collars had taken the place of fur boas. Across the tracks that had been left by wet galoshes trailed bespangled trains. And with the change of clothes came a perceptible change in man-



MOST OF US STOPPED AT THE NEAR-BY COUNTRY CLUB.

ner, a certain ceremoniousness that belongs to the dinner hour. The picture of the procession, headed by the host with the lady of honor on his arm, entering the dining-room, was quite different from that of these same people swinging, striding, sauntering into the same room for lunch. As a special concession to Christmas the boys who had been graduated from sailor to Eton suits, and the girls who were old enough to wear their bows at the

back of their heads, instead of on top, came to the table. But they were a demure little group, and sat unnoticed by most of the grown people.

In the center of the table, which was a huge circle, was a Christmas tree. And besides its trimming of glittering ornaments one could discern small, neatly tied packages in among the diminutive electric globes that are encroaching upon the prerogatives of the

wax candle. Also there was a toy or an appropriate trifle at the plate of each guest, and with some of these there were verses. And if they were personal—even very personal—nobody cared.

Some of the guests were important personages. There was, for instance, a particularly imposing lady who had a crown of diamonds surmounting her elaborate head-dress of snow white hair. She was the wife of one of our foremost statesmen, and next to her was a portly gentleman whose fringe of hair (what was left of it) was as white as her own. He is quite a somebody, this gentleman, and wears on his coat lapel a little red ribbon given him by a foreign republic. Do you think their conversation was remarkable for its brilliancy? Not a bit of it! The lady had a rubber frog which she was hopping across the table-cloth, and the gentleman—he was portly, remember—had a little pet-dog collar with a lot of tiny bells on it, and he was shaking the bells and laughing in delight at the verse that he had found pinned on the collar:

“Run and skip and jump a bit
And then perhaps this belt will fit.”

At dessert the host rose and made a Christmas speech. It was a very nice speech, making up in spirit for what it lacked in diction, and every one was in a beautiful humor and every one applauded and looked pleased—especially the children. And then the host took the presents off the tree, which was set on a stand with a swivel so that he could turn it around to reach them. They were small personal things of gold, set with semi-precious stones. Sleeve buttons, waistcoat buttons, gold pencils, parasol handles, fans, and gold chatelaine trinkets were some of the things, I remember.

After dinner there was a dance. The big hall was cleared and musicians arrived. Automobiles and sleigh-omnibuses brought guests from other houses and dinner parties. It happened, however, to be a glorious moonlight night. Some boy or some girl made a suggestion—and that was enough. Galoshes went on over satin slippers, long fur coats over pinned-up trains, and half of the younger people piled out-of-doors! Every now and then a group returned to dance a few times around the room in fur coats and then dash out again. “Why dance?” said one. “We can dance in town as well as here. The

coasting is wonderful to-night!” “It’s simply great,” cried the whole chorus, and they were off.

Whether the house be such as I have described or whether it be a small frame cottage, the households grouped around a country club spend Christmas in much the same way. From the smaller houses the guests go to dinner at the bigger ones or at the club-house. After dinner they dance, or if the night is fine they go out again. In the country clubs as well as in private houses, the musicians play on clear Christmas nights to a half-empty ball-room; and the Christmas dance, instead of being a conventional ball-room picture, is likely to present a conglomerate effect of men and girls in outdoor clothes, who come in from time to time and dance merely to get warm before going back to the slide or the ice. As for the majority of the older people, they spend Christmas night just as they spend every other: playing bridge.

With these pictures of country houses in mind there is one other picture that comes quite as clearly before me, and though it is not one of wealth and extravagance I am saving the description, like the plums in the cake, for last.

It is a picture of a farmhouse, long and low and painted white, with green shutters, and the little front porch stands but a few feet back from the roadside. It has many counterparts scattered all through the country. The rooms are low—so low that a tall man, standing, may with ease lay his palms on the ceiling. The floors are of wide, knotty boards distinctly undulating from half a century’s warp.

This particular house shelters a large family—so large that it is out of all proportion to the father’s earnings. Within, there is a certain homelike effect of comfort which at first sight might suggest ease, especially in the living-room, with its red walls, its well-filled book-shelves, and its cheery open fire. And, should you arrive at tea time, there is even a hint of luxury in the brightly shining massiveness of the silver tea-service.

But if you go farther than the first impression, you soon become aware of the need of many, many things. Put your hands out on the red rep sofa and you touch the spiral of a spring that has pushed through all the padding to the outer covering! The furniture edges are all worn quite away. The carpet is through in great brown places, as a desert is

pictured on a map. The furniture coverings are as much darned as the stockings of the small girls and boys. Neatness, care, thrift, but privation greet you on every side.

Yet one Christmas that I spent there was the brightest, the merriest, the happiest I have ever seen. I have known many Christmases in the splendid old house on the Sound, I have spent others in such houses as the great one that I have just described, I have spent some in the city as well, where every gift that can be imagined was showered in golden profusion, but the essence of the spirit of Christmas—without which it is like any one of the other three hundred and sixty-four days—is surely to be found in this low-roofed farmhouse that contains "The Little House of Joy."

Up in the mother's room is kept a tin bank. In shape it is square, painted like a house, with a red tin roof, and a wide tin chimney through which the pennies (and they *are* pennies, generally) are dropped. They call this money box "The Little House of Joy," for in it is saved the fund that gives the family at least one day of gladness out of a long gray year. Every penny they can spare goes into the little house. Every time any luck comes their way, every time anything good happens, they put a little money into the fund. Then at Christmas it is all taken out, carefully counted and divided, each taking his share to buy his Christmas gifts.

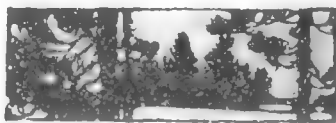
Whether it is the name they have given to their savings-bank, or whether the name of the bank has itself grown out of the custom, there is one unbreakable family tradition—that the little house shall bring complete, unalloyed joy. On their "one day" the father straightens his stooping shoulders, and the mother's look of care vanishes with the Christmas dawn. It is their day of days, to which they look forward, and upon which they afterward look back, as the jewel set in the dull metal of the ring of the year. Every small present, bought after long, whispered, mysterious con-

ferences, is wrapped and wrapped to be disguised as much as possible, and each is slowly unwrapped by the receiver, all with a delight as keen as though the bit of twine and paper held the magic purse, at the very least.

And like the big house on the Sound, this little one has also its tree, to which are invited the children of the village. To be sure, they cannot ask very many, and only the little ones. Neither do they stand on one side and hand out gifts for which the children bob their curtsies in embarrassment, presently scuttling away, still shy. The family soon make their guests at home, as they romp through follow-my-leader, hide-and-seek, and blindman's buff. And when the tree is lighted it is a close-sworn fraternity that gathers around the glittering cone, singing, not dirging, the Christmas hymns.

You who read this may think their Christmas-gifts, their Christmas festival slim and meager; but you forget the gift that is the chiefest in their little house—the gift of joy. Whatever your estate may be, if your Christmas has been as glad as theirs, then you do not need sympathy. Let sympathy be rather for those, if there are such, who, having everything, have nothing.

The two women on the ferry and all like them can spend their Christmas by themselves; they can play solitaire or bridge, or take a nap and get over the day as best they may. To those who don't love children, who feel no thrill at the thought of small, white-robed, bare-footed figures, still warm and pink from their cribs, tip-toeing through the dark, quiet house with soft, hushed breath and starry eyes, to see if Santa Claus has *really* come!—to those, I say, to whom the children's saint is merely a delusion, it matters little *where* they spend the children's day. They are blind, they are deaf—worse, they are empty-hearted, for they have never known the password to "The Little House of Joy"—which is: "Merry Christmas!"



The Outlook for Plain Folk

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Author of "Social Psychology," "Social Control," "Sin and Society," etc.

THE movement toward democracy is world-wide and tidal. It has gone on for a century and a quarter, and invaded every home of white men. Even seventy odd years ago Sydney Smith could liken its opponents to Dame Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. It may be dammed for a decade; for a lifetime, never. Universal suffrage, confesses a critic, "has the majesty of doom." Race is no barrier to it. Yesterday it was English, or Danes, or Germans that made the great stride forward. To-day it is Japanese, Persians, Turks. To-morrow it may be Hindoos, or Chinese, or Burmans. Even the "changeless East" thrills with the electric impulse, and presently for a sample of "Oriental" government we shall need to look to Zanzibar or Borneo.

Universal and irresistible as it is, this rise of the peoples is no mysterious fiat of Destiny. It is the outworking of certain causes. The causes being there, the thing had to come. We look for the democratic trend to continue, only because the forces that have made for democracy persist, and are being aided by new forces. To be sure, we can see only to the crest of the next ridge. Is there a Valley of Shadow beyond? Who knows? The conjunctions of to-morrow may conspire to bring on an eclipse of the common man. But the future of the undistinguished many, *so far as we can peer into it*, is brighter than the past.

Socially, democracy insists that the grading of folks on the basis of birth or rank or calling or cash is coarse and barbaric. It does not deny that men are as gold, silver, and copper in relative worth. But it wants men rated, not by place or trappings, but by essential things—wisdom, character, efficiency. The application of these higher standards always humbles the exalted few, and gives more dignity and consideration to the busy people who make the world go round.

Politically, democracy means the sovereignty, not of the average man—who is a rather narrow, short-sighted, muddle-headed creature—but of a matured public opinion, a very different thing. "One man, one vote" does not make Sambo equal to Socrates in the state, for the balloting but registers a public opinion. In the forming of this opinion the sage has a million times the weight of the field hand. With modern facilities for mind influencing mind, democracy, at its best, substitutes the direction of the recognized moral and intellectual *élite* for the rule of the strong, the rich, or the privileged.

The general causes of democracy are apt to be overlooked by Americans, because so much of our own democracy roots in a single unique condition, namely, *access to free land*. Think of the bracing and equalizing influence of the gratuitous distribution of a vast public domain to actual settlers! Is it any wonder the spirit of equality grew up out of recurrent frontier conditions and spread eastward? But now, alas, free land is gone, and henceforth our fate will be that of transatlantic societies. If men are cheapening there, they will cheapen here. If the people win here, it will be for the same reasons that they win in Switzerland or Finland.

What are these reasons?

One is that light is flooding the social deeps. In 1800, the average inhabitant of the United States had had eighty-two days of schooling. Alexander Hamilton had this sort in mind when he brought his fist down on the table and shouted, "The people, sir, the people is a great beast!" So did Roger Sherman when he said, "The people immediately should have as little to do as may be about government." So did Elbridge Gerry when he declared democracy to be the worst of all political evils. So did John Adams when he demanded a separate representation for "the rich and the well-born." Hence they joined to interpose an

electoral college between the people and the presidency, and the legislatures between the people and the Senate. In 1900, the average American had had 1,046 days of schooling—more than twelve times as much as his great-grandfather—yet Hamilton's sneer is still flung at him, and he is held unfit to choose a United States senator or pass upon an act of his legislature!

The fact is, the common people are no longer "masses," nor do they behave like mobs. They have broken up into individuals. There is no real likeness between a deliberate referendum vote in sparsely settled Oregon and the offhand, tumultuous decision of six thousand Athenians met in their *agora*. Heavy Tories dub this "the era of crowds"; but that is just what it is not. For crowds and mental epidemics go to the Middle Ages, to Russia, to the Orient. Ours is *the era of publics*. Between the rule of the mob and the sovereignty of public opinion there is all the difference in the world, for the one enthrones the worst selves of the people, the other their best selves. Nevertheless, privilege screams the old taunts, and hurls at the pondered public opinion of to-day the worn epithets of the crowd psychologists—"hysteria," "frenzy," "delusion," "fanaticism," "clamor," and "impulse."

SOAP AND DEMOCRACY

Soap and water are befriending democracy. Of the personal habits of the masses down to the middle of the last century, the less said the better. The followers of Jack Cade and Rienzi were, literally, "the Great Unwashed." A gentleman had some excuse for crying "Faugh!" and holding his civet-scented handkerchief to his nose. The common people lost quickly the respect of those of their number who had won through to cleanliness and refinement. "Good breeding" referred to baths rather than to manners. When, sixty years ago, street-cars were introduced, it was predicted that no gentleman could endure to ride in them.

How is it now? The street-car is so popular with all classes that the cab can hardly find a foothold. Besides the triumphant progress of the private bath-tub—thanks to cheap city water—the cities have been installing municipal baths. Last year thirty-four American cities supplied more than eighteen million free baths. And the movement is in its infancy, if we consider what England and Germany

are doing. The effect will be the narrowing of the esthetic space between those with social position and those without. Class distinctions will count for less when they turn merely on whether you have an automobile, or keep a servant, or dress for dinner.

NON-PARTIZAN RELIGION

On the walls of old Roumanian churches are to be seen frescos of the Last Judgment, in which kings, nobles, and bishops are being led off to hell, while St. Peter welcomes a throng of peasants to paradise. This consoling prospect of redress was a soporific that kept the people quiet while they were shorn. The earlier prayer-book of the English Church defines "duty toward my neighbor" as including "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters." No wonder the titled rake surmised, "God will think twice before he damns a person of quality!" To-day, through his twenty thousand village "popes," the Czar can drug his peasants with the story that the St. Petersburg massacre was worked up by Japanese spies. Without the enlivening prick of competition, a centralized ecclesiastical machine at last betrays the people to the Powers that Be. The religion a hierarchy ladles out to its dupes is chloroform. How cheering, then, is the fact that many Western peoples have already escaped the grip of centralized churches, and that there is no prospect of their ever again falling under priestly dictation. In all the forenoon lands, the end of clericalism is in sight. Religion, of course, will live, but not as a prop to the authority of a dominating class.

That scarcity enhances value is as true of human beings as it is of fancy stock or fast horses. Now, there are signs that folks will soon cease to be a glut in the market. In what time a babe grows to manhood, the birth-rate of Italy has fallen a tenth, of Hungary an eighth, of Germany and Holland a seventh, of France and Scotland a sixth, of England a fifth. But not from hard times, mark you. For why should the baby crop of Australasia have shrunk a third? Why should the proportion of children among Americans have fallen a quarter in forty years? No symptom of pressure, this, but of release—release of women from the home "sphere," of wives from the yoke of husbands, of married couples from the injunction to "increase and multiply." The unlooked-

for promptness with which the millions have developed a sense of responsibility in this matter of family bids us hope for a Golden Age when the specter of overpopulation will be laid forever.

Tell a Celestial gentleman of a myriad of Chinese wiped out by plague or flood, and you get the bland comment, "Plenty Chinamen left!" Such contempt is natural wherever overbreeding has cheapened humanity. In the teeming Orient common people seem as little considered as clay pigeons at the shooting traps. Being a grasshopper in the eyes of others, the individual ends by being a grasshopper in his own eyes. Hence, in the East, pessimistic religion, crouching obedience to rulers, wifely submission, subordination of self to family or community, frivolous suicide, meager philanthropy. The West, on the other hand, is already the region of dear men; with a slackening output of babies, human beings will become still dearer. The Black Death, by sweeping away a third of the English people in the fourteenth century, so enhanced a man's worth that serfdom came to an end. On the same principle, a lighter birth-rate will give the common people not only more economic value, but also more social and political value.

THE PROMISE OF LEISURE

The let-up in the struggle for food and the springing up of a population of iron slaves—the machines—to do man's bidding, hold out the promise of a broader margin of leisure for all. Few realize how much the political nullity of the masses has been due to their intense preoccupation with the stern task of earning a living. Of necessity, they have been too engrossed with their work to lift their eyes to the common weal. But who can doubt that, ere long, all elements in society will have time to read, to think, to consult together, to organize? This cannot but make them abler to win and to retain political power. Popular intelligence has always proven an embarrassment to ruling classes, and they throw what obstacles they can in the way of it.

Moreover, it takes leisure, and well-employed leisure, to fit the plain people successfully to take part in government. The appalling crudeness of their ideas has again and again defeated well-meant attempts to give a larger share of control to the workers. Unless such have a margin of free time, the words of

Jesus ben Sirach are as true to-day as when they were written:

"The wisdom of the scribe cometh by opportunity of leisure;
And he that hath little business shall become wise.
How shall he become wise that holdeth the plow,
That glorieth in the shaft of the goad,
That driveth oxen, and is occupied with their labors,
And whose discourse is of the stock of bulls?
He will set his heart upon turning his furrows;
And his wakefulness is to give his heifers their fodder.
So is every artificer and workmaster . . .
So is the smith sitting by the anvil . . .
So is the potter sitting at his work . . .
All these put their trust in their hands;
And each becometh wise in his own work . . .
They shall not be sought for in the council of the people"

The coming rule of the functional people will therefore be warranted, not by their present wisdom, but by the intelligence they are likely to acquire when they have conquered for themselves a fair share of the leisure made possible by man's new mastery of the forces of nature.

Science is helping, in its way, to break down the claim of a particular class to act for the rest. A century ago a German apologist for aristocracy made the point that peasant and noble are not at all the same in bodily organization. They look alike, but a chemical examination would show an immense difference between them. The clodhopper is merely a lump of organized potato, able to move itself and assimilate more potato. But the noble is made out of delicate viands—pheasants, truffles, and the like. In nerve and brain, therefore, prince and commoner are of different clay.

To-day Science scoffs at such a foundation for caste.

THE FETISH OF HEREDITY

So is it with the notion of heredity to which a privileged class appeals. Aristocracy predicates its superiority on the theory that the founder of a line hands down his capacity undiminished to his descendants. Biology shows that this original surplus of brains is by marriage halved in each generation; that extraordinary ability cannot be transmitted far, because the older race-heredity keeps pulling one's descendants down toward the

*Ecclesiasticus, xxxviii. The passage is too long to quote in full.

race mean; that among the privileged the fools and weaklings are not winnowed out, as they are among plain people, but propagate their kind unhindered.

Still, for all it pricks certain pink balloons of pretension, let us own frankly that Science can be twisted to the support of plutocratic arrogance. Darwinism strips the commonplace man of the dignity that attached to him as a son of God and, moreover, gives the successful a chance to parade themselves as the fittest.

Art has been getting nearer the people. The poet or playwright no longer eats out of a royal or ducal hand. The painter is not a courtier, like Rubens or Lely. Artists are finding inspiration in the pathos, fidelity, or courage of peasants, fishermen, miners, or iron-workers. After Millet, Israels, Meunier, Repin, and Vereshtchagin, painters will hardly be content to take their themes from the pageant, the ball-room, or the fox-hunt. After Hugo, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Hauptmann, and Hardy, imaginative writers are not likely to accept the feudal stigma on labor, nor to echo the sneer of Renan: "The masses do not count, are a mere bulk of raw material out of which, drop by drop, the essence is extracted."

The needs of discipline make army and navy hotbeds of caste feeling, of contempt for the civil, or at least for the industrial, population. In view of the Juggernaut of European militarism, we Americans ought to be thankful that we should have to multiply our navy by seven to make it bulk among us as the navy bulks in Great Britain. In Germany, one man in thirty is in barracks, being drilled into deference and obedience; in the United States, one man in three hundred. We should need to multiply our army by ten to have overbearing officers knocking their men about and running civilians through with their swords, as in Germany.

The newspaper cartoon is a democrat. Some day the inventor of it will rank with Gutenberg, for in enlightening the people on public affairs it is to red ink and capitals what the arc-light is to the tallow dip. Give it much of the credit for the growing failure of the bosses to hoodwink the voters. It is like the Greek fire that saved civilization from the Turks. Lie? Of course the machine, too, can launch its cartoons, but a false cartoon is like a wet rocket. It does not go off.

Some, I know, will pooh-pooh my showing. "You are behind the times," I hear them say. "Actually the trend is all the other way. How

about the rule of Big Business in American cities and states? Have not special interests, working through party machines, made self-government a fiction? And if democracy has become a sham in the house of its guardians, what hope is there for it elsewhere?"

No. What has been lost is not democracy, but certain fruits of democracy. The interests have their way only because they work in the dark—always in the dark. They contrive to fool enough of the people enough of the time. There is robbery by the mailed fist, and robbery by the lithe hand. The feudal classes spoiled the people like a *Front de Boeuf*, the corporations to-day filch from us like Fagin. The plain people here are not weak, as they are in Russia, in India, in South America. They are strong, but they have not been taking notice—that is all. They have been too sure, too careless, too trusting. But it will not take generations of slow up-building to put the people again at the helm. Ring the tocsin a few years, and we shall see who is master.

Is it, then, all plain sailing for the common people?

In this country the thronging in from the backward, benighted lands hurts socially the calling and circles that the immigrants enter. Their habits cause Americans to shrink from them as from a lower caste. Their helplessness invites oppression. Certain official brutalities peculiar to us—white peonage, police clubbing, the "sweat-box," the "third degree," the convict-lease system—got their start in the abuse of the friendless alien. Their wage-cutting, "scabbing," and strike-breaking foment violence, which leads to the ready bayonet, state constabularies, and the denial of home rule to cities. Their political crudeness brings reproach on democratic institutions. Their clannishness delivers them to the shrewd boss who gives them "representation" on his ticket. Finally, our increasing diversity in blood and tradition, by permitting race prejudice to be played upon, divides and weakens the people in their fight for self-government.

Nor is this all.

The startling inequalities of wealth that have sprung up in a generation threaten to establish class distinctions hostile to democracy. For the tendency of such abysmal contrasts is thus: The ultra-rich vie in extravagance. The spectacle of their baronial estates, princely houses, liveried lackeys, Sybaritic luxury, and elaborate ostentation

infects even the worthy with the worship of wealth. Success comes to be measured by the sheer cash standard. The young and ambitious realize it, and shape their course accordingly. People fall apart into as many social groups as there are styles of living, and forget how to meet their fellows on the level. The rule is, snobbishness toward those below you, and toadyism toward those above you. The rich are gangrened with pride, the poor with envy. There is no longer a public opinion, there are only clashing class opinions. Honest labor is felt to be more disgraceful than mean parasitism. The toiling millions cease to be respected, even by themselves. The upper classes claim and are conceded the right to lead, finally the right to govern.

Such would be the course of the malady. Unless democracy mends the distribution of

wealth, the mal-distribution of wealth will end democracy.

And yet—summing up—the balance inclines in favor of democracy. The forces on its side reach deeper; they are civilizational. The swarming in of low-grade immigrants and the mal-distribution of wealth are manageable things. They can be, in fact elsewhere have been, successfully dealt with by organized society. They are matters for statesmanship. So it is more likely that democracy will cut the roots of privilege than that privilege will cut the roots of democracy.

Let the half-stifled muck-raker, the faltering soldier of the common good, the down-hearted reformer leave his trench for a moment and climb to the hilltop that looks out on all the peoples and on all the forces of the age.

He will see that "the lips of the morning are reddening"!

THE TALE-BEARER

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

THERE can be but two persons in the world who understand the true cause of Elise Havelock's illness. And of these only one believes fully and persistently that she will recover. Her youth, her soundness, the quality of her temperament, have from the first been sufficient encouragement for my own faith. It is true that the doctors have in their vague way agreed with me; but their solemn prophecies are perhaps of no great value when it is impossible that they should have been allowed to know—or so it has seemed to me, who am become the guardian of so many secrets—the precise nature of the poor child's ordeal. "A nervous shock" was the shibboleth sufficient for them to work upon. Later, perhaps, if she fails to get well, we may be obliged— But expert as they are, I cannot believe that it will be through their agency that Elise will make her way back to life.

For us two, who miserably know, and who have, because she would have wished it, withheld our knowledge, there may some day come to be a certain assuagement in the certainty that the thing was unprevent-

able—that it stealthily wound its serpentine way beneath our fastnesses and then suddenly raised its monstrous shape. But at present we cannot disentangle the degree of our folly or misdoing. The horror is still too new. Elise is still too pitiful a sufferer.

Yet it is only three months ago that I believed I saw the girl's appointed path stretching throughout the length of her days serene and starlit. The very delight that one had in her lay in her belonging to the pleasant average of young womanhood, in having so little of the bizarre, the uncertain. There had never been the least shade of anxiety in the unofficial guardianship her mother had bequeathed me. Even her circumscriptions invested her, I was always secretly aware, with a really profound significance. For I knew that it was she, ignorant, conservative, and adorable, for whom, in our own country, novels are written and plays produced; for whom fashions of every sort are made and unmade; for the exercise of whose moral faculties philanthropies are devised—that she was, in short, the national touchstone of

sentiment and taste and an arbiter no less reliable because unconscious of her function. All this was Elise, three months ago—when she had not learned unhappiness and when there had lately been revealed to her, in Max Liscomb, an object for her unreserved idolatry.

This romance had suffered the less opposition from me in that I had been from the first so ready to give my own friendship to young Liscomb. We had met him a year previous, in some rather casual fashion, on his return from several years spent in South America, where he had built bridges and undermined mountains in a climate where it is exhausting to turn the pages of a book and where the slave-holding theory seems the only reasonable solution of the difficulties of life. Like most of his countrymen, he had at last been obliged, we learned, either to succumb to the tropic heat or to flee from it; and he had therefore joined a firm of engineers with headquarters in New York. Liscomb had lived in India and in China; there was scarcely a country of the East of which he had not at least a first-hand impression; he knew his own trade thoroughly and many other things almost as well, and his life among diverse peoples had given him a flexibility that to my mind pleasantly distinguished him from the American that passes too mechanically from college into some inelastic profession.

All men liked Max Liscomb; women liked him even better. Yet no sooner did he encounter little Elise Havelock than he fell simple-heartedly in love with her, and with full consciousness, he once told me, of what he was about. He had seen, in the rather unwholesome life of hot countries, so many dingy, sophisticated women; he knew so well the spell they laboriously exerted, with their too zealously powdered faces and their ghastly animation, like a sick horse that has been whipped to a gallop, and their horrible capacity for understanding unlovely allusions—and for making them. He had seen so many of them and for so long. Didn't that explain, he asked me, if indeed so natural a thing needed explanation, his devotion to Elise? And it seemed to me that it did.

Max had charming ways with older women. But although his methods of pleasing were of so highly flattering an order, I believe it was rather from instinct than from calculated intention that he laid a delicate, appraising finger on unconfessed enthusiasms

and then disinterestedly set to work to feed them. I remember that I had not talked with him more than twice before he discovered my own obsession. It was his, too, he said, in a milder measure, for he had rather less than I, it appeared, of a certain psychic sensitiveness which I had always been rather too fond of developing and exploiting.

Stimulated by my own nimbleness in dancing to and fro across the threshold of the occult, I had come to have a passionate desire not only to know the unknown, but to know it through the medium of the most advanced wizardry. My taste, that is to say, was not for parlor psychology. If I could not myself become super-sentient to the highest degree, it was my constant hunger to learn how genuine virtuosity was exhibited, how excursions into other-dimensional being were conducted. My own little experiments, although they had been ranked by more learned investigators as rather neat "cases," were far from contenting me. Max Liscomb's tales of those Eastern countries where the tangible is less obtrusive and the borderland more accessible were therefore a peculiar satisfaction; and I suppose it must have been Max's talk of crystal gazing that first excited my interest in this picturesque pastime, as it was also he who, when my birthday arrived, sent me the most beautiful crystal he could find—a solid sphere of light it looked to be, as I first tore open the wrappings and saw it, like some magically conserved bubble, within its deep black-velvet case.

It would not have been possible for Elise, with her sweet habit of attentiveness, to omit an anniversary of mine, and five minutes after I had first looked at my new treasure she was, in fact, announced. An impulse for which I am now partly able to account led me hastily to put the crystal out of sight. Max and I, as it happened, had seldom spoken of psychic matters before Elise, and even then our talk had aroused but the scantiest interest on her part. Her fresh impulses were toward concrete, daytime things; her tastes were wholesomely clear of the crepuscular. Still, my stealthy action made me feel uncomfortably disingenuous as I accepted her own gift to me and listened to her always engaging chatter—chatter that would sooner or later inevitably arrive at the subject of Max himself. We were still short of that fruitful topic when some one of the rites of her rather elaborate little life sum-

moned my punctual godchild in another direction. But even after our farewells were done, a familiar eagerness in her face told me of an unsaid something that she was too guileless to leave unsaid.

"Max was to have sent you something—it didn't come, then?" her innocent curiosity disclosed itself.

I saw that I had been stupidly secretive. "Yes, it came."

And I told her, with what now seemed a most ungraceful tardiness, of the crystal ball. In an instant the eagerness had flowed from her suddenly blank and empty face. I supposed she did not understand, and set forth an explanation as to crystal gazing, its difficulties and delights. She did not look at me while I spoke, and when I had finished she said, in a very low voice:

"Why did he give you such a dreadful thing?"

"Dreadful? But you haven't understood——"

"Oh, I know what it is like," she protested, with a forced little smile. "What all such things are like—crystals and mirrors and still pools of water. I hate them, with their dark smiles and secrets. They make me ill and afraid—so dreadfully afraid."

It seemed to me, I remember, that this, coming from Elise, was the most extraordinary speech that I had ever heard. The girl had always been so admirably devoid of "nerves." I pressed her to explain.

"But every one must feel it," she said, a little petulantly. "Or I had supposed every one did. Only it isn't the sort of thing one speaks of. It's too creepy."

We spoke promptly of other things, and I drove the whiteness from her face with a glass of wine; but the disturbed look was not gone from her eyes when she went away.

Never before, since she was born, had my thoughts of Elise been other than placid and comfortable. One of my deepest reasons for lamenting her mother's death had always been that Elise could have so well played the self-adaptive, filial part. She had no likeness to the obstreperous changelings that modern daughters so often are. She was born to smile, to soothe, to minister. And now I was to find myself unappeasably harassed by the memory of her sudden strangeness. Had her soul hidden chambers after all? Or was her dislike for the crystal merely one of those psychological eccentricities that have their place in classifications, and

that humanly we do well to put aside and forget?

For distraction I took out the crystal itself, arranged it in a favorable light, and presented my gaze for the visions that I was confident had been for years awaiting me. The room was quiet, the light steady; but the crystal was brilliantly blank. It was my disturbed mind that was the obstacle, I told myself. With all my might I tried to forget Elise, to make my mind void and receptive; and again I waited for the symbol to float before me. Yet the crystal gave me nothing. Its reticent surface was like some low-lidded, dissembling face. What it mysteriously knew it could as mysteriously withhold.

Over the telephone Elise repeatedly assured me, though with an obvious fear lest I revert to the subject of her disturbance that morning, that she felt entirely well. And I did not see her again until, some days later, she and Max came in together. My note about the crystal, although profusely appreciative, had still been somewhat indefinite, and, as I might have foreseen, our friend promptly burst forth with an inquiry as to my success as a magician. There was nothing but to confess, with an uneasy consciousness of Elise haunting every word, that my gazing had been humiliatingly futile. The thing had remained, I told him, as clear and unrevealing as a window-pane. The time was not ripe for my visions. And I tried to talk of something else.

When he further suggested that I bring it out, I knew that Elise had told him nothing. Feeling that I must protect her, I protested, in feeble embarrassment, that we were all in too every-day a mood—that it would bore Elise—that— And when he insisted, I demanded at last of my godchild:

"Why haven't you told Max that you——"

"Oh, that was only a bit of silliness," she interrupted with surprising calmness. "Do bring it out, Tante."

The mid-afternoon light was, I was obliged to admit, entirely favorable. I placed a low table beneath one of my high windows and arranged the crystal in its black case so that it was within a sort of luminous shadow. Then I drew a chair in front of it and directed Max, since he had made the request, to play wizard. But not many minutes passed before he rose impatiently.

"Now I understand why you saw nothing," he said lightly, but chagrined, I knew, as I had been. "There is nothing there to see."

It's out of order—needs oiling or repairing.”

“We'll defer it, then,” I said, relieved, “and have our tea.”

“Not yet,” he begged. “Elise, you must look now.”

“If you like, Max,” she agreed, with what seemed to me an almost imbecile docility. Three days before she had been unable to bear the mention, even, of the crystal. It was plain that she did not wish Max to know of this. I hesitated whether definitely to forbid her looking in the ball. The strain upon her might be harmful; on the other hand, the effect of a conquered fancy might be wholesome. And of course it could safely be assumed that she would see nothing when Max and I had failed. That was rather a pity, too, it occurred to me—the child's future was so unmysterious. One could evoke for oneself, from a glance at her, the beautiful, rosy, domestic visions that would float within the crystal if Elise had but the gift to see them.

I decided to say nothing. Elise went bravely to her seat by the table, then looked

back at us. “I want Max to stand here by me,” she said, “while I am looking.”

Max sprang to perform this highly agreeable service, while I moved silently into the adjoining room, where, through the half open curtains, I anxiously watched Elise's

straight young back. Though it seemed long, it could scarcely have been a minute, I think, before she made an odd, frightened sound.

“Ah—you see something?” Max demanded eagerly.

“No—but it isn't bright any more. It's getting white—cloudy—as if somebody had poured in a little milk.”

Max turned sharply and looked at me. We both recognized, of course, the first stage of the crystal vision.

“That's good,” he assured her. “Now look hard and tell us what you see.”

In a second more, “Oh, I do see some-

thing!” she exclaimed. “But wait—don't ask me yet.”

We waited in a resounding silence. Perhaps five minutes passed. I dared not take my eyes from Elise for already I was filled



Emile T. Kneass

AN IMPULSE LED ME HASTILY TO PUT THE CRYSTAL OUT OF SIGHT.

with terror. For there before our eyes the uncanny thing had torn her from us, had brought about just that detachment from the dear and the familiar that I know she must always secretly have dreaded. When, suddenly, she turned away, she seemed to droop with exhaustion and there was a strange sense of distance in her eyes.

"Oh, if I could have held it!" she faintly said, with a vagueness of expression most unlike herself. "If I could have waited till the light came!"

"Yes, yes—tell us all of it," we implored her.

"It isn't as if I had seen a picture. It is more as if I had been there, in that hot, moist place. It was not a place that I had ever seen before, but some far-off country. At first it was very dark, and I felt the sky that was near and soft with a few bright stars. Then there came a faint suggestion of light, and I saw thick-growing trees with broad dark leaves. And I had such a strong impression of heat, and of faint sounds, even. Then beyond the trees I saw a queer little house made of light round sticks with a projecting roof. Each moment, you see, it grew lighter, and I knew that soon, for I seemed so near, I should be able to look in at the windows of the house. I could dimly make out the shape of the windows—there seemed to be no glass in them. And I waited—and the shadows cleared—and it was almost light enough—and then—I lost it! The crystal was clear again. Oh, *what* could have been in that house? I must know!"

Elise was so excited that I dared not admit my interest in her story, and Max, too, was silent.

"My dear, it must have been your recollection of some photograph," I remarked blandly.

"It was not that." She did not waver. "I've so seldom looked at that sort of photograph—and this wasn't like anything you've shown me, was it, Max?"

"No," Max Liscomb answered. I felt that he shared my anxiety.

"At least it's a good example," I threw in glibly, "of the way in which our imagination proceeds constructively from trifles as soon as we begin to amuse ourselves with this sort of thing. We see something entirely usual, as you have done, Elise, a house, a rock, a face, and then we pitifully set to work to make a story out of it and to put ourselves

in the story. Why, if we took as much trouble to account for our dreams, we should none of us do anything else all day long."

"This wasn't like a dream," Elise insisted firmly. "I can never forget it. I almost know how they smelled, those rank green things—and in just a minute more I should have seen everything."

It was useless to try to persuade her away from her experience; she was too deeply sunk in it. We talked of nothing else that night.

I found that I was not surprised, that I had perhaps secretly expected her, when, early the next morning, Elise came back alone.

"You must let me look in the crystal again, Tante," she began immediately. "I have thought of it all night. If you could know how horrible it was to have it snatched from me so!"

I tried to scold her gently for indulging an entirely baseless curiosity. But she gravely interrupted me.

"It's not curiosity. It's a horrible sense of certainty. There is such a house, and there is something going on inside of it that I must see. Something that it concerns me to see."

There was nothing to do but to give her the only opportunity within my power to set her mind at rest. Secretly I felt almost no less sure than she that the house in the crystal had significance. But I was equally sure that no vision connected with Elise could hold anything unpleasant, and that her alarm arose from her curious antipathy to the crystal itself. If it was an actual house that she saw, I knew that something entirely innocent and commonplace must be going on inside of it—bread being baked or a baby being rocked to sleep.

Her vision needed but the lightest summons. She called promptly to me.

"It's here again. . . . But such a dark, sticky night. . . . Oh, yes, it's lighter now—and here is the little house. It feels so intimate, so lived in. There are chairs and cushions on the veranda, but I can't see them plainly. . . . Oh, Tante, it's as if I were a thief, trying to steal into a place where I don't belong. It's dreadful, it's shocking, but I must look inside. I must. Oh, now, now—no. Oh, horrible! It's gone!"

And she came, as she had never done before in her life, to throw herself in my arms and weep. When she was soothed a little I

pleaded with her. Dalliance with what is called the occult was a matter, I urged upon her, requiring much discretion. It was not unusual that in the case of certain delicate organizations experiments had precisely the effect that they had proved to have upon her. It was only the part of common sense to drop the thing utterly; her instinctive dislike of the crystal was the guide for her to follow. Yet I knew that had I been in my godchild's place such copious advice as I offered would have had precisely the same effect upon me as it had upon her. That is to say, she came again the next day, and with the same result.

For the first time, then, a certain suspicion, perhaps rather tardily, sprang up in me—a suspicion that there might be a better reason than we knew for the pitiful frenzy with which Elise pursued the house in the jungle, or wherever it might be. Might it not be that Max—? But had he known anything of such a house he would have spoken when Elise first described it. Without doubt he would have spoken, unless—I did not encourage the thought that followed.

It happened that the next evening they were both to dine with me. We were all constrained during dinner, and it was not unnatural that Max, that most devoted of lovers, should have been, because of our poor Elise, the most perturbed of any. Promptly as we finished our coffee Elise determinedly said:

"Tante, now that Max is here, I must look once more in the crystal. I want him to stand beside me, as he did on that first day."

"Oh, not again, Elise," I pleaded, and Max almost harshly echoed me.

But Elise, who had always been so pliant, was deafly, blindly insistent with her demand. I looked at her, changed and feverish, at Max, silent and rigid, and wondered what this evil was that a mere transparent stone had brought upon us. She agreed finally that it should be for the last time, and I brought out the crystal.

The half hour that followed I can scarcely even now bring myself to put in words. We all felt that our suspense had reached its climax. A portentous silence, I remember, had seized us—a silence that was not relieved until Elise began to breathe in short gasps as though each minute brought a fresh alarm to her. Max, meanwhile, standing by, stony and tongue-tied, looked like a man awaiting a summons to the scaffold—a man desperate, hopeless, dulled. And I was

helplessly aware that I, too, was under the spell of some irresistible paralysis. If I might only have summoned the strength to end it all, to seize the unhappy child and tear her away, to destroy the crystal, with its intangible infamies!

It must have come rather quickly, though I do not well remember, the subsequent horrors were so much keener—the moment, I mean, when Elise, with a movement of utter exhaustion, turned away from the crystal and to me. The thing had betrayed its secret, I could see that; the story she had sought was told. But through what fires had it taken her? My godchild looked like a somnambulist. Her eyes stared unseeingly, her face was white and strained. And as I rushed to take her in my arms she began to speak in a moaning, half-intelligible fashion, as though there were some burden of which she must rid herself. It did not surprise me that she spoke Max's name over and over, though I could not at first understand in what connection. At last, however, I caught quite distinctly, "Poor, poor woman!"

That told me all I believed I needed to know. It was the old, wretched story, then. She had been given the key to the Bluebeard chamber—I myself had helped her entrance—and her innocent eyes had found it thronged with her lover's dead loves.

A disclosure so vaguely horrible could not be glossed over, and as at first neither of us fully perceived the state that the poor girl was in, we almost fiercely questioned her—I, in my sudden passion of hatred for Max; he, in a torture of spirit that I can only now begin to understand. We had great difficulty. The experience had so stunned her that she did not speak readily and her voice was very faint. But suddenly the incredible words distinguished themselves: "Why did he kill her?"

"Elise, dear,"—I tried to say it calmly,— "do you understand what you are saying?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "And so does Max. I knew, you see, that crystals were like that—that there were deadly things inside."

She had roused herself, and we waited for the fragments that came slowly, significantly. The brandy that we gave her supplied barely enough strength for the halting narrative. As we sat and listened, Max and I grimly faced each other, neither swerving from the other's look.

The daylight, she told us, had come at last



"IF I COULD HAVE WAITED TILL THE LIGHT CAME!"

to the house in the thicket. And inside, as she could now see through the open windows, sat, as she had doubtless all the time subconsciously foreseen, Max himself. He wore white clothes, and his head was bent low over the table where he sat writing. Then through a door at the back a woman stole in, a dark, unpleasant-looking woman in some sort of light dress. She spoke to Max, and it seemed to disturb him. She came near him, and he rose. They looked angrily at each other; they quarreled. Then Max sat down at his table again and pretended to be writing, and the woman went to the side window and looked out. She was excited; perhaps she wanted to get air. When her back was turned Max reached for a knife, or some big cruel thing that lay near him, and first looked at the woman hard, then rushed and stabbed her. . . . The scene faded then, but only for a second, when Elise saw a figure lying flat and dressed in white—death clothes this time. It was the woman Max had killed.

By the time the last faint word of this story had left the child's lips I saw how cruel I had been in allowing her to force her strength and tell it. She was ill—how ill I could not guess. In a panic I despatched Max Liscomb for a doctor.

After that moment I remember that I thought only of Elise. Max Liscomb was merely a human being who was at hand to do services, to telephone to Elise's brothers, to fill the doctor's prescriptions, to serve both her and me until at last, late in the evening, she fell asleep from the opiates we had given her, and there was for the present no more to be done.

Then Max Liscomb asked of me that I listen to his story. It seemed a monstrous request, to submit to me excuses for his crimes. I said so. He did not plead with me; he insisted with dignity that it was necessary for me to know. He knew that I should be unable to sleep immediately, and he promised that the story should be brief. At last I listened.

"First," he said, "I want, if you will allow me, to break your crystal. So long as that is about——"

"That is done already," I coolly assured him. "I threw it in the courtyard before the doctor came."

Five years before, he then reminded me, he had been engaged in engineering in the Province of Orinoco. He was in the employ

of the government, and his position entailed not only heavy responsibility but no little personal dignity and prestige. His ambition was wholly centered in his undertaking; it was the sort of thing that if successful would make him for life. Over this part of the story he passed, however, as lightly as possible. . . .

Orinoco was, as I knew, French territory, and administered by a French governor. This governor, a shallow, feeble creature, had a wife. . . . Fluent up to this point, Liscomb hesitated. The thing that he had forced himself to tell me was not an easy confession for a man to make. . . . This woman became infatuated with the American—not languishingly, but positively, aggressively, brutally. She was, however, mistress of subtle secrecies. She pursued her prey, never publicly, but with an unseen, vicious persistence, stronger with each repulse. For six months or so this went on, until at last it became plain to her that the man was not playing a game—that he intended to keep definitely free of her.

Her next move was inevitable. She was the sort of creature that demands a prompt, positive revenge. Within three days the necessary poison had been breathed in her husband's ear. Liscomb could of course only guess what the poison had been, but he was only too quickly conscious of its effect. When he came into the little city where the governor lived men stared coolly at him and women looked the other way. Enraged, helpless, he stayed and brooded in the little house outside the city where he lived alone.

"Oh, yes,"—he foresaw my interruption,— "the house in the crystal. I recognized it from the first word. But I believed I could not tell you. In a moment more you will see why."

It was only a few days before the crash came. Liscomb was dismissed from the government employ, but in phrases so smooth and specious that he could not demand an explanation; he could only dumbly accept. There stood his work half done, while his ambition was crushed, his reputation blasted, his very life, as it seemed to him, undermined, and he could do nothing. The woman's position was invincible.

He made, therefore, immediate preparations to leave the country. Very early on the morning before his departure he sat alone in his house at work. Perhaps the Frenchwoman knew that this relatively cool hour



"THE LUST FOR MURDER WAS AS STRONG IN ME AS IN CAIN HIMSELF."

was the time that Liscomb always chose for his writing and accounts. It seemed to be with a certainty of finding him that she came to make to him a final infamous proposition. It was in her power, she suggested, to restore to him everything that he had lost—deservedly lost, she reminded him. Liscomb answered her in terms so direct that for a moment it seemed as if even she could not face him. She went, therefore, to the window.

A sound had escaped me. "Oh, it is all precisely as the crystal told," he assured me bitterly, "up to this point. What then happened is this. I beg of you to listen carefully. I sat there looking at that hateful figure—at the woman who for what she called love of me had lied infamously about me, who had so far as she could destroyed me, and who, at this eleventh hour, had come brazenly to claim all this as her own doing and—and to offer on her own conditions to remit this penalty for repulsing her. It was too monstrous. I was ablaze with the sense of injustice, with hate of the woman, with—yes, even with a desire that shrilled and hissed within my head, to hurt her, to kill her. A big ivory paper-knife as keenly pointed as a dagger lay beside me on the table. I seized it. The lust for murder was as strong in me as in Cain himself. It was so strong that the brand of it has been upon me ever since. It was so strong that it burned its way from my own mind to the mind of that dear child as she looked into the crystal for the first time. . . . But I did not do it. I did not harm the woman. Five minutes later she left my house quite unscathed. The next day I left for the coast."

"Elise saw her dead."

"She is dead. She died a month later. Officially she died of a fever. There was some gossip to the effect that she poisoned herself. At all events she died, and that got into the crystal too.

"I realize, of course," he went on, after a short silence, "that I have no right to ask you to believe this. I do not ask you to believe it, except provisionally, until, in a few weeks, I shall be able to show you sufficient proof. But I ask you to try to understand it. Most people, of course, could not, would not understand it. With you it is different."

"But, frankly, I don't fully understand," I told him.

"Then let me explain. I've seen so much, as you know, of this sort of thing, and of the

sly, insidious tricks that psychic automatons, like that crystal, play upon us. In the first place, Elise would never have seen anything in the crystal, I am sure, if I had not been beside her, unconsciously influencing her. And it was this memory, the strongest, hatefulest of my life, that immediately began to visualize itself for her. I knew that, of course. I saw what was coming. But I could not tell her, could not soil her mind with that story. It was inevitable that it should have impressed her as it did, because she caught the strength of my recollected emotion, and I suppose her desire to piece out the vision was inevitable, too. But she isn't a natural seer, so she couldn't accomplish it without further help from me, which she finally had to-night. I partly knew what she would see—that she would find me in my house with that unspeakable woman. But could I have told her? Could I have warned her? You see that I could not. What I did not dream was that she would actually see my thought of murder. And because that happened I have had to tell you this. But I did no murder. My hands are unstained."

"Yet we may both have done something even more cruel," I reminded him, and we listened to the girl's breathing in the next room while I thought over what he had said. The already intolerable tangle was augmented by a fresh difficulty. And the difficulty was that I believed what he had told me. What, then, was I to do? What explanation should I make of Elise's illness?

The girl's brothers, Max had told me, already knew enough of the Orinoco affair, as much as it was necessary to tell without involving a mention of the dead Frenchwoman. To tell anything more, to tell of the murder in the crystal, would, on the theory of Max's actual innocence, be what Elise herself would least desire. He made no plea for concealment. But I thought of it all that night. And the next day I made my decision. We have never told what it was that the crystal so miserably betrayed.

I know now beyond all doubt that what Max Liscomb told me was true. And for my protection of him—the only wisdom that I showed, perhaps, in that dangerous series of follies—I believe that Elise will be profoundly grateful. It cannot be long now before we are able to tell her. There was a different look in her eyes this morning.



A Child's Christmas Tree



With Illustrations By
Eugenie Wireman

Babe, so long ago enshrined
In a stable bare and gray,
Something of Thy sweeter mind,
Of Thy love for all Thy kind,
Rules us on Thy natal day.
And because a shepherd band—
Sages, too, with gifts in train—
Knelt and kissed a baby hand,
Yearning for some wee command,
So to-day a child shall reign.

HANGING THE STOCKINGS

BY BVRGES JOHNSON

Christmas eve! It's Christmas eve!

Supper's cleared away—

Seems as if I can't believe

That to-day's to-day!

—I don't see a thing, do you,

We can hang a stockin' to?

For a month or just about,

Days would hardly stir,

Though I crossed their places out

On the calendar.

—Pins or nails 'll never stick

In this hard old chimney brick.

P'raps as soon as night's begun

He'll come stealing in!

My! It makes the shivers run

Up and down my skin!

—Mayn't I pound a nail up here

In the woodwork, Mother dear?

Daddy's sock 'll never do—

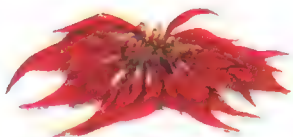
Not a toy would fit.

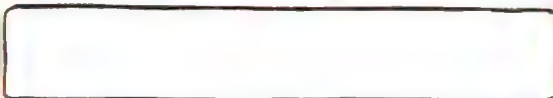
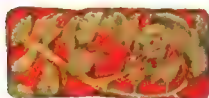
S'pose we let him stand his shoe

Just in under it?

—There! They're done. I'm sleepy, some.

Bet to-morrow'll never come!





THE · LONGEST · NIGHT

BY · JOSEPH · C · LINCOLN

We're grown up now; we're getting old; we dress ourselves alone;
Our cribs are put away and we've a bedroom all our own.
It's next to Mother's room, of course, and she don't shut the door,
But if she should we wouldn't care—a great deal—any more.
We've left off curls for months and months; we just *hate* baby plays,
And Mother says she's 'fraid that soon we'll lose our cunning ways;
But though we are so old and big, and though we always get
A lot of presents Christmas, still, the thing that makes us fret
Is that although
We've listened so
And watched and watched for Santa Claus, who brings 'em—do you know,
We've never seen him yet!

On Christmas eve, when we're in bed, 'way off alone up-stairs,
And Mother's come and tucked us in and heard us say our prayers
And said "good night" and kissed us, and the lamp is just a spark
That makes the bureau and the chairs look knobby lumps of dark,
And great big shadows hide behind the open closet door,
And through the window-panes the moon makes patchwork on the floor,
And everything's so queer and dim and strange without the light—
Then 'twould be fun to snuggle down and shut our eyes up tight
So's not to see;
But, no sir-ee!
Old Santa's coming, and we've crossed our hearts and vowed to be
Wide, wide awake all night.

It's oh, so still! We try to talk, but always when we do
 It sounds so loud and plain we're glad when every whisper's through.
 In on the shelf of Mother's room the clock, that moves so quick
 When daylight's here, now takes a week for every single tick.
 The wind outside comes whimp'ring round and whining at the eaves,
 And mocking at the shiv'ring trees, all cold without their leaves.
 We're certain sure we've laid awake, already, 'most a year,
 We're 'fraid that Santa's skipped our house and isn't coming here

Then in the gloom
 Of Mother's room,
 That old clock whirs and starts to strike; we count, Boom! boom! boom! boom!
 What? Only ten? Oh, dear!

There never, never was a night before one half so long!
 It's stiller'n ever now; the wind has hushed its crying song
 And just hums soft and sleepy, and the bed feels warm and snug;
 The moon's put out its lamp and there's no patchwork on the rug.
 Our eyes feel sort of sticky, and we wink and wink and wink,
 And we don't care to whisper now, we'd rather lie and think
 About old Santa, how he comes around through snow and wet,
 And 'bout his reindeer team . . . and 'bout . . . the things . . . we're going . . . to get . . .
 And why! well, say!
 It's Christmas Day!
 We fell asleep in spite of all; he's come and gone away,
 And we've not seen him yet!

TAKING · DOWN · THE · STOCKINGS

BY · SARAH · N · CLEGHORN



"What did you get in yours,
 Jim and Eddie?"
 "Look what I've got in mine,
 Tom and Freddie!"
 "A box of candied dates—"
 "Oee whiz! A pair of skates—"
 "An engine, cars, and track—"
 "Oh, the poor jumping-jack,
 Broken already!"
 "What did you get in yours,
 Jessie—Melly?"
 "Look what I found in mine!
 A talking dolly!"
 "I'll show you how she cries";
 "Oh, look! She shuts her eyes!"
 "Mittens—and slumber socks—"
 "Tea-set—and building blocks—"
 "Goody, how jolly!"
 "What did you find in yours,
 Grown-up brother?"
 "Why not look in your own,
 Little Mother?"
 (Mother and Father say
 They'd rather watch than play:
 Presents enough, they trust,
 They've got in having just
 Us, and each other!)



THE · CHRISTMAS · TREE

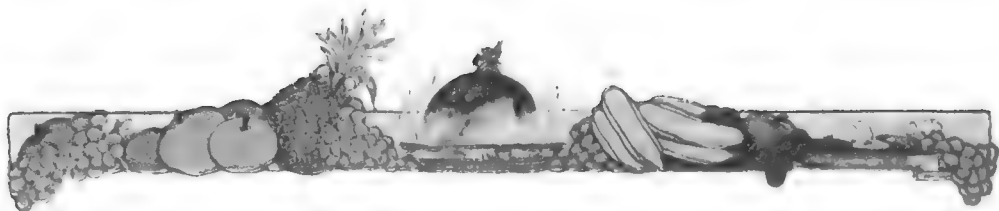
BY · JULIAN · STREET

Baby Sister wasn't here
When our Christmas came, last year,
So she doesn't know, at all,
Why we're waiting in the hall;
Why the door is closed between
Us, out here, and something green,
Standing just inside the door.
(My! I wish they'd hurry more!)

I am six, but baby's none,
'Cause she isn't even one.
Six is 'most a man. You know
'Most as much as grown-ups do,
But your *legs* is only boys'
Stockings can't hold *all* your toys—
So the big things have to be
Hung up on a Christmas tree.

Hear the footsteps on the floor
—Someone's coming to the door!
Mother's voice says: "Let them in."
'Goodness' sakes! How long they've been!
Baby, look! The knob is turning—
—Door is open—candles burning!
Full of things for you and me,
Look! It's your first Christmas tree!





THE BOY'S POST-PRANDIAL CHANT

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

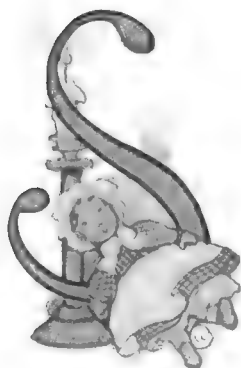


See! Th' Christmas dinner
Is a winner!
With th' turkey gettin' thinner
Till there's just th' bones an' neck
Like a wreck
Standin' lonesome on th' platter,
An' you feel yourself get fatter
When they pass th' sweet potatoes,
An' th' stewed corn an' tomatoes,
An' th' cloves-stuck-in-it ham,
An' th' jam,
An' th' celery an' pickles,
An' th' cider with th' tickles
When you swallow.
Wisht you's hollow
Clean completely to your feet
So's 'at you could eat an' eat!
My! Th' dandy Christmas dinner
Is th' best, or I'm a sinner!
Say, there ain't a better tune
Than th' tinkle of your spoon
Or your knife an' fork a-clinkin'
On your plate! That's what I'm thinkin'!
An' th' punkin pie, and puddin'—
Why, a fellow would be wooden
If he didn't eat it all
An' then call
for another piece o' cake.
Who's afraid o' stomach-ache?
Christmas comes but onct a year;
Mustn't spoil it while it's here!
When we've et th' table bare,
Gee! My clothes is hard to wear,
An' th' folks say: "Bless his heart—
He has done a grown man's part!"
Wisht they'd bless my stomach, too,—
That'd help when we get through,
'Cause my heart can get along
An' keep beatin' good an' strong;
But my stomach! Oh, gee whiz!
Guess that's where my conscience is!
Hope there's some left for to-night
When I'll have more appuhtite
All right!
Huh! My Uncle John, w'y, he
Sez I lack capacity!
Gee! Th' Christmas dinner
Is a winner!



CHRISTMAS · NIGHT

BY · THEODOSIA · GARRISON

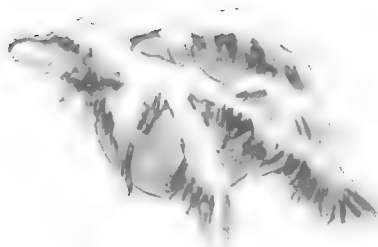


Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.
Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed
And all the toys are put away, except
Perhaps my engine and the baby's bear,
Then Mother comes away from all the rest
Down-stairs to tell our Christmas story there.

She takes the baby on her lap and we
Sit round her on the hearth-rug so we see
The pictures in the fire, and then she tells
About how Shepherds watched their flocks by night
And what the angel said, and how the three
Wise Kings came riding—and the big star's light.

And then she tells us how it showed the way
To just a stable where the oxen stay.
And there they found Him in His Mother's arms,
A little *Baby* Christ-Child—and He smiled;
And that (she says) is what made Christmas-day
For you and me and every little child.

Before the nursery fire, when we're undressed,
Sometimes I think that Christmas night's the best.





The Chronicles of a Chromatic Bear Hunt

II. Conclusion

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT: Rex Beach, the author, and Fred Stone, the actor, start for Alaska, bear hunting, with a roving commission from their respective commanding officers to obtain pelts that will match the rugs and wall-paper. Landing at Cordova, they are welcomed by Mr. Heney, who is building the Morgan-Guggenheim railroad to haul copper from the inland mines. Because of the ice in the Copper River delta, they are not yet able to reach the glaciers which are their goal. So, with Joe Ibach, the guide, and Little, who does not remain long with the party, they sail down the Sound to an island notorious for its ugly bears. They see grizzlies, but fail to kill them. For ten days they endure severe discomforts; then Joe goes out alone, returning with two skins. The party is encouraged, but for three days has no further luck. Then Beach, while alone on the flats, meets and finally kills a bear that matches his dining-room rug. Stone appears, announcing that he also has got a bear, and the hunters discover that on the flats bear signs are startlingly plentiful.

WITHIN a mile of the launch Fred and Joe had picked up the trail of two big grizzlies, so fresh that the moss was still creeping and straightening where they had stepped. In the more open stretches of the grove the sunlight glinted down through the spruces, allowing the boys a considerable view, but for the most part the thickets were nearly impenetrable. The moss was like a velvet rug, so noiseless that only a snapping twig or a rubbing garment served notice of their approach.

They were skirting a marshy slew tangled thickly with alders when they heard a sudden commotion behind them and the rush of some great animal through the undergrowth.

"There he comes! Give it to him!" Joe yelled, and emerging from the brush fifty feet distant came a big gray fellow headed directly at them, running in utter silence. Fred had never killed big game nor seen a bear at large, but years on the range and over the traps had quickened his eye and edged his muscles, and his shot went true. It seemed impossible for any living thing to stand before those high-powered bullets, and yet that bristling body never flinched nor wavered.

"Give it to him again," Joe barked hoarsely, and Fred obeyed, for it was not a question of a clean shot, but simply of emptying the magazine into that swiftly coming thing be-

fore it should be upon them. The second missile likewise went true, but still there was no sign from the silent animal, and again Joe cried out. The brief delay while the lever fell and rose brought the brute into an open glade and past all obstructions.

I remember thinking, up there on the hill across the bay when I heard those four shots, "Both boys are firing. Those reports are too rapid to come from one gun"; but Joe had promised first blood to Fred and he never pulled trigger during the entire encounter.

At the third shot the bear went to its neck and rolled a complete somersault, but its rush brought it up to its feet again, closer now and still coming. At the fourth report, however, it sank to its haunches, swung its head from side to side, thrust out a massive forearm, and settled at full length as a tired man lies down.

"Give him another one to make sure!" Joe directed, but this time Fred's carbine clicked on an empty magazine. He stepped to the guide and gravely shook his hand, then asked, "Am I as white as you are, Joe?"

Joe grinned. "Well, you're pretty white," said he.

"But I got him!"

"You sure did!" Then they shook hands again.

When they led me to the scene of the tragedy, I paced the distance from Fred's



CHILD'S GLACIER, A TOWERING 200-FOOT WALL OF SOLID ICE—

boot tracks and his spent shells to the carcass, and it was a scant twenty feet. Every mark was plain in the soft ground, even to the leaps of the bear, which we traced back across the twelve-foot stream to its hiding-place; and I wish, at the risk of arousing the ire of every peaceful naturalist and nature singer who may read this, to go on record as vouching for the truth of this encounter. I assert this upon the evidence of my own eyes and the words of my two companions. The bear was a female Alaskan brown grizzly, so-called. She was alone, without cubs, and she deliberately attacked two hunters who had passed her and were walking away, crossing a creek to get at them.

We hunted these woods for a week with varying success; then, as we were anxious to be off for the glaciers, in a moment of weakness we put Jack and Jill in for a drive, while Fred and I took stands on the beaten trails. It required thirty-six hours to retrieve those dogs, for they became separated from Joe while in chase of a fretful porcupine, and could not find their way back to the boat.

When we reached Cordova we gave them to a man whom we did not like, first exacting from him a solemn promise that he would give them a bad home and treat them unkindly.

In the brief time we had been camped on the island the railroad had stretched itself onward to the lower crossing of the Copper River, so we loaded a skiff upon one of Mr. Heney's flat cars and saw it safely into the muddy waters of the stream.

The Alaskan glacial region, for which we were bound, is very extensive; in fact the entire coast from Wrangell on the east, which lies close up against the Canadian border, to Cook Inlet, a thousand miles west, is ice-burdened. The North Pacific thrashes against the base of a saw-toothed range which sweeps in a great curve, forming the Gulf of Alaska, and it is this towering, jumbled confusion of peaks which mothers the ice-fields. The heights in places are saddled with prodigious areas of ice, the spurs of which creep down through rents and gaps to lower altitudes, or grind their tortuous courses outward to the sea. Those which front navi-



—THE DEAD GRAYNESS OF INFINITE AGE UPON ITS FACE.

gable waters have been well stared at by a generation of tourists, but there are other fields which lie back from the coast and are but vaguely mapped, as for instance those which debouch upon the Copper River at the head of the delta. It was thither I had been aching to go these two years past, and it was thither we were headed now in our skiff, the river having finally broken, to investigate for ourselves this place of mystery, to see at close range those famed bear tracks which had smoothed the rocks.

Considerable ice was running, among the hurrying fragments of which the head of an occasional seal glistened. The delta was bare, but the mile-high mountains at our left were white wherever the cliffs were not too steep. Every crevice and gutter amid the peaks emptied itself at midday in a cascade of snow and, warmed by the sun, the whole range rumbled under these avalanches, some tiny, some huge, all adding to the vast snow-dumps at the foot of the wall. Whenever, with the glasses, we observed a trail crossing these up-tilted white fields, we landed, crossed

the flats, and waded up to it. If it was recent, we followed; if not, we resumed our laborious journey, for there, apparently a half day's trip ahead of us, beckoned the glaciers. But when we camped that first night, in a bleak thicket of willows, although a goodly distance lay behind us as payment for our day's effort, we seemed no closer to our goal.

It was raining the next morning, but Joe and I were off early along the foot of the steeps, and a mile from camp saw a bear approaching leisurely. We crouched, watching him through the glasses until he dipped out of sight, then ran as far toward him as we dared. Again we waited, under cover this time, but he did not reappear, so I swung up the mountainside over a bluff, while Joe advanced along the valley. Before I could reach the crest of the ridge, however, I saw my companion aim up a gully and heard the "spat" of his rifle. He emptied his magazine twice before I emerged upon the summit—with the animal seven hundred yards beyond and above me.

Together we aroused the echoes, but the



FRED WADED IN AND DRAGGED OUT HIS VICTIM BY THE EARS.



WE HAD NO MEANS OF MEASURING OUR PRIZE, BUT THE CARCASS WAS TREMENDOUS.
This picture and the one on the opposite page are from photographs taken under very trying weather conditions and are presented merely because they give such unusual views of the hunters and the hunted.

snow gave no evidence as to our aim, and when the bear made off along the mountain-side Joe set out like a Marathon runner to parallel his course. I shouted directions and guided him by my waving arms, for there was no hope of my catching up. With a lucky shot, when the bear showed against the nose of a promontory, Joe inflicted a foot wound, at which the animal paused an instant to snap, and then together they dipped out of sight, to show again a mile farther on, running neck and neck.

I descended and followed for a time, then headed back toward camp in disgust, only to see approaching across the very bluff whence I had signaled, another bear, the counterpart of Joe's running mate. I sized up its course, then, backing out of sight, commenced to climb. Lord! How I climbed. It was like running up the endless slope of a slippery church roof.

When I played out completely and could go no farther, I crept out for a look, but the snows were as clean as paper. Manifestly some whim had altered Bruin's route and he had gone up that same seam by which the first bear had eluded us. That meant more climbing, real climbing now, so up toward the summit of the 5,000-foot range I scrambled, while the higher I went the steeper it grew and the louder I puffed. Eventually the snow-field I was ascending narrowed into a gutter between bold cliffs through which had poured the countless tons forming the great drift below. I came into a chute where the bottom was like glass, and where I was in fear some playful avalanche might send me whizzing down that two-thousand-foot toboggan. Below and back of me lay forty flat miles of alluvial plain; in front of me the wall reared itself to perpetual white.

I was wheezing upward on all fours, my lungs bursting, my pores dripping, when I saw the bear crossing over my head where the defile widened, funnel-like. It was similar to

target practice up the slant of a spire with nothing to indicate the range, but some unnatural movement of the brute told me I was shooting close. Before I could recharge the magazine, however, he was across the slide and swallowed up in the alders. Another hard climb, and the red snow told me he was indeed wounded. But how to get him out now that he had the advantage? I gouged more toe-holds with my Remington and pursued my ascent until the snow lay at such an angle that I feared my weight might start it, then crept gingerly into the brush.

An hour later I was still flattened against the slope, working my way through the hanging alders, when I spied Joe far below me, returning. He heard my signal and came toiling upward.

"Mine got away!" he called, when within speaking distance, "but this feller won't go far, bleeding like that."

Together we wormed our way through the tangle, here searching out a broken twig, there noting a leaf spotted red. We were perched upon a ledge thickly obstructed with vegetation, when the bear rose to his haunches immediately in front of us.

"Let him have it!" said Joe, kneeling to afford me room. "I ain't got but one shell."

"Look out for your ears," I cautioned, aiming over his shoulder. It was a hard shot at those two red eyes through the leaves, for I was contorted and unbalanced by the slanting alder trunks, and my footing was insecure.

"You got him!" Joe cried, but when we advanced the animal had disappeared as if by magic, leaving neither trace nor trail.

"He's down yonder somewhere. I heard him fall."

We could see nothing, so lowered ourselves

blindly, swinging clear in places, trusting to roots and branches, until we were halted by a sheer drop and must needs climb back by crevice and finger-hold, then worm ourselves



WE WERE SCRUPULOUSLY NEAT IN
OUR HOUSEKEEPING.



WE SLEPT ON GRAVEL BARS WHICH LEFT OUR BACKS
PITTED AS IF FROM SMALLPOX.

sidewise for a hundred feet to an easier point of descent.

Sure enough, he lay wedged in between the snow and the foot of the precipice three hundred feet below where I had shot, and when we had boosted him free, away he went again, rolling, tumbling, somersaulting, his tongue lolling, his legs flopping loosely. We planted our feet, and, leaning back against our rifles, skidded after. A clump of willow tops saved him and us from a plunge into the stream—and we had him. Such a pelt for softness and beauty I have seldom seen. It matched the library, and I am ankle deep in it as I write.

After that first day the speed of the waters rendered oars useless, so we bent a hundred-foot line to the bow of our skiff and another shorter one to the stern, then gave ourselves over to the labors of "lining." Two men on the forward rope gave us motive power, while the third member of the party steered with the stern-line.

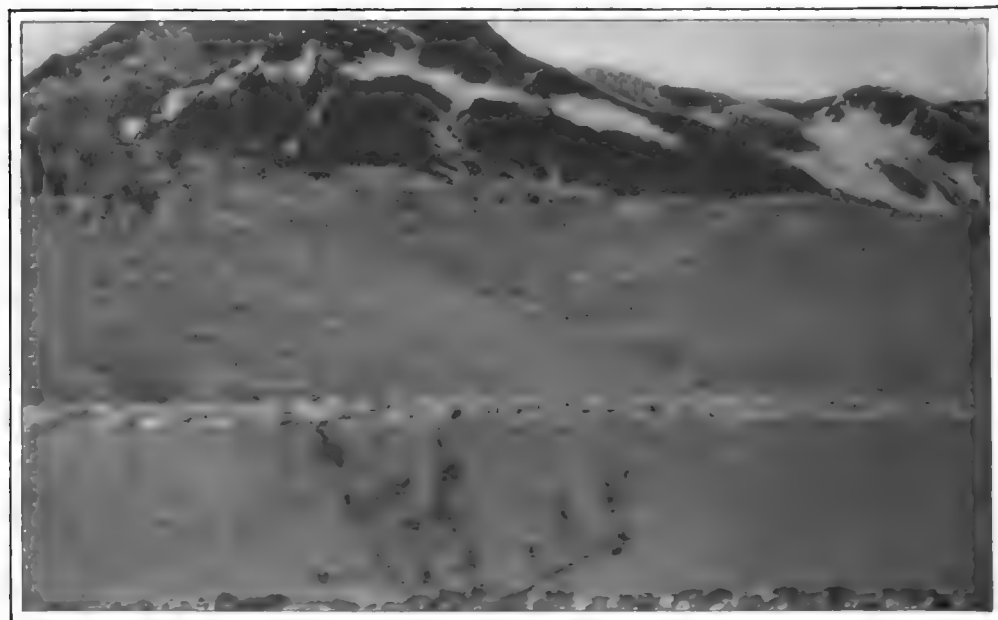
Day after day we bent to our tow-lines, and toiled onward with the muddy water boiling past, and still those glaciers retreated ahead of

us. Gradually the current grew swifter and the floating ice larger, until to avoid it became a matter of importance. This rendered the rear man's duties more difficult, and required the exercise of some skill and judgment, for it is no infant's task to navigate a heavy-laden, flat-bottom skiff up through a freshet clogged with 40 h. p. bergs, every one of which is exceeding the speed limit. An insufficient drag on the stern-line and the craft may be ground to splinters against the rocks; a pull too violent and the bow is thrown across the current at such an angle that the vicious force of the waters capsize it. In either event the outfit is lost.

The banks were overhung with "sweepers" and thick with brush, through which we wormed our way and around which we passed our ropes. When we undertook to make a crossing, in spite of our most frantic efforts we landed far below. And we were not in the main river by any means. We waded bars waist deep; we fell in up to our ears; we tugged and hauled with aching arms and blistered palms, virtually ascending that stream hand over hand as a man climbs a



FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK WE TOOK A SNAP SHOT OF AN
AVALANCHE AS IT HIT THE RIVER.



THE WAVE THAT FOLLOWED RUSHED ACROSS THE RIVER, CLIMBED
THE 50-FOOT BANK, AND CHASED US BACK INTO THE TIMBER.

rope. We worked until we were all in, then camped, or went hunting, for it was daylight always, excepting only an hour's twilight at midnight.

On one such night we scaled Sheridan Glacier, a great dead thing of ice and desolation which lay back next to the range, separated from the river by a confusion of lakes and ponds and beaver dams. These dead glaciers differ from live ones only in that they are now motionless and gradually melting year by year as the elements prey upon them.

We began to feel that we were entering another world, a region of wonders where living things were minute and inconsequent and where the dead forces of Nature were so hugely manifested as to dwarf all else, and while ostensibly we were hunting, in reality we were merely looking. All day the narrowing mountain walls rumbled with avalanches, all night the faint thunder of rending glaciers and tumbling bergs rolled down upon us. In miles the distance we had to traverse was not great, but in labor and isolation it was tremendous.

Late one June evening, after a killing day, we stumbled up through a gorge where all the waters of the Copper River are confined. It is a roaring place, for the waves lift themselves head high, and the ice scuds by with the speed of wild horses. An Arctic twilight was over all, that diffusive radiance through which the sight travels so far, when we finally rounded a bend into an eddy, where we paused to breathe and to observe that Thing which loomed suddenly before us.

I hope never to lose the memory of that first impression. There was Child's Glacier at last, with the ravenous river gnawing at it, a towering wall of solid ice, serrated and seamed, the dead grayness of infinite age upon its face. And so close! We fairly felt its presence before we sensed the chill breath which swept down from it. There were no intervening miles to rob it of its grandeur; its very proximity was terrifying, it was so strange, so unknown, so lifeless, and yet so menacing.

We heard ourselves exclaiming, but our spoken words were a profanation in such a presence.

A great berg, an acre in extent, came swiftly toward us, the saffron waters licking at its sides. It was as blue as a summer sky, and it came as if gliding on steep, well-oiled skids. When abreast of us it halted, then lifted itself up, up, up, till it towered like a ship in dry

dock, while the yellow flood roared savagely at the delay. There came a dull rumbling and grinding, much like the sound of a heavy train in a tunnel, as its own momentum and the resistless force of the river drove it higher and higher upon the detaining bar. It shuddered, swung slowly, then commenced to roll before the current like thistle-down in a draft. The sound ceased, the mass dived suddenly from view, then reappeared slowly, shook off the surging waters, and was away again faster and faster, silent as a ghost, vanishing around the bluff below us.

We bent our puny efforts to the skiff and crept onward, our eyes too busy to heed the boulders which tripped us and rolled beneath our feet. Gradually the bluff beneath which we walked became higher and steeper until it must have been fifty feet high and overhung as if cut out by the action of a heavy surf. At the time we did not note the significance of this, for we were engrossed in the spectacle opposite; but later we had ample cause to remember the peculiar formation.

In places the ice was like crusted snow, again it was opaque or cloudy, while beyond or above were patches ranging from pale azure to the purple that lurks in a mountain valley. These vivid colors lay often in ribbons, and the melting streamlets from above had likewise laced the glacier's front with delicate chocolate lines like the wrinkles in the face of a hag. And always the hungry river gnawed at it.

We were opposite the lower shoulder, where the ice cliffs overhung, when the glacier spoke for the first time. There was a boom like the report of a cannon many times multiplied, and a half-mile ahead of us a piece of ice detached itself, then plunged a hundred feet sheer downward into the river. It left another blue scar for the air slowly to blanch. We had heard of the peril from falling bergs—stories of boats swamped by the waves, of men caught beneath the overhanging banks and swept away—but had put them down as fanciful and exaggerated, so when Joe dropped the tow-line and dashed excitedly back toward the boat I was inclined to laugh.

"Look out for the boat!" he cried.

My answer was framed when the surface of the water up-stream seemed to hump itself and a swell came curling down along the shore, urged by the current. It was coming faster than a man could run and, although insignificant at first, of a sudden it assumed the pro-

portions of an ocean roller. We seized the gunwales and plunged in up to our waists, but the water sucked away from the shore while the boat bumped and slid and tilted over the rocks; then, as suddenly, we were submerged to our armpits and found ourselves struggling to discover bottom and to keep the skiff from overriding us as we were swept up the embankment.

"Hold fast!" we yelled to Fred on the end of the line, and he set his heels against the rocks, wrapping himself with the rope like the anchor man on a tug-of-war team.

We felt bottom again, and again we were sucked downward, with our arms half dragged from their sockets.

When the commotion had at last subsided and our badly wrenched and now badly leaking craft was again in the river, Joe observed:

"One more of those and we won't have any boat. And that was a small one, too!"

It was perhaps ten minutes later that a tremendous sound echoed behind us and we whirled to see such a sight as I had but vaguely dreamed of. Directly opposite the point of our encounter with the wave a towering column of ice had split itself away from the face and was leaning slowly outward. Faster and faster it moved, its summit describing a great arc, until with one terrific roar it plunged its length across the flood, flinging tons of water up, up until they seemed to reach the level of the glacier top itself, only to fall back and add to the chaos beneath. The ice did not crumple nor break but fell proudly in solid column, stretching a third of the distance across the river's bed, its vast bulk damming the stream.

It was much as if the Flatiron Building had leaned forth from its foundations and plunged to destruction. At the moment of impact there was an explosion as if from a terrific charge of powder, which hurled missiles a hundred pounds in weight in long parabolas across the torrent and far into the brush beyond. Then out from beneath the mass rushed a gigantic wave, growing as it raced toward the shore where we had been but a few moments before.

We heard the sound of that tidal wave as it bore down upon the fifty foot bluff which we had just passed. And we now recognized the force which had cut it out—a quarter-mile of it—and had changed a slope into a perpendicular wall up which no man could possibly have climbed. To be caught in such a trap would have been to perish

certainly. We saw the wave engulf the land, then surge over and beyond it up into the alder trees which swayed and whipped each other frantically. It was terrific, appalling, unspeakably tremendous.

We found ourselves straining at our boat in an endeavor to avoid the path of that swell, but the furious current killed it before it reached us and we were merely bruised and battered as before. Had we been ten minutes later, however, it would have meant our destruction. Twice more did this thing occur before we had covered those treacherous three miles along the glacier, but each time we were above the scene and the racing current saved us.

I think we grew somewhat frightened, walled in against that Presence by the steep banks; at any rate, at every explosion we fetched up violently at the end of our tow-lines, backs to the wall, like tethered steers, and when the last unstable precipice was behind us we congratulated ourselves.

But an even greater wonder confronted us. The river turned at right angles and there stood Miles' Glacier, the big brother to Child's, which we had just passed. It fronted us boldly, a gunshot distant, so it seemed, a huge, desolate monster thrice the size of Manhattan Island, with a ragged base five miles across, wedged into a valley so tightly that it seemed to split the mountains asunder. In reality it was four miles away, but we saw every smallest detail and followed it with our eyes up into the range until it melted into distances which no man has ever covered. Its edges were dead and blackened as if by decay, in places its front looked like a row of gigantic white-cowled monks. The lake which lapped it, in reality a broadening of the river, was choked with drifting ruins of ice held prisoner by a bar at the lower end where the waters escaped. Pastured thus, the bergs cruised lonesomely, drifted by wind and wave, towed in fantastic figures by unseen eddies. At times they clashed, or charged in long formations as if this were a martial field for those two dead, yet living, rivals which had roared and gnashed at each other since the beginnings of time.

The vanguard of Mr. Heney's army was here: a handful of engineers drilling for bed-rock on the site of his upper bridge. This bridge, by the way, will span the river between the ice-fields, allowing the railroad, which has dodged past the face of one of them, to avoid the other by crossing back. That

little zigzag will mean millions of dollars in steel and rock and cement, but beyond lie countless tons of copper ore.

We camped on the promontory which lies between the glaciers, where some day will stand the most famous tourists' hotel on the continent, for the time is surely coming when men and women will journey thither from all quarters of the globe. Day and night, at intervals, the giants bombarded each other, the action increasing with the rising waters. It awoke us in the night, it awed us in the day. It filled us with a sense of such tremendous destruction that we watched jealously, as if each spectacle might be the last. The mind could not grasp the fact that no matter how great or rapid the ruin, there was an inexhaustible supply of ice constantly edging forward to take the place of that which fell off. We felt the glaciers must surely destroy themselves, but a week of warm weather, during which the breakage was constant, had no visible effect upon them. As a matter of fact, those glaciers are still there, although they have been working for several years, so many years, to be exact,—and let us be exact,—that if a geologist were to begin to figure it out when he left college he would have a gray beard so long it would trip him up before he had finished the problem.

After a particularly large cave-in it was the custom of the engineers to search the rocks for king salmon thrown out by the waves. The bears were likewise fishing up at the rapids; the surveyors had seen them through their transits; so on the afternoon following our arrival we set out across the lake, searching our way through the drift ice.

"Look out for the eddy below the cataract," they admonished us. "If your boat gets into that you won't get out. Keep as close to the glacier as you dare—but not too close either, or a tidal wave may swamp you."

Out on the lake we began to feel more fully the immensity and the desolation of this place. We were in a forgotten spot where man's presence was a desecration. Out through every rent and crevice in the mountain walls glaciers large and small stared at us with dead, blind eyes. Floating all about us were bergs from the size of a water goblet to the size of the *Lusitania*, and they were green or white or blue or purple; some carried cargoes of dripping mud, others were weighted with piles of rock. Sometimes they rolled as if weary of their prehistoric burdens or as if seeking more easy positions, each movement uplifting new

angles and utterly changing their outlines. We traced features of men and shapes of beasts in them. Some wore preposterous hats, millinered by the sun itself. They filed about in an aimless yet ordered confusion, pirouetting, bowing, sailing off at apparently causeless tangents.

It was a goblin place, until one recognized the forces which did the shifting as nothing more supernatural than currents and rips formed by the great cataract which dashed in from above, together with the hidden stream which flowed out from beneath the glacier itself. Repeatedly we found ourselves spinning in the grip of an eddy, with a herd of icebergs wallowing behind us. I remember one sea-green fellow which followed at our stern, lunging after us no matter whither we turned, or were turned, and which it took us several minutes to shake off.

We landed, then worked our way up past the cataract, where the river leaped and belled and the snow-banks overhung. It was much like the Royal Gorge below Niagara, only there were no plank promenades nor souvenir postal cards. The opposite side was a sheer mountain slope slashed here and there by snow-slides. On one of these we saw a bear. While we were watching him, another one came in sight a half-mile up stream. The two crept down to the edge and began to fish, standing motionless above the eddies where the salmon rested, to execute at intervals a lightning-like flip with their fore paws and send a silver fish whirling out upon the bank.

The first animal was in range, but Fred declared his color was wrong.

"If you get him he'll cost you a new carpet," he said, so we crept up opposite the other, the tumult of the canyon drowning our approach. It was a long shot, but we wounded him, then, realizing that he would surely roll into the flood if he loosed his hold for one single instant, we allowed him to scramble up into the brush and prepared to go after him. It meant a nine-mile trip, back over the moraine to our boat, out through those ice-fields and eddies to the western shore, then up along the side of the canyon and into the brush, but it promised a new problem in the way of bear hunting, namely, first to search out the bear, then to hold him against the mountainside; so we turned back.

We were a mile from our skiff when Joe paused.

"Look! Look at *them* tracks!"

We whistled in unison, for in front of us was a trail so huge as to seem unreal, and so fresh that we cocked our guns.

"Let's get after *him!*" we whispered, and sped away over the glacial débris, picking up the track wherever it crossed the snow. On the rock ridges we went by guess, craning cautiously into each gully and past each summit, for the ground was indescribably broken and we did not wish to step on this particular bear.

It was Joe's good luck—we chose to call it luck—to get the first shot. He was hidden from us when we heard his toy rifle speak and tore madly in the direction of the sound. Half a minute later "Spat!" it went again, and then came two more shots in rapid succession. It was worth a man's life to run on such jagged footing, but we had an idea that this was to be a battle and knew that Joe was alone with the largest animal we had met.

Sure enough, as I dashed across a snow-field I saw our guide suddenly appear on the ridge above me like a phantom, silhouetted against the evening sky. He was bare-headed—it took us three days to find his hat—his rubber boots were straddling at a ridiculous distance from each other, and he was hitting it off at the rate of one hundred yards in nothing and three-fifths seconds. He was looking backward over his shoulder, fumbling at his hip pocket for shells, and yet he coursed over those loose boulders with the sureness of foot of a mountain goat. He dipped out of sight as suddenly as he had appeared and I heard him cracking away again, then the louder report of Fred's rifle.

An instant later I reached the top and, glimpsing a huge brown body rushing toward us in prodigious leaps, I joined in the fusillade. The monster's great weight bore him deeply into the snow, which he flung behind him at every plunge, and yet, shocked and torn by those exploding bullets, he still came on and on, a tremendous, ungainly figure of rage and determination.

Even when he was down to his haunches and deathly sick, he reddened the snow in a futile endeavor to continue that charge. It was a magnificent exhibition of courage, and he died facing us as befits a monarch, the red glare of rage still in his eye.

"Whew! I certainly stepped around a bit *that* time," said Joe, wiping the sweat out of his eyes. "My first four shots never fazed him, so I thought I'd sort of withdraw and reload on the run, but I couldn't seem to locate you fellers nowhere."

We had no means of measuring our prize, but the carcass was tremendous, so large in fact that our united efforts were barely sufficient to roll it over. The skin stretched twelve feet in curing.

We ate our midnight supper on the sands beside a driftwood fire, then rowed out through the whirling eddies and around to the opposite shore, for we had not forgotten that wounded bear. A mile over ice and mud brought us to a wide, swift slew which we did not know existed and which was running ice. We were tired of detours, so stood ankle deep in the slime beside a snow bank and undressed, then, with our clothes and rifles above our heads, waded in.

It was very funny! In fact, it handed us the best laugh of the trip. When Joe rose upon his tiptoes and gingerly ballet-danced into that yellow stream, Fred and I shrieked with glee, he made such funny noises and looked so white and tender. From the farther bank he turned upon us a drawn and sour visage, which changed at sight of Fred, who had suddenly fallen silent at feel of the water.

Never in the same space of time have I endured more bitter suffering than that glacial stream inflicted. When half-way across I stumbled on a boulder and dived completely out of sight, holding desperately the while to my bundle. The other boys choked and chattered hysterically. To dress in dripping garments on a snow-bank at 3 A.M. is perhaps the king of outdoor sports—it makes one feel so manly and strong and rheumatic.

We chipped footholds in the crusted snow-slides which overhung the rapids, creeping cautiously along slopes where a misstep or a slip meant a downward shoot of a hundred feet into the torrent. We were clinging thus at one point when two brown bears met us, but there was no chance to save them had we fired, and they were off after one frightened whiff of us. Nor could we find the fellow we had wounded, search as we might, so back we went across those hair-raising, slippery toboggans again, balancing in the toe-holds we had previously made. Again we waded Chinaman Charlie Slew, with its slush ice up to our chests, and, thirty-six hours after leaving, dragged ourselves back into camp.

To the hunter there is an unwearying variety to his "kills," yet in the telling I dare say they are all much alike. One episode, however, is worth recounting. In crossing a torrent by the familiar tree-trunk route Fred met

a black bear which seemed late for an appointment. Off it went into the foam below at the first shot, only to rush out and up the hillside, with Fred teetering on his perch like a canary and firing at every glimpse. The animal had gained complete cover when it released all holds and came rolling back down into the torrent, to be swept away, with Fred legging along behind until he could wade in and drag out his victim by the ears.

We had matched all the shades of our wallpaper now, save only that in my blue room, but a blue or "glacier" bear, rarest of specimens, is killed perhaps once in a lifetime. I scoured the glaciers until I went snow-blind and could not tell a black from a grizzly. We saw a pair of blues one night on the Miles moraine, and followed until our legs gave out, whereupon Joe left Fred and me behind and continued the pursuit, returning empty-handed, after a total of forty-eight hours' travel.

Time was when I dared any man to outlast me, but subways and pavements and hotel cooking have so ruined my usefulness that a paltry thirty miles of hill and valley renders me a burden upon the community, while such a jaunt seemed merely to start Joe's circulation. Day after day Fred and I tried to follow him step by step, until we discovered that each of his strides was four inches longer than ours. We increased our revolutions, but always ran out of gasoline and had to be towed in.

It was late in June now, and the bears had begun to rub, that is, to lose their winter coats, so one morning we lashed our paraphernalia into the boat and said good-by to our hosts, the engineers. Below us Child's Glacier was unusually active, because of the rising waters, and we could hear the bergs dropping at frequent intervals.

"If she breaks behind you, just run for it and try to keep ahead of the wave," advised the engineers. "If she breaks ahead of you—" There was a difference of opinion, some holding that it were better to swing toward the opposite bank and chance the surf, others claiming that such a course was madness and that a boat, on the contrary, might live if headed directly into the comber, provided, of course, that the backlash did not suck it under the glacier itself.

"We'll walk down to the lower end and see if you come out," they said, and allowing them an hour to cross the moraine, the running time by water for that three miles being

ten minutes, we removed our coats, kicked off our boots, and shoved out.

We sought the middle of the river where the current was swiftest, and leaned against our sweeps. Away we shot directly toward that towering face of ice until the river boiled against it, when we swung at right angles and found the wall overhanging us. As we neared the first turn the glacier split, at which our hair rose and we disjointed our necks, but the piece did not fall, and an instant later we were headed down the three-mile chute, wallowing in waves which drenched us and wrenched at our oar blades.

I never knew until then that a man can hold his breath for ten minutes. Joe swore all the way, talking to the glacier as if it were a near relative on his wife's side.

"Look yonder!" he said, suddenly.

Ahead of us a two hundred foot slab seemed almost severed from the mass behind. It overhung and seemed to be tottering.

"Just give us two minutes more,———," Joe shouted profanely, "then you can fall and be ——."

It gave us one minute—two minutes—thirty seconds—and we were past, only to find ourselves rushing toward other places which seemed equally perilous. It was very exciting, although I dare say we greatly exaggerated the risk, and sufficiently intense to be remembered. I preserve no keener recollection than the nickel-plated memory of that quarter-hour. It was worth the whole trip.

We sailed around the lower bend, waved our hats at the men on shore, who shouted a farewell, then scudded into the gorge below. In five hours we were back at the railroad whence it had taken us five days to come. Then a flat car to town, a bath, a barber, and strange clean clothes with creases in them, and finally a steamship, a cordial invitation to come back next season, and a hasty farewell.

Mr. Heney's railroad is through to the glaciers by this time and some day, alas! there will be a hotel on our camping ground, with Swiss guides, French menus, and Klondike prices; but man is powerless to desecrate that noble spectacle. To him who is jaded or fagged I can suggest no surer tonic than a pilgrimage thither. However world-weary or wonder-sated he may be, I promise him a new thrill, a strange sensation, a cleaner mind and body, and an abiding wonder at the works of God.



THE THIRD INGREDIENT

By O. HENRY

Author of "The Gentle Gaffer," "The Four Million,"
"The Trimmed Lamp," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

THE (so-called) Vallambrosa Apartment-House is not an apartment-house. It is composed of two old-fashioned, brownstone-front residences welded into one. The parlor floor of one side is gay with the wraps and headgear of a modiste; the other is lugubrious with the sophisticated promises and grisly display of a painless dentist. You may have a room there for two dollars a week or you may have one for twenty dollars. Among the Vallambrosa's roomers are stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop-girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire-tappers, and other people who lean far over the banister rail when the door bell rings.

This treatise shall have to do with but two of the Vallambrosians—though meaning no disrespect to the others.

At six o'clock one afternoon Hetty Pepper came back to her third-floor rear \$3.50 room in the Vallambrosa with her nose and chin more sharply pointed than usual. To be discharged from the department store where you have been working four years, and with

only fifteen cents in your purse, does have a tendency to make your features appear more finely chiseled.

And now for Hetty's thumb-nail biography while she climbs the two flights of stairs.

She walked into the Biggest Store one morning four years before with seventy-five other girls, applying for a job behind the waist department counter. The phalanx of wage-earners formed a bewildering scene of beauty, carrying a total mass of blond hair sufficient to have justified the horseback gallops of a hundred Lady Godivas.

The capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man whose task it was to engage six of the contestants, was aware of a feeling of suffocation as if he were drowning in a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, hand embroidered, floated about him. And then a sail hove in sight. Hetty Pepper, homely of countenance, with small, contemptuous, green eyes and chocolate-colored hair, dressed in a suit of plain burlap and a common-sense hat, stood before him with

every one of her twenty-nine years of life unmistakably in sight.

"You're on," shouted the bald-headed young man, and was saved. And that is how Hetty came to be employed in the Biggest Store. The story of her rise to an eight-dollar-a-week salary is the combined stories of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little Red Riding Hood. You shall not learn from me the salary that was paid her as a beginner. There is a sentiment growing about such things; and I want no millionaire store-proprietors climbing the fire-escape of my tenement-house to throw dynamite bombs into my skylight boudoir.

The story of Hetty's discharge from the Biggest Store is so nearly a repetition of her engagement as to be monotonous.

In each department of the store there is an omniscient, omnipresent, and omnivorous person carrying always a mileage book and a red necktie, and referred to as a "buyer." The destinies of the girls in his department who live on (see Bureau of Victual Statistics)—so much per week are in his hands.

This particular buyer was a capable, cool-eyed, impersonal, young, bald-headed man. As he walked along the aisles of his department he seemed to be sailing on a sea of frangipanni, while white clouds, machine embroidered, floated around him. Too many sweets bring surfeit. He looked upon Hetty Pepper's homely countenance, emerald eyes, and chocolate-colored hair as a welcome oasis of green in a desert of cloying beauty. In a quiet angle of a counter he pinched her arm kindly, three inches above the elbow. She slapped him three feet away with one good blow of her muscular and not especially lily-white right. So, now you know why Hetty Pepper came to leave the Biggest Store at thirty minutes' notice, with one dime and a nickel in her purse.

This morning's quotations list the price of rib beef at six cents per (butcher's) pound. But on the day that Hetty was "released" by the B. S. the price was seven and one-half cents. That fact is what makes this story possible. Otherwise, the extra four cents would have——

But the plot of nearly all the good stories in the world is concerned with shorts who were unable to cover; so you can find no fault with this one.

Hetty mounted with her rib beef to her \$3.50 third-floor back. One hot, savory beef stew for supper, a night's good sleep,

and she would be fit in the morning to apply again for the tasks of Hercules, Joan of Arc, Una, Job, and Little Red Riding Hood.

In her room she got the granite-ware stewpan out of the 2x4-foot china—er—I mean earthenware closet, and began to dig down in a rats'-nest of paper bags for the potatoes and onions. She came out with her nose and chin just a little sharper pointed.

There was neither a potato nor an onion. Now, what kind of a beef stew can you make out of simply beef? You can make oyster soup without oysters, turtle soup without turtles, coffee-cake without coffee, but you can't make beef stew without potatoes and onions.

But, rib beef alone, in an emergency, can make an ordinary pine door look like a wrought-iron gambling-house portal to the wolf. With salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of flour (first well stirred in a little cold water) 'twill serve—'tis not so deep as a lobster à la Newburg nor so wide as a church festival doughnut; but 'twill serve.

Hetty took her stewpan to the rear of the third-floor hall. According to the advertisements of the Vallambrosa, there was running water to be found there. Between you and me and the water-meter, it only ambled or walked through the faucets; but technicalities have no place here. There was also a sink where housekeeping roomers often met to dump their coffee grounds and glare at one another's kimonos.

At this sink Hetty found a girl with heavy, gold-brown, artistic hair and plaintive eyes, washing two large "Irish" potatoes. Hetty knew the Vallambrosa as well as any one not owning "double hextra-magnifying eyes" could compass its mysteries. The kimonos were her encyclopædia, her "Who's What," her clearing-house of news of goers and comers. From a rose-pink kimono edged with Nile green she had learned that the girl with the potatoes was a miniature-painter living in a kind of attic—or "studio," as they prefer to call it—on the top floor. Hetty was not certain in her mind what a miniature was; but it certainly wasn't a house; because house-painters, although they wear splashy overalls and poke ladders in your face on the street, are known to indulge in a riotous profusion of food at home.

The potato girl was quite slim and small, and handled her potatoes as an old bachelor uncle handles a baby who is cutting teeth. She had a dull shoemaker's knife in her right

hand, and she had begun to peel one of the potatoes with it.

Hetty addressed her in the punctiliously formal tone of one who intends to be cheerfully familiar with you in the second round.

"Beg pardon," she said, "for butting into what's not my business, but if you peel them potatoes you lose out. They're new Bermudas. You want to scrape 'em. Lemme show you."

She took a potato and the knife, and began to demonstrate.

"Oh, thank you," breathed the artist. "I didn't know. And I *did* hate to see the thick peeling go; it seemed such a waste. But I thought they always had to be peeled. When you've got only potatoes to eat, the peelings count, you know."

"Say, kid," said Hetty, staying her knife, "you ain't up against it, too, are you?"

The miniature artist smiled starvedly.

"I suppose I am. Art—or, at least, the way I interpret it—doesn't seem to be much in demand. I have only these potatoes for my dinner. But they aren't so bad boiled and hot, with a little butter and salt."

"Child," said Hetty, letting a brief smile soften her rigid features, "Fate has sent me and you together. I've had it handed to me in the neck, too; but I've got a chunk of meat in my room as big as a lap dog. And I've done everything to get potatoes except pray for 'em. Let's me and you bunch our commissary departments and make a stew of 'em. We'll cook it in my room. If we only had an onion to go in it! Say, kid, you haven't got a couple of pennies that've slipped down into the lining of your last winter's sealskin, have you? I could step down to the corner and get one at old Giuseppe's stand. A stew without an onion is worse'n a matinée without candy."

"You may call me Cecilia," said the artist. "No; I spent my last penny three days ago."

"Then we'll have to cut the onion out in-

stead of slicing it in," said Hetty. "I'd ask the janitress for one, but I don't want 'em hep just yet to the fact that I'm pounding the asphalt for another job. But I wish we did have an onion."

In the shop-girl's room the two began to prepare their supper. Cecilia's part was to sit on the couch helplessly and beg to be allowed to do something, in the voice of a cooing ring-dove. Hetty prepared the rib beef, putting it in cold salted water in the stewpan and setting it on the one-burner gas stove.

"I wish we had an onion," said Hetty, as she scraped the two potatoes.

On the wall opposite the couch was pinned a flaming, gorgeous advertising picture of one of the new ferry-boats of the P. U. F. F. Railroad that had been built to cut down the time between Los Angeles and New York City one eighth of a minute.

Hetty, turning her head during her continuous monologue, saw tears running from her guest's eyes as she gazed on the idealized presentment of the speeding, foam-girdled transport.

"Why, say, Cecilia, kid," said Hetty, poisoning her knife, "is it as bad art as that? I ain't a critic; but I thought it kind of brightened up the room. Of course, a manicure painter could tell it was a bum picture in a minute. I'll take it down if you say so. I wish to the holy Saint Potluck we had an onion."

But the miniature painter had tumbled down, sobbing, with her nose indenting the hard-woven drapery of the couch. Something was here deeper than the artistic temperament offended at crude lithography.

Hetty knew. She had accepted her rôle long ago. How scant the words with which we try

to describe a single quality of a human being! When we reach the abstract we are lost. The nearer to Nature that the babbling of our lips comes, the better do we understand. Figuratively (let us say), some people are Bosoms, some are Hands, some



HE LOOKED UPON HETTY PEPPER'S HOMELY COUNTEenance AS A WELCOME OASIS.



"A STEW WITHOUT AN ONION IS WORSE'N A MATINÉE WITHOUT CANDY."

are Heads, some are Muscles, some are Feet, some are Backs for burdens.

Hetty was a Shoulder. Hers was a sharp, sinewy shoulder; but all her life people had laid their heads upon it, metaphorically or actually, and had left there all or half their troubles. Looking at Life anatomically, which is as good a way as any, she was pre-ordained to be a Shoulder. There were few truer collar-bones anywhere than hers.

Hetty was only thirty-three, and she had not yet outlived the little pang that visited her whenever the head of youth and beauty leaned upon her for consolation. But one glance in her mirror always served as an instantaneous pain-killer. So, she gave one pale look into the crinkly old looking-glass on the wall above the gas stove, turned down the flame a little lower from the bubbling beef and potatoes, went over to the couch,

and lifted Cecilia's head to its confessional.

"Go on and tell me, honey," she said. "I know now it ain't art that's worrying you. You met him on a ferry-boat, didn't you? Go on, Cecilia, kid, and tell your—your Aunt Hetty about it."

But youth and melancholy must first spend the surplus of sighs and tears that waft and float the barque of romance to its harbor in the delectable isles. Presently, through the stringy tendons that formed the bars of the confessional, the penitent—or was it the glorified communicant of the sacred flame?—told her story without art or illumination.

"It was only three days ago. I was coming back on the ferry from Jersey City. Old Mr. Schrum, an art dealer, told me of a rich man in Newark who wanted a miniature of his daughter painted. I went to see him and showed him some of my work. When

I told him the price would be fifty dollars he laughed at me like a hyena. He said an enlarged crayon twenty times the size would cost him only eight dollars.

"I had just enough money left to buy my ferry ticket back to New York. I felt as if I didn't want to live another day. I must have looked as I felt, for I saw *him* on the row of seats opposite me, looking at me as if he understood. He was nice-looking, but oh, above everything else, he looked *kind*. When one is tired or unhappy or hopeless, kindness counts more than anything else.

"When I got so miserable that I couldn't fight against it any longer, I got up and walked slowly out the rear door of the ferry-boat cabin. No one was there, and I slipped quickly over the rail and dropped into the water. Oh, friend Hetty, it was cold, cold!

"For just one moment I wished I was back in the old Vallambrosa, starving and hoping. And then I got numb, and didn't care. And then I felt that somebody else was in the water close by me, holding me up. *He* had followed me and jumped in to save me.

"Somebody threw a thing like a big, white doughnut at us, and he made me put my arms through the hole. Then the ferry-boat backed, and they pulled us on board. Oh, Hetty, I was so ashamed of my wickedness in trying to drown myself; and besides, my hair had all tumbled down and was sopping wet, and I was such a sight.

"And then some men in blue clothes came around; and *he* gave them his card, and I heard him tell them he had seen me drop my purse on the edge of the boat outside the rail, and in leaning over to get it I had fallen overboard. And then I remembered having read in the papers that people who try to kill themselves are locked up in cells with people who try to kill other people, and I was afraid.

"But some ladies on the boat took me down-stairs to the furnace-room and got me nearly dry and did up my hair. When the boat landed, *he* came and put me in a cab. He was all dripping himself, but laughed as if he thought it was all a joke. He begged me; but I wouldn't tell him my name nor where I lived, I was so ashamed."

"You were a fool, child," said Hetty, kindly. "Wait till I turn the light up a bit. I wish to heaven we had an onion."

"Then he raised his hat," went on Cecilia, "and said: 'Very well. But I'll find you, anyhow. I'm going to claim my rights of salvage.' Then he gave money to the cab driver and told him to take me where I wanted to go, and walked away. What is 'salvage,' Hetty?"

"The edge of a piece of goods that ain't hemmed," said the shop-girl. "You must have looked pretty well frazzled out to the little hero boy."

"It's been three days," moaned the miniature-painter, "and he hasn't found me yet."

"Extend the time," said Hetty. "This is a big town. Think of how many girls he might have to see soaked in water with their hair down before he would recognize you. The stew's getting on fine—but oh, for an onion! I'd even use a piece of garlic if I had it."

The beef and potatoes bubbled merrily, exhaling a mouth-watering savor that yet lacked something, leaving a hunger on the palate, a haunting, wistful desire for some lost and needful ingredient.

"I came near drowning in that awful river," said Cecilia, shuddering.

"It ought to have more water in it," said Hetty; "the stew, I mean. I'll go get some at the sink."

"It smells good," said the artist.

"That nasty old North River?" objected Hetty. "It smells to me like soap factories



"GO ON AND TELL ME, HONEY. YOU MET HIM ON A FERRY-BOAT, DIDN'T YOU?"

and wet setter dogs—oh, you mean the stew. Well, I wish we had an onion for it. Did he look like he had money?"

"First, he looked kind," said Cecilia. "I'm sure he was rich; but that matters so little. When he drew out his bill-folder to pay the cabman you couldn't help seeing hundreds and thousands of dollars in it. And I looked over the cab doors and saw him leave the ferry station in a motor-car; and the chauffeur gave him his bearskin coat to put on, for he was sopping wet. And it was only three days ago."

"What a fool!" said Hetty shortly.

"Oh, the chauffeur wasn't wet," breathed Cecilia. "And he drove the car away very nicely."

"I mean *you*," said Hetty. "For not giving him your address."

"I never give my address to chauffeurs," said Cecilia, haughtily.

"I wish we had one," said Hetty, disconsolately.

"What for?"

"For the stew, of course—on, I mean an onion."

Hetty took a pitcher and started to the sink at the end of the hall.

A young man came down the stairs from above just as she was opposite the lower step. He was decently dressed, but pale and haggard. His eyes were dull with the stress of some burden of physical or mental woe. In his hand he bore an onion—a pink, smooth, solid, shining onion as large around as a ninety-eight-cent alarm clock.

Hetty stopped. So did the young man. There was something Joan of Arcish, Herculean, and Unash in the look and pose of the shop-lady—she had cast off the rôles of Job and Little Red Riding Hood. The



"MY HAIR HAD ALL TUMBLED DOWN AND WAS SOPPING WET, AND I WAS SUCH A SIGHT."

young man stopped at the foot of the stairs and coughed distractedly. He felt marooned, held up, attacked, assailed, levied upon, sacked, assessed, panhandled, browbeaten, though he knew not why. It was the look in Hetty's eyes that did it. In them he saw the Jolly Roger fly to the masthead and an able seaman with a dirk between his teeth scurry up the ratlines and nail it there. But as yet he did not know that the cargo he carried was the thing that had caused him to be so nearly blown out of the water without even a parley.

"*Beg your pardon*," said Hetty, as sweetly as her dilute acetic acid tones permitted, "but did you find that onion on the stairs? There was a hole in the paper bag; and I've just come out to look for it."

The young man coughed for half a minute. The interval may have given him the courage to defend his own property. Also, he clutched his pungent prize greedily, and, with

a show of spirit, faced his grim waylayer.

"No," he said huskily, "I didn't find it on the stairs. It was given to me by Jack Bevens, on the top floor. If you don't believe it, ask him. I'll wait until you do."

"I know about Bevens," said Hetty, sourly. "He writes books and things up there for the paper-and-rags man. We can hear the postman guy him all over the house when he brings them thick envelopes back. Say—do you live in the Vallambrosa?"

"I do not," said the young man. "I come to see Bevens sometimes. He's my friend. I live two blocks west."

"What are you going to do with the onion?—*begging your pardon*," said Hetty.

"I'm going to eat it."

"Raw?"

"Yes; as soon as I get home."

"Haven't you got anything else to eat with it?"

The young man considered briefly.

"No," he confessed; "there's not another scrap of anything in my diggings to eat. I think old Jack is pretty hard up for grub in his shack, too. He hated to give up the onion, but I worried him into parting with it."

"Man," said Hetty, fixing him with her world-sapient eyes, and laying a bony but impressive finger on his sleeve, "you've known trouble, too, haven't you?"

"Lots," said the onion owner, promptly. "But this onion is my own property, honestly come by. If you will excuse me, I must be going."

"Listen," said Hetty, paling a little with anxiety. "Raw onion is a mighty poor diet. And so is a beef stew without one. Now, if you're Jack Bevins's friend, I guess you're nearly right. There's a little lady—a friend of mine—in my room there at the end of the hall. Both of us are out of luck; and we had just potatoes and meat between us. They're stewing now. But it ain't got any soul. There's something lacking to it. There's certain things in life that are naturally intended to fit and belong together. One is pink cheesecloth and green roses; and one is ham and eggs, and one is Irish and trouble. And the other one is beef and potatoes *with* onions. And still another one is people who are up against it and other people in the same fix."

The young man went into a protracted paroxysm of coughing. With one hand he hugged his onion to his bosom.

"No doubt; no doubt," said he, at length. "But, as I said, I must be going, because——"

Hetty clutched his sleeve firmly.

"Don't be a Dago, Little Brother. Don't eat raw onions. Chip it in toward the dinner and line yourself inside with the best stew you ever licked a spoon over. Must two ladies knock a young gentleman down and drag him inside for the honor of dining with 'em? No harm shall befall you, Little Brother. Loosen up and fall into line."

The young man's pale face relaxed into a grin.

"Believe I'll go you," he said, brightening. "If my onion is good as a credential, I'll accept the invitation gladly."

"It's good as that, but better as seasoning," said Hetty. "You come and stand

outside the door till I ask my lady friend if she has any objections. And don't run away with that letter of recommendation before I come out."

Hetty went into her room and closed the door. The young man waited outside.

"Cecilia, kid," said the shop-girl, oiling the sharp saw of her voice as well as she could, "there's an onion outside. With a young man attached. I've asked him in to dinner. You ain't going to kick, are you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Cecilia, sitting up and patting her artistic hair. She cast a mournful glance at the ferry-boat poster on the wall.

"Nit," said Hetty. "It ain't him. You're up against real life now. I believe you said your hero friend had money and automobiles. This is a poor skeezicks that's got nothing to eat but an onion. But he's easy-spoken and not a freshy. I imagine he's been a gentleman, he's so low down now. And we need the onion. Shall I bring him in? I'll guarantee his behavior."

"Hetty, dear," sighed Cecilia, "I'm so hungry. What difference does it make whether he's a prince or a burglar? I don't care. Bring him in if he's got anything to eat with him."

Hetty went back into the hall. The onion man was gone. Her heart missed a beat, and a gray look settled over her face except on her nose and cheekbones. And then the tides of life flowed in again, for she saw him leaning out of the front window at the other end of the hall. She hurried there. He was shouting to some one below. The noise of the street overpowered the sound of her footsteps. She looked down over his shoulder, saw whom he was speaking to, and heard his words. He pulled himself in from the window-sill and saw her standing over him.

Hetty's eyes bored into him like two steel gimlets.

"Don't lie to me," she said calmly. "What were you going to do with that onion?"

The young man suppressed a cough and faced her resolutely. His manner was that of one who had been bearded sufficiently.

"I was going to eat it," said he, with emphatic slowness; "just as I told you before."

"And you have nothing else to eat at home?"

"Not a thing."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I am not working at anything just now."

"Then why," said Hetty, with her voice

set on its sharpest edge, "do you lean out of windows and give orders to chauffeurs in green automobiles in the street below?"

The young man flushed, and his dull eyes began to sparkle.

"Because, madam," said he in *accelerando* tones, "I pay the chauffeur's wages and I own the automobile—and also this onion—this onion, madam."

He flourished the onion within an inch of Hetty's nose. The shop-lady did not retreat a hair's breadth.

"Then why do you eat onions," she said with biting contempt, "and nothing else?"

"I never said I did," retorted the young man heatedly. "I said I had nothing else to eat where I live. I am not a delicatessen storekeeper."

"Then why," pursued Hetty, inflexibly, "were you going to eat a raw onion?"

"My mother," said the young man, "always made me eat one for a cold. Pardon my referring to a physical infirmity; but you may have noticed that I have a very, very severe cold. I was going to eat the onion and go to bed. I wonder why I am standing here and apologizing to you for it."

"How did you catch this cold?" went on Hetty, suspiciously.

The young man seemed to have arrived at some extreme height of feeling. There were

two modes of descent open to him—a burst of rage or a surrender to the ridiculous. He chose wisely; and the empty hall echoed his hoarse laughter.

"You're a dandy," said he. "And I don't blame you for being careful. I don't mind telling you. I got wet. I was on a North River ferry a few days ago when a girl jumped overboard. Of course I——"

Hetty extended her hand, interrupting his story.

"Give me the onion," she said.

The young man set his jaw a trifle harder.

"Give me the onion," she repeated.

He grinned, and laid it in her hand.

Then Hetty's infrequent, grim, melancholy smile showed itself. She took the young man's arm and pointed with her other hand to the door of her room.

"Little Brother," she said, "go in there. The little fool you fished out of the river is there waiting for you. Go on in. I'll give you three minutes before I come. Potatoes is in there, waiting. Go on in, Onions."

After he had tapped at the door and entered, Hetty began to peel and wash the onion at the sink. She gave a gray look at the gray roofs outside, and the smile on her face vanished by little jerks and twitches.

"But it's us," she said grimly to herself, "it's *us* that furnishes the beef."



"IF MY ONION IS GOOD AS A CREDENTIAL, I'LL
ACCEPT THE INVITATION GLADLY."

THE WOMAN'S INVASION

By WILLIAM HARD; RHETA CHILDE DORR, Collaborator

II

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill and Lewis W. Hine

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Some of the costs of women's work were shown in the first instalment of this series—the appalling connection between mothers working and babies dying; and how the health of future generations is menaced by home conditions in factory towns. Yet it was demonstrated how millions of women must work in factories, and how their presence there has proved the most potent factor in shortening the working hours of men.

In this number is presented a remarkable study of the woman worker, who in becoming a soldier of industry does not become a professional soldier. It will enable you to understand the most objectionable feature of woman in industry—her irresponsible cheapness.

WOMAN," said a big trade-union official last year, "is the white Chinaman of the industrial world. She wears a coiled-up queue, and wherever she goes she cheapens the worth of human labor."

Illustrations follow.

Miss Mary McDowell, of the University of Chicago Settlement, was observing a girl who was operating an unusually heavy and intricate machine in a large hardware factory in an Ohio city.

"Strong, clever girl," remarked Miss McDowell, or words to that effect.

"She's doubled the output of that machine," said the superintendent.

"How did she get such a good job?" asked Miss McDowell.

"Her father," said the superintendent, "had the machine before she had it. We just thought we'd try her."

"How much," said Miss McDowell, being Scotch and suspicious and not completely satisfied with this proof of the Advance of

Woman, "how much do you pay her compared with what you paid her father?"

"Half," said the superintendent.

This girl, therefore, since she was producing twice as much, and earning half as much, as her father had produced and earned, was selling her labor at one quarter of the masculine market price. It doesn't seem exactly fair, from the standpoint of society. It doesn't seem exactly self-respecting, from the standpoint of the girl.

Dr. Davis R. Dewey wrote a fascinating little summary (in 1,343 pages) of the bulky wage statistics of the last census. On page 1,046 you will find a description of a certain cigar factory. And you will find the following "remark" appended:

"In 1890 the wrapper-classer (the person who sorts the wrapper leaves into their several classes) in this establishment was a man getting twelve dollars a week. In 1900 the wrapper-classer was a woman getting six dollars a week."

The same work. Half the pay. Why is it?

But perhaps these illustrations are exceptional. For proof that they are not, look into the best book in the English language on the subject of woman in industry, a book by three English writers, Cadbury, Matheson, and Shann.

"Whenever women have replaced men," says the third chapter of that book, "the women always receive a much lower wage; and this wage is not proportionate to the skill or intelligence required by the work, but approximates to a certain fixed level. The wage that the man previously received gives no criterion as to what the woman would get, though, as a general statement, approximately correct, we may say that a woman would get from one third to one half the wages of a man."

The book then goes on to tell, among other stories, this:

In a certain department of a certain large bicycle factory in Birmingham in the year 1902 there were eighty men employed. Sixty of them were discharged. *They were told to go home and send their wives back to take their places.* Their machines are now operated by feminine fingers. The work is the same. The machines are identical. But the wages! The men used to get thirty to forty shillings a week. *The highest wage received by any of the women is eighteen shillings.*

Unjust? Iniquitously unjust.

But let us look at another fact: Women not only accept cheap wages for any kind of work, but they seem to gravitate naturally toward work which is in itself cheap. The spectacular triumph of women over men in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, for instance, has been a triumph not only of cheap wages over good wages, but of cheap, quick, unskilled, youthful work over work which was costly, steady, skilled, and mature.

The fifty-year-old man who spent *two years* learning a *trade* is being beaten by the eighteen-year-old girl who spends *two months* learning a *job*; and the pathetic disparity between victor and vanquished in this social battle is strikingly shown by Mr. Hine in his pictures of the passing and the coming type, on pages 802 and 803.

But hold on! In last month's article we found that the factory woman has been with us for a hundred years and now we are exhibiting her as a recent invader. Isn't this inconsistent?

Not at all. It is fundamentally true that, if you take the factory trades in mass, the percentage of women, compared with the total number of employees, shows no very noticeable tendency to increase. In 1900, for instance, women were nineteen per cent. of all the employees in the factory trades and in 1905 they were still nineteen per cent.

This is not only fundamentally true but fundamentally important. For, while women are not gaining on men noticeably in factories, they are gaining on them every day, noticeably, strikingly, overwhelmingly, in sales-rooms, correspondence rooms, auditing rooms, and all the other places conveniently summarized as "stores and offices."

In other words, Woman is putting on her good clothes and coming Down-Town. Which is one of the epoch-making events in her industrial history.

Nevertheless, while it is true in the factory trades as a whole that men and women seem to have reached, temporarily at least, an equilibrium of relative numbers, it is also true that here and there, occasionally, in the constant give and take between the sexes, men are being displaced by women. When this happens, it is worth watching, because the industrial character of woman is then revealed in action. To return, therefore, to stogies.

A stogy is a tall, loosely built cigar, which looks awkward and undetermined but is really terribly in earnest. It has a place in literature because one of its kind (from Wheeling, West Virginia) made Harvey Cheyne seasick, in Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous," and sent him over the rail of his liner to his adventures in the fishing-smack "We're Here."

This implement of nausea (as a matter of fact, though a strong, it is a good, clean smoke) used to be made almost exclusively by men. To-day, in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, there are 2,211 women and only 463 men. And in three particularly large "trust" factories, in which the last word in cheap, quick production has been spoken, *there are 1,025 women and exactly ten men.*

These figures are taken from the factory-to-factory census made this year by Miss Elizabeth Butler on behalf of the "Pittsburg Survey" in pursuance of the most thorough investigation so far attempted in America into the conditions of women's employment in any one city.

Mr. Hine has written a photographic essay in four parts on the technique of the struggle.

In part one you see a Pittsburg hand-stogy-maker. He just takes tobacco leaves and, with his own hands, without the help of machines or even of tools (except a knife and a clip), constructs, all by himself, a complete smoke. It took him a long time to learn how to do that.

In parts two, three, and four you see the most nearly perfected type of the team-and-machine process which is taking his place.

The girl in part two is not a stogy-maker at all. She is only a "bunch-breaker." With the help of her machine she gives the inside filler-leaves of the stogy their first outside covering, the "binder." The second outside covering, the "wrapper," is still to be put on.

In part three, the half-dressed stogies, in-

stead of being "shaped" deftly and delicately by the finger-tips of a craftsman, are being crushed and squeezed into form by "molds" and "presses."

In part four you see a most ingenious machine called a "suction-table." It is full of little holes through which currents of air, sucked downward, straighten out the tobacco leaf and hold it taut and flat while a die, descending, cuts it into exactly the right size. The "suction-table" (Mr. Ruskin would have called it a vampire) sucks the last few drops of blood from the art and craft of stogy-making. The girl at the "suction-table" takes the piece of tobacco designed for her by the machine and "rolls" it around the half-finished stogy, giving it its "wrapper" and thus completing it.

Two girls and three machines have now done what one man did before. They haven't done it so well. But they have done it faster *and cheaper*. And there you have a little social revolution happening before your eyes. Women have driven men into a corner in the stogy trade in Pittsburg and they have done it through their natural affinity with the most modern, the most mechanical and automatic, the most simplified and cheapened factory processes.

Of the 463 men in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, 168 are still complete hand-stogy-makers. Of the 2,211 women in the stogy factories of Pittsburg, only twelve have become hand-stogy-makers and they make Italian stogies, which are held together along the side with paste and have no finish at either end. The victory in Pittsburg, therefore, has been only a partial victory. Woman has got into industry, but not by excelling, or equaling, man's technique.

Woman hasn't risen to man's skill. Skill has been lowered to woman's level. Woman hasn't been masculinized. Work has been feminized. The fact is, it is not very often, after all, that women displace men in the way illustrated by the incidents given at the head of this article. It is not very often that they take over precisely the same machines and precisely the same tasks that the men used to have. Usually, when women displace men, they do it in the way illustrated by the history of the stogy trade in Pittsburg. Usually they enter the factory as adjuncts to *simplified* machines and *subdivided* tasks.

Here is a story from the watch-making trade that drives the point still farther in.

It should be remembered, to begin with,

that there are almost no women *watch-makers*; that is, persons who can put a watch together and make it "go." But there are plenty of women *watch-workers*. In a large factory in which the innumerable stages in the manufacture of a watch have been sorted out into an equivalent number of petty jobs, multitudes of women are brought in to handle such of those jobs as, while delicate and exacting, do not require technical *judgment*.

Now there were certain men in the watch factory in which this incident happened who were called "finishers." They performed the last act in the manufacture of a watch and they were highly skilled.

To-day their act is split in two. They objected. They resisted. But logic was against them. Part of their act was feminine in its requirements. They lost that part. Women, called "assemblers," now do the preliminary part of "finishing." They take the running-wheels of the watch and put them in between the plates and screw the plates together. The watch then passes to the "finishers," *still exclusively men, who insert the balance-wheel and adjust the time-keeping faculty of the now completed mechanism*. The men retain the *judgment* part of their act. The women have despoiled them of the *speed-and-precision* part of it.

If you were to search a thousand years you couldn't find a better illustration of the function performed, *generally speaking*, by American women in American factories.

The speed and precision of American women in American factories is, it is true, astonishing. When you see a girl at a "bunch-breaking" machine, like the one shown in Mr. Hine's picture, turn out eight bunches in a minute (480 in an hour) and keep it up for ten hours, you are amazed that such neat, untiring dexterity can exist in human fingers. And when you see a girl in the packing department of a stogy factory lay 27,000 stogies into little cylindrical tin boxes in the course of a ten-hour day, you feel that the very limit of human adroitness of manipulation has been reached.

I have seen girls in a horse-nail factory take the flat piece of cardboard which was to be transformed into a horse-nail box and bend it, intricately, ten times before it became a box and yet make two hundred boxes in an hour, 1,800 in a nine-hour day. Which means, all day, one intricate manual operation every two seconds. It is thrilling digital skilfulness.

But it has little to do with real technical skill. It is an almost superhuman capacity for *routine*. But it has little to do with a capacity for *judgment*.

Why is it? Why do women work cheaply? Why do they tend toward cheap work? And when they do good work, why do they still, as a rule, work cheaply, anyway?

The answer is no mystery.

The last report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that the average period of employment for factory women in Chicago is seven years. The average period in other cities is approximately the same. That's all.

No class of persons coming to work for seven years, and then quitting, can ever go far, as a class.

See how it affects the girl herself. Here are a few, chosen from many, entries in my note-book, of things I have heard working-girls say:

"Well, five dollars isn't much, but it'll do for me until Jim's got money enough to see the priest. Isn't that so, Bessie?"

"Sure, I'd like to be an operator, but you got to spend six months learning, and how do I know where I'll be in six months?"

"Well, suppose I joined the union and we had a strike for six months and I lost my wages all that time and then we got fifty cents

a week more and then I quit for good right after? Would I be a winner? These men are going to be here for forty years. They'd win all right. But not for me. I want my six dollars now."

Just put yourself in the girl's place. If you were sure you were going to quit some day pretty soon and you were not sure that pretty soon might not mean next summer, how much ambition would you have?

And see how it affects the manufacturer:

"Why should I spend a lot of time and money teaching a girl a hard job when she may get married any minute?"

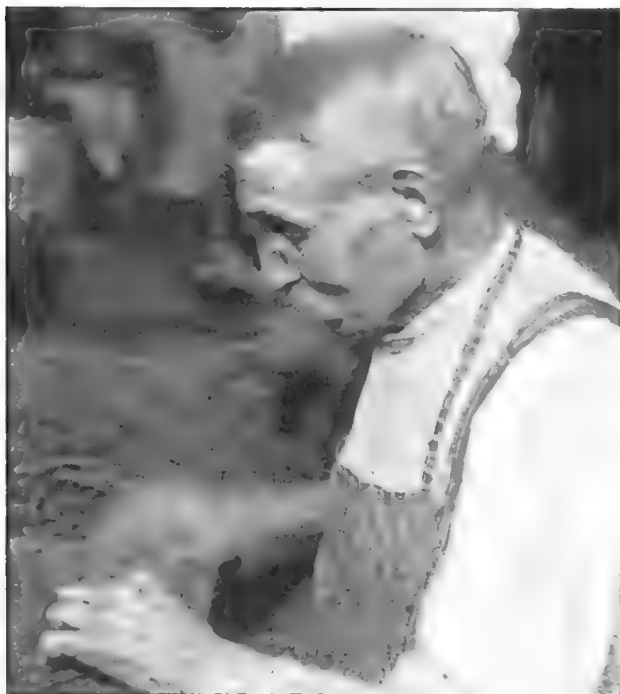
"I lose a quarter of my girls every year and I lose the wages of two 'teachers' and God knows how much material breaking the new ones in. If I had to pay 'em any more than I do now, I'd hire men. *They'd stick.*"

The fact is that Woman, while becoming a soldier of industry, has not in most cases become a professional soldier. She remains, predominantly, though by no personal fault of her own, a guerrilla, a bushwhacker, entering the fight without training, withdrawing from it without warning, and receiving meanwhile a stipend proportioned to her casual character. It is a bad, an unjust, an almost intolerable situation. It



A. H. Sargent, by S. H. Sargent, Chicago

MISS AGNES NESTOR, THE FIRST WOMAN TO PRESIDE OVER A DELIBERATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE WORKING CLASS.



I. THE PASSING TYPE. A PITTSBURGH STOGY-MAKER WHO CONSTRUCTS, ALL BY HIMSELF, A COMPLETE SMOKE.

is bound to make trouble. It already makes trouble.

The workingwoman is placed between two fires and scorched by both. Necessity compels her to work before marriage. Household Arrangements and Social Conventions, acting and reacting on each other, compel her to stop working after marriage, not only at periods of physical unfitness, but altogether. What is the result?

Before marriage, because she is going to stop working so soon, she is condemned to cheap work and low wages.

After marriage, because she worked before marriage, because all her girl friends worked before marriage, because it became customary for daughters as well as fathers to work, because wages got adjusted to a family-wage basis, because families got accustomed to living on the combined earnings of fathers and children,—for all these reasons, she finds, after marriage, that the personal earnings of one workingman, her husband, do not constitute a family wage and that a long period of terrific hardship is ahead of her till she has sons and daughters old enough to be sent to work to restore the family wage again.

Woman doesn't stay in industry long enough to establish a decent wage for herself. But she does stay there long enough to assist effectively in establishing the family-wage system. And then when she gets married she ceases to contribute to the family wage and she and her husband and her babies have to live on the personal wage of one wage-earner. So that if

you want to know the real tragedies of toil, remember they are not happening in coal-mines but in kitchens, from the time little Charlie and Maggie are creeping on the floor to the time when their first three dollars a week gives life once more a margin of comfort and security.

What is going to happen?

Shall women stop working before marriage? That is impossible. We saw in last month's article that economic causes, uncontrollable by sermons, are forcing women into industry. We shall have more women, instead of fewer women, at work in the future. We haven't yet, in this country, as large a proportion of women at work as the older countries of the world have, the countries whose industrial development we are following.

Shall women, then, work *after* marriage? That is the real question. But it is so large a



II. "BUNCH-BREAKING" IS THE FIRST STAGE IN MACHINE-MADE STOGIES.

question that it will be merely suggested and then laid on the table for future discussion.

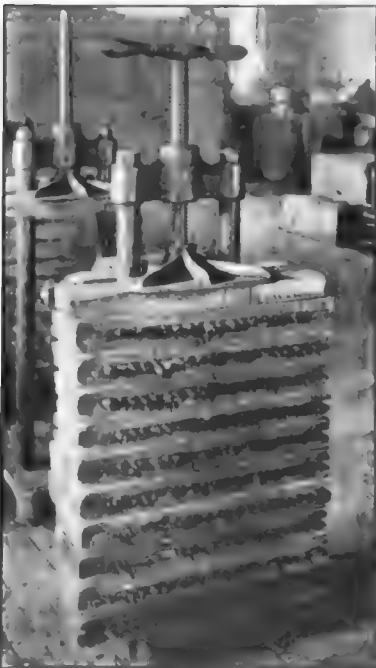
Only three incidental remarks will be here made about it.

First: It is a question that may settle itself without much help. Many students think so, among them the President of Bryn Mawr College, who said not long ago that "everything seems to indicate that women will not only make their way into all except a few trades and professions, but that they will be compelled by economic causes to stay in them *after marriage*."

Second: Work after marriage, aside from its economic aspects, has seemed to many persons who have given it much thought to have possibly an intellectual and moral value. In his authoritative book on "Sex and Society," Professor W. I. Thomas seems to adopt this view. "The remedy," he says, "for the irregularity, pettiness, ill-health,



IV. THE "SUCTION-TABLE," WHERE THE STOGY IS GIVEN ITS WRAPPER.



III. THE HALF-DRESSED STOGY IS BEING SQUEEZED INTO FORM BY MOLDS.

and unserviceableness of modern woman seems to lie, therefore, along educational lines; not in a general and cultural education alone, but in a special and *occupational interest and practice* for women, *married and unmarried*. This should be *preferably gainful*, though not onerous nor incessant."

Third: Virtually every mother who can afford it has a nurse-maid who relieves her of the children, *and the children of her*, for part of each day and night. This is thought proper. Also, it is thought proper for a family to live at Sherry's and have its meals sent up to it from the café. In this way the family avoids having a food-factory in its suite of living-rooms. Now if at some time in the remote future, when society is somewhat better adapted to social needs, there should be cooperative nurseries and cooperative kitchens which would leave women free for four hours a day to do work which, as Professor Thomas discriminatingly says, should be gainful but not onerous nor incessant, would society then be any more shattered at its foundations than it now is at its top?

These remarks, however, are merely and truly incidental. The subject, as a subject, is reserved for treatment at a later time. It is not here claimed that women should, or will, work after marriage. But it is stated, most emphatically, that as long as women's interest in gainful employment is casual and

temporary, she will, in the mass, attempt a corresponding quality of work and be paid according to a corresponding scale of wages.

Some indications there are that even in present circumstances, under present disadvantages, woman is beginning to be less casual and less temporary.



MRS. JENNIE LONGBRIDGE, A MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE CHICAGO TRADE-UNION LABOR LEAGUE, AND OF THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CHICAGO FEDERATION OF LABOR.

There are women in shoe factories, in glove factories, in cotton mills who perform extremely difficult tasks and perform them admirably. And there are women in the cigar trade, for instance (outside that phase of it already observed in Pittsburg), who have become really skilled as well as skilful, and who work side by side on equal terms

of technique and of wages with men of the best grade. Miss Edith Abbott, of Wellesley College, in her inquiries into the cigar trade in Boston, noticed such women and gave particularly an account of one of them whose average weekly wages had climbed up to thirty-one dollars.

It is noteworthy that among such women, work after marriage is common. When a woman acquires real skill she acquires also an impetus toward a permanent use of it. This is one of the reasons why there are so many married women weavers in Fall River. The real loom-woman and the real cigar-woman tend to revert to their trades after marriage just like the real stage-woman or the real book-woman.

Another indication of a growing professional temper among workingwomen is the trade-school. In many class rooms in many cities young women are to-day taking a rigorous preliminary training in hat-making, dress-making, pattern-designing, and other employments which in former years they would have entered without any training.

There is still a third indication, the most significant of all. It is the trade-union.

Some notion of a continuous connection with one's trade is necessary to a belief in the advisability of joining a union.

What prevents certain groups of underpaid men, such as clerks, from forming trade-unions bigger and more powerful than the

miners' union, is that they are in the business atmosphere and expect to rise.

What has prevented workingwomen, as a class, from forming trade-unions is that they are in the domestic atmosphere and expect to quit. Obscurely, subconsciously, a different spirit is now pervading them and is issuing in new instincts and new emotions.

The conventions of the National Women's Trade-Union League, under the presidency of Mrs. Raymond Robins, a woman who devotes her great personal talents and her large financial means to the indefatigable service of democracy, have brought together an extraordinary number of enthusiastic leaders of successful organizations.

At the last convention of the American Federation of Labor this new movement was recognized by two significant acts. First: Miss Annie Fitzgerald was appointed "woman organizer," to give her whole time to starting unions in now unorganized trades. Second: Miss Agnes Nestor of Chicago, delegate from the glove-workers' union, was called to the chair, presented with the gavel, and, as a matter of courtesy, allowed to do what perhaps some woman some day will do as a matter of right—recognize speakers and put motions in the deliberative assembly of the working class of the United States.

Miss Nestor, among women trade-union leaders, is an exceptionally striking figure because she leads not only women but men. She is secretary-treasurer (which means active executive official) of the International Glove Workers' Union of America, a union which comprises both men and women; and her office in Chicago is the headquarters of the whole organization for both sexes. In this respect, as in some others, Miss Nestor is the most highly developed representative of that absolutely new feminine type, the genuine, spontaneous workingwoman leader of workingwomen.

Workingwomen have always had things done for them, by philanthropists and legislatures. They are now beginning to do things for themselves.

"You never saw Miss Nestor?" said a Chicago lawyer. "You ought to see her. Got a mind like a trip-hammer. No. Not much high school. She's been in the factory since she was sixteen. I saw her, first time, at a conference between the employers and the union. Kind of treaty-making affair. Everybody sitting around a big directors' table. Miss Nestor was at one corner with a pile of papers. She's Irish all the way through, but she doesn't particularly look it. You wouldn't call her any nationality. Just American.

"Well, it was extraordinary, the way they treated her. When the employers (and they were big ones), would get through making an argument, they'd turn and look at her. And

the men representatives from the union would turn and look at her, too. And then she'd speak for the whole crowd. No. Nothing sensational at all. Just a plain, straight-away, tedious grind. Here's the point:

"Miss Nestor had all the details of the glove business down pat, so far as they affected the employees, and her job was to drive a bargain with the employers and get those details fixed just a little bit better for her people for the next year. And she did it. She knew her job. That's what I liked about her. She knew just how many minutes it took a girl to do this thing and that thing and the other thing on her machine to a dozen of gloves of this style and that style and the other style, and she knew just where and how troubles and disputes might happen, and she wanted to get everything settled in advance so that there wouldn't be any trouble during the next year and both sides would be satisfied.

"It wasn't a case of just saying 'we want our wages' and 'we want shorter hours.' It was a case of going over all the features of an intricate manufacturing business and finding out just which concessions and arrangements were financially and technically feasible and which weren't, in view of market prices, glove styles, and shop efficiency. When they got through, the employers and Miss Nestor, they signed an annual treaty forty long pages long.

"No. I don't remember much about the technical part. I was there just for the legal part. Miss Nestor doesn't want any of her contracts to be declared invalid by the courts. She has grasped the first principle of business. Get your legal advice from a lawyer beforehand and not from a judge afterwards.

"Well, yes, I do remember one technical point, after all. About needles. When I got away I pretty nearly laughed myself sick over it.

"They had the most furious discussion you can imagine about who should buy the needles for the girls' machines, the employers or the girls themselves. At that time the girls were buying them. But they objected to it. They said they couldn't see any more sense in having to buy those needles than there would be in making them buy the thread or the leather or any of the other things they worked with. But the employers came back hard with the proposition that if needles were free the girls would just go ahead and break them early and late, as much as they pleased, because it



A ROOM IN A GLOVE FACTORY WHERE THE INSPECTING, SORTING, AND PACKING ARE DONE.

wouldn't be costing them any money. So they talked and talked till I couldn't see anything in the world but needles.

"Miss Nestor, all the time, had been scribbling on a piece of paper. Pretty soon she spoke. And she certainly brought that discussion to a stop. Perfectly simple, too, but nobody else had thought of it. It was like this:

"The girls are all on piece-work and get

paid according to how many gloves they turn out. Every minute is valuable to them. Well, Miss Nestor showed, by figuring it out, that when a girl smashed a needle she lost a good deal more money by having to sit idle till her machine was fixed than she did by having to buy another needle. So that even if the needle should cost her nothing, why should she want to rob herself of five cents' worth of time in order to rob her employer of one

cent's worth of needle? Particularly when she needed the five cents a whole lot more than he needed the one cent.

"It was too good. 'Employers shall buy the needles,' went into the treaty. Oh, at making things look her way, she's a terror. Her father used to be in politics strong in Grand Rapids, Michigan. I guess he passed a little wiseness along. You go and see her."

A careful and respectful knock at the door in the Bush Temple Office Building marked "International Gloveworkers' Union of America"; a pause in the clicking of a typewriter; another careful and respectful knock; a "Come in!"; and then the door, swinging open, revealed, on the other side of the typewriter, a sweet-faced little girl, with a little black apron over her brown skirt and little black oversleeves protecting the arms of her yellow waist, and a little oblong gold band at her throat restraining a large yellow tie, and with gentle, blue-gray eyes, clear, wide-open, unafraid, comprehending, but still always gentle.

Evidently the word "terror" had been used in a highly metaphorical sense. In the midst of a prolonged mental sigh of relief on my part the questioning began. But Miss Nestor, while frank about her trade, is not talkative about herself. Her young career must be pieced together from many fragments picked up in many places.

She began in the stitching department where, on both sides of long tables spread with power-driven machines and heaps of gloves, you see long rows of girls, close-packed, some of them crouched over their work, nervously, with foreheads almost touching their machines and with intent eyes seeming to urge steam and metal to greater speed; others (often better workers)

sitting erect, apparently negligent, while glove-seams by the hundred yards purr and zip from their needle-points.

The men, in another room, with sharp dies and heavy mauls, have pounded and cut the leather into carefully designed fragments. The girls, in this room, sew the fragments into gloves. Such is the division of labor between the sexes.

Miss Nestor passed, in turn, through most of the different groups of operators into which, by another division of labor of an in-



MISS MAMIE BUTLER, AT HER MACHINE IN A GLOVE FACTORY.



IN THE SEWING ROOM OF A GLOVE FACTORY.

tricate and marvelous kind, the girls themselves are separated.

The "banders," who, with a two-needle machine, attach the gauntlet to the body of the glove; the "silkers," who, with a four-needle machine, run the lines of decoration on its back; the "strap-sewers," the "gore-sewers," the "binders," or "hemmers"; the "closers," most expert of all, who get the glove twice in its complicated crisscross travels, once to insert the thumb-piece and

the back-pieces and, later, to run the final seam along the finger-sides, up one side and down the other, from little finger back to thumb, "closing" it and finishing it—most of these groups Miss Nestor worked with till finally, being a "closer," she could go no farther. And it is easy to see that she is proud of being a complete "glove-worker."

There was no union in those days, before 1902. But there was always a little trouble.

Usually about piece-work, the price per piece, the rate of speed.

Curious thing, speed. As inexplicable as a talent for verses. There was a man "wax-threader" in Milwaukee a few years ago (the "wax-thread" machine is the only sewing-machine operated by men instead of women in Western glove factories) who was dying of tuberculosis. They'd carry him up-stairs in the factory. And when a glove fell off his table he hadn't strength enough to reach down and get it. But once his machine got going and the accustomed quirks and twists of his hands began to send the product through, he would sit up and turn out as many gloves by the end of the day as the strongest, fastest young operator in the shop. Then they'd carry him to the street-car.

Among women, speed, accelerated by the urgency of piece-work, has, however, a more than psychological interest. Women, because of their not intending to stay in the factories all their lives, as well as for other reasons, are much more readily driven into reckless speed excesses than men. They submit readily to "speeding-up" processes which men, instinctively conserving their energy for prolonged use, are more likely to resist. Men have to make their candle last forty years. Women are tempted to burn theirs in five.

Not many of them have the solid sense of the Chicago shoe factory girl who, after several years' experience, said: "Well, I've quit racing. I've found that every dollar I make over eight dollars a week goes to the doctor, anyway. So when I see myself turning out more than eight dollars' worth, I slow up."

Of course the piece-work system has come to stay. No one in his senses would suggest abolishing it. It is not its existence but its abuse that is here criticized.

There must be an abuse of it when so many girls in their early twenties can be heard saying: "It used to be I could turn out that many dozen, but of course I can't now"; and, "Certainly she turns out more than I do. See how new she is."

It is a phenomenon that is found in many trades. Miss Butler found it in Pittsburg. After her investigation she said:

"Under a discussion of health comes the factory system of speeding. Serious as the menace of tuberculosis is, one might almost consider more serious the threat to racial vitality from nervous exhaustion of girl workers. I have spoken of the double tension on

the stogy-worker who must cut close and at the same time have a high output. 'No girl can keep up her pace more than six years,' said the manager of one of the large factories. . . . Rose Bernstein, a slight little girl with drooping mouth and sloping shoulders, told me that in three years her output had dropped from 1,000 to 700 stogies a day, and now she was losing perceptibly. The cost of this nervous loss is not borne by the industry. Most of the girls marry at twenty or twenty-one, just about the time when their speed breaks. The cost is borne by the homes into which they go."

When you understand what a serious matter "speeding up" is, you will understand why "pace-makers" are unpopular. There was Nell, for instance—let that be her name, since it wasn't—in one of the glove factories on the West Side in Chicago. A new style of glove had been introduced. Piece-work rate: fifty cents a dozen. Nell, with her inexplicable trick of speed, not seeming to hurry, rolled out five dozen a day. Two and a half dollars! Meanwhile the average girl was "racing" every second all day to make a dollar and a half. Pretty soon the foreman came around. "Five dozen a day? Two and a half? After this the rate will not be fifty cents a dozen. It will be forty-five."

So then the girl who was "racing" to make a dollar and a half a day had to "race" to make a dollar thirty-five, and Nell herself, instead of making \$2.50, made \$2.25. Some of the girls thought the firm "slipped her back her twenty-five cents" for "speeding up" the room.

Anyway, there was always trouble about piece-rates in this factory and in Agnes Nestor's factory and in every other factory. Union material was already present in a state of solution. All it needed was a shake to precipitate it.

One day, in Agnes Nestor's factory, the "banders" walked out. Not a strike. Just a huff. Once outside, they quarreled with one of their number and ducked her in a horse-trough. In the afternoon they felt better and came back to work.

But the horse-trough incident got into the papers and was read by a glove-cutter, a studious young man named I. Solon, who perused books and periodicals when he wasn't cutting gloves. He went and hired a hall within a block or two of the factory.

The next afternoon was the crisis. As the

girls came out of the front door of the factory after work and spread in thick groups over the sidewalks and the streets, they were startled by the exclamations of a young enthusiast, who shouted that in his hall, in ten minutes, the principles of unionism would be explained. Would they come? There was a moment of hesitation. Then the verve of the stranger won. They came.

From all accounts it must have been a curious speech, eloquent with the eloquence of the first outbreak, spontaneous, beyond himself, of a man who had read and thought and felt much; but, nevertheless, from a worldly standpoint, a speech that was decidedly curious.

It had nothing in it about hours or wages. What it said, according to reports, was something like this: "Unite. Separated, you are nothing. You have no life. You are machines attached to machines. United, you will find a voice. The firm is a unit. You can talk to the firm when you are a unit. Individually, you don't exist. Together you will acquire personality. Won't you do it?"

They did. And the union has existed ever since. Originated by the philosophy and passion of an exceptional young man, perpetuated by the tact and shrewdness of an exceptional young woman, it nevertheless goes back to deeper causes. It represents the unfolding to self-consciousness of the mind of the casual and temporary industrial woman. The concrete, material successes of the union are, by comparison, unimportant, although they have been numerous.

In this respect the union has been assisted by the unusual reasonableness and fairness of the largest Chicago glove firm with which it has had to deal. Many bad things have been removed. The girls are no longer obliged, for instance, to buy their own machine-oil and carry it to the factory, nor to pay fifty cents a week "rental" on the machines they operate.

There has come also the gaining of good things. For four months every summer Saturday afternoon is now a half-holiday. And it is provided in the treaties that from the time of the signing of one treaty to the time of the signing of the next all changes in methods of production shall be so made that they shall not, while increasing production, decrease wages.

These things, however, though the list of them could be indefinitely extended, are mere symbols of the fact that the women of "Local Eighteen" have moved into the same mental world with men. Instead of being at best an inert, and at worst a cheapening, influence in industry, they have become an active, a wage-raising influence..

The woman's Local, Eighteen, meets in Joint Council with the men's Local, Four, and no contract with employers is signed except by both locals together. With the co-operation of Local Eighteen, the wages of the members of Local Four have gone up from twelve to fifteen dollars a week.

Agnes Nestor, however, and the other women trade-union leaders who have appeared lately in American cities are, though notable, still exceptional, and the unions they represent do not yet account for more than a very small percentage of their possible adherents. The spirit is spreading and spreading rapidly, but workingwomen, as a class, as a mass, are still only vaguely, voicelessly, touched by it.

And when, if ever, they are all touched by it, their withdrawal to domestic life after marriage will leave their unions to be remembered and re-officered every seven years. Woman in industry will still remain not simply an economic fact but complicatedly a social fact.

How thoroughly social, how thoroughly complicated, how far from merely economic she is to-day a certain glove firm on Madison Street in Chicago can testify. Its machines are light, its rooms well-ventilated, its wages from six to twelve dollars a week.

Last year it had a sign out: "Girls Wanted." But no girls came. The foreman spoke hastily and bitterly in his anger. "I wish these department stores," he said, "would cut all their girls' wages down to two dollars a week. Girls don't want money."

For straight by his sign, under his windows, girls by the hundred were going five blocks down the street to work in the department stores for half the money they could earn, after a few months' experience, in his factory.

Woman is a social fact. She is putting on her good clothes and going Down-Town.

Why is it?

In the January instalment of **The Woman's Invasion** Mr. Hard will discuss "The Shop Girl."

THE ENCHANTED HOUSE

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE

Illustrations by Will Grefé

ON the highroad to Tyngsburg Tom Macey, the milkman, pulled in his horse, Jeremiah, when it became evident that the tall young man obstructing the way had no intention of getting out of it. He had at first endeavored to turn aside for him, but the stranger had dodged in front of the horse's head with the persistency of a greenbottle fly.

Now that the horse had come to a standstill, however, the man proceeded along its side, patting its flank reassuringly as he journeyed, and Macey, with the inherited conservatism of a small New England town, waited for him to declare himself, and thus furnish the clue to his behavior. Nor did he have long to wait.

"I don't know how keen you are on poetry, but it's been on my mind for four miles, and you are the first person who has come along."

"Well, what do you expect?" asked Macey, who was a young man of serious motives but slow mind, and who could not dispose of more than one issue at a time. "It's now four-thirty in the morning, and the marketmen all go to the city by the lower road. I wouldn't be here, only I'm delivering to a milk depot since milk went up to fifty cents a can."

"And then I am weak on turning corners, just now," the stranger went on, quite unmindful of the interruption. "I could stop your horse head on, but if you had made a quick turn at right angles, I should have lost you."

Tom Macey had never been drunk, never even having been in the way of temptation, for that matter, and his data as to intoxicated men was limited to an occasional encounter with the solitary town toper. Tyngsburg was officially "dry," with a town just beyond equally virtuous, and it was many a weary mile to the city. Moreover, the stranger, far from being disheveled, was well dressed, and

his face, instead of being flushed, as Macey thought a drunken man's should be, was rather white and drawn, and his eyes were wild and staring, as though he could not have shut them had he so desired. Macey was uncertain just how to classify him.

"If it's the city you want, it's back there some eighteen miles," he suggested at a venture.

"Eighteen?" echoed the stranger mirthlessly. "Say eighty, or even eight hundred. I know, for I have walked it. But let us come back to the main question. Here is all that I can remember—" and as though intoning something that had been running ceaselessly through his mind, he recited:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea—"

"Now finish it, for heaven's sake, man, finish it," he pleaded querulously.

"Finish what?" asked Macey blankly.

"Give me the second couplet. It is as well known as Mother Goose, but it has gone from me as completely as the knowledge of sleep. I have been trying to finish the verse for the whole eight hundred miles. What is it?"

"Don't ask me," Macey replied with emphasis.

The stranger threw out his arms as though he would embrace him. "Praise Allah! Thank you," he cried, and quoted:

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require
'E went an' took—the same as me!"

Macey took the whip from its socket and prepared to gather up the reins. "If you think I told you that, all right," he said. "I haven't any more time for foolishness. Good day."

But the stranger was not to be put aside so easily. With a firmer grasp upon the cart than the peril of the ascent would seem to warrant, he climbed to the seat and turned about with as much care as though he had attained the apex of a pyramid. "Let us even go on," quoth he.

Tom Macey's face grew visibly red, and the muscles of his arm tightened involuntarily. He was short but solidly built, and as anchor on the Grange tug-of-war team knew his strength.

His first thought was to expel the intruder bodily, but something in the drawn face and the far-away look of the eyes restrained him, and with a cluck to the horse he tightened the reins and the cart jogged along the Tyngsburg road.

It was a hilly country, given more to pasture land than to the cultivation of market produce, but it looked down upon a broad and placid river, on the other side of which a magnificent wooded landscape stretched away to the distant mountains; and in the early morning light the deep colors of midsummer stood out clean and strong, like some masterpiece on Nature's great canvas.

Something in the scene caused a stray phrase to flash across the mind of the stranger. "God's perfect peace," he said, half aloud; and the lines of his forehead deepened in pain. He felt that he was far

from perfect peace, though he might be upon the border of its country.

"My name is Tom Macey," said the driver uneasily. "I live two miles out on the upper road. Where are you going?"

The stranger turned from his contemplation of the river and fixed his mind, with an effort, upon the man beside him. "Anywhere; as far as you go, perhaps," he replied. "Thank you for bringing me so far—or have we only just started? I have been walking all night."

"Walking?" asked the milkman, with unconcealed astonishment. "Where, and why?" It occurred to him that here was a madman escaped from an asylum somewhere.

"Why? To escape the old man Adam. Do you work all night, Mr. Macey?"

"I work from one o'clock," replied the literal Thomas.

"And when do you sleep?"

"From six until I start out, or, if I'm out in the evening, I make up what I'm shy on sleep the next morning."

"You are a lucky man, Thomas Macey, to sleep whenever the spirit moves you," replied the stranger. "I suppose that I really slept

three nights ago, but I haven't closed my eyes since then, and it seems much longer. You can stand it beautifully without sleep for one day and night, you know, but on the second night you should sleep the sleep of the dead.



FOLLOWING A WHIMSICAL PROMPTING, HE SOUNDED THE KNOCKER.

And if you don't, look out. There's something sure wrong, and all the little devils in the world will soon get after you. On the third day you will begin to lose people, or see them when they are not there. Only last night I followed a policeman right up against a brick wall, and when I got there he was gone. Then there is the trouble about turning corners. You can't turn them except on a wide circle. What happens on the fourth day, Macey, I don't know as yet, but——"

"Here, hold on, Mister," interrupted the perplexed Macey. "Why don't you sleep? Why don't you get out now, somewhere, and go to sleep?"

The stranger shook his head mournfully. "Insomnia," he said briefly. "That's a funny little graveyard we are coming to, Macey. What's the inscription on that new white monument? 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' It's evident that I am not beloved of the Lord, Macey, and yet——"

But Macey, whose slow-working mind had now convinced him that his milk-wagon was possessed of a lunatic, had decided upon his course of action. He turned suddenly upon the stranger, and with a firm grasp upon his coat and trousers lifted him and shot him clear of the wheel into the side of the road, whereupon he laid the whip to the horse's back and set out for home at full speed.

The man in the road gathered himself up rather ruefully and gazed after the fleeing milkman. "And there was a time when I was rated something of an athlete," he mused regretfully. "I will overtake the countryman and teach him to be a gentleman." He started in pursuit, rather uncertain in his gait, but under enough headway to cause Macey to whip the horse anew.

"He can't catch me," thought the milkman, scornfully. "He said he couldn't turn a corner, and if that's so, I'll lose him where the road branches."

And this proved true, for the stranger went off at a tangent upon coming to where the road forked, and brought up only just short of a stone wall, upon which he sat to wipe his moist brow with a handkerchief. "Upon which we may observe," he said, apropos of nothing, "that while we did not instruct him in good manners, we are nevertheless the gainer upon two points: we have begun to perspire, which is a good sign, and we can recall our name, which is Wadsworth Bryant, and not an especially difficult one to remember."

When he got up from the stone wall the milk-wagon had disappeared from view, and he decided to abandon the chase and keep to the river road, for no special reason other than that the country looked uninhabited in that direction and offered no apparent difficulties to travel. His resentment against Macey had quite died out, and his only desire was to keep walking until he wearied himself to the point of exhaustion. Whatever his appearance and actions may have suggested to the milkman, he had a fixed and fairly clear idea of what he wanted to do. The two physicians whom he had called into consultation to examine him had been courteous and non-committal to his face, but they had gone directly to his people and urged that he be sent to a sanatorium without delay. That alone was enough to irritate a man in his condition. But that was not all.

His was one of those families that might be termed fully established. It was a clan, with various habitations and varying degrees of wealth, but a clan upon all questions of family policy. It governed by family council, the dominant members of which were a dowager aunt and an eccentric but vastly rich bachelor uncle, whose expressed wish was, as a rule, approved by the heads of three families. You could not marry without the consent of this board; yet, once passed by it, your social position was secure, and if your income was not what it should be, the family saw to it that you were provided for to the degree called for by your new position. Wadsworth Bryant's father had been taken into the family on his reputation as a man of promising literary genius; which had been promptly smothered by the income settled upon his wife. His son, having shown traces of the same genius in due time, was promptly set apart by the family council to be trained as the family lawyer.

Well, young Bryant had gone to the law school, after a fashion, but gave no indication of making even a passably good lawyer. His father, upon a rare occasion of mutual understanding, had secretly advised him to cherish his own ambitions, and to go it alone if the occasion ever so demanded; but he knew well enough that he was proving a disappointment to the more influential members of the "family." And his threatened nervous breakdown afforded an opportunity not to be missed of pointing out his shortcomings and solemnly discussing which sanatorium should be honored by the presence of a Bryant.

His father, he felt sure, would understand



"HOW ABOUT THE OLD HOUSE UP THERE?" ASKED BRYANT.

what had prompted his disappearance now; but the others would not, even if they were aware of the situation. He had not wasted his years at school, as they believed, but had devoted himself zealously to preparation for a literary career. The fruit of it was his first book, a manuscript just placed in the hands of a publisher, who had received it favorably and agreed to undertake its publication in the autumn; but the price of this had been reckless overwork, and a burning of the candle at both ends, relying upon his physique and capacity for endurance. Certainly he had not come up to the family requirement—as a leader of the bar, or as the suitor of a girl who had been selected for him to marry. But upon the matter of his going away to an institution he took some satisfaction in telling himself that he was several laps ahead of the family council, and he intended to keep the matter in his own hands. He had taken good care to get so far away that his whereabouts would not be open to more than chance discovery. There would be a search for him, but no public hue and cry.

He had walked a mile beyond where the roads forked, passing only one small farmhouse on the way, when he came upon a veritable old relic of a colonial house. It was long and rambling, with ells and gabled roofs,

and its vacant windows and weather-beaten sides made it look a pathetic picture of abandonment as seen from the highway. It stood well back from the road, upon a fair elevation, and as Bryant came nearer he observed what had at first escaped his notice—that it presented a side view to the passer-by, and that the front was concealed by a screen of hollyhocks and sunflowers that looked uncanny in their height and luxuriant growth.

It was as though somebody with a magical preparation for the soil, after picking his way carefully through the worn-out and abandoned fields, had paused to fertilize the ground directly in front of the old mansion, and then planted it fantastically so that no stranger should discern what was hidden behind. Moorish gardeners sometimes worked such magic in old Spain in the days of Boabdil; but one hardly would look to find it in New England.

"Talk about an enchanted house!" Bryant said, in the habit that he had fallen into of addressing himself. "Why, here is one to the last detail. Nobody could find the door because it is lost in a tangled forest of flowers. No man ever raised stalks as tall as that."

He walked across a field of uncut hay that might, in some past day, have been a rolling lawn, and worked his way around the thicket

of great flowers that blossomed far above his head and seemed to stand as a barrier against him; when, upon the farther side, he discovered that there really was a path, somewhat overgrown, but unmistakably a path, leading to the house.

With just a suspicion that his brain might be playing him a trick, and that in truth he might be lying back in the road with a broken head where the milkman had flung him, he followed the path in its serpentine course until it led to a little clearing in front of a handsome old porch that was in good repair, and to a fine old door with a heavy brass knocker. Here, of a surety, was a corner of the house that, by every visible sign, was habitable, and, following a whimsical prompting, he sounded the knocker and stood waiting for the door to open.

He repeated the blows upon the knocker, but nobody came, and he began to grow petulant, and to wonder why he was kept waiting

so long. Finally he left the porch and peered boldly in at a window, and for a full minute or two stood there with his face pressed against the pane. What he saw made him more anxious than ever to gain access. He was able to make out a spacious living-room, with a great open fireplace and leather-cushioned window-seats; not over-furnished, but abundantly supplied with all that a man would need in a country home. It was an interior refreshingly unexpected, after the weather-beaten outside; and he suddenly became aware of an idea buzzing within his head that, could he once gain entrance to a place like this, he could compose himself and go to sleep for a long year of nights.

The path by which he had come had the season's growth of grass, only slightly trampled down; a climbing rose-bush on a corner of the house had bloomed unpicked; and he noted that a bird now fluttering over his head had built its nest in the old porch. Had some-



THERE IN THE OTHER DOORWAY STOOD THE GIRL HE HAD CONJURED UP.

body discovered the abandoned house, made a part of it habitable, and after a time abandoned it again? Obviously the answer to the riddle was not to be learned without some effort, and he retraced his steps to the road, determined to go back to the red farmhouse that he had passed on the way.

As he approached it, through a scattering and protesting flock of fowls, the door opened and a good-natured old man popped his head out and smiled at him genially.

"Seen you coming down the road," said he. "Seen you going up a spell back. Guess you've sort of lost your way roun' here."

"How about that old house up there?" asked Bryant, without preliminary introduction of the subject. "Who lives in it?"

"Don't anybody live in it," replied the old man, with a chuckle.

"Who owns it, then?"

"Well, 's near as I can find out, when old Ben Edwards died, he had a nephew, an' the nephew had growed up an' become an artist, an' nobody seemed to bother about the old place till he took a fancy to it one summer. Old Ben Edwards, he was——"

"Don't get wound up, Mr. Jones," Bryant implored, feeling a return of his recent petulance. "I'm no town historian. What I want is to get into that house."

The old man chuckled anew. "My name's Bunts. How'd you like to hire the Edwards place?"

"I should like to. Who is in charge?"

"I be. Oh, I'm no fool!—if I do look it. Mr. Edwards—Mr. John Edwards, the artist—he knew I wasn't, an' he asked me to look after the place when he went, an' said if he didn't come back I might rent it."

"I'll take it, then," said Bryant shortly. "Come and let me in, and we can arrange the terms later."

"You won't need any key," said Bunts mysteriously. "You follow me, an' I'll show you the way."

Arrived once more in the clearing before the gabled house, Bryant watched the old man as he made for the porch and, sliding a false board to one side, disclosed a brass chain with a ring in the end. This he pulled; there was at once a sound of lifting bars within, and the door opened slightly of its own accord.

"Well!" exclaimed Bryant in surprise. "What's to prevent anybody from entering in that manner?"

"Because nobody knows," replied Mr. Bunts serenely. "It was one of Mr. Ed-

wards's playthings. Invented it himself, so's he wouldn't have to look for the keyhole in the dark. I come up here with the old lady, now an' then, to tidy up a bit. Sorter hoped Mr. Edwards would come back some day; but it's been two years now. Want me to show you aroun'?"

"No, thank you. I'm feeling tired now, and wait to turn in. I'll be down and see you again later about getting a food supply."

Mr. Bunts withdrew; and Bryant began his inspection of the premises. It was apparent that the artist had made only the wing of the house habitable, but he had done that thoroughly, and the effect was wonderfully pleasing to the eye after the riot outside. The fine old window-frames, the splendid old fireplace, and the massive rafters had not been disturbed; but the living-room had been modernized just enough to have added comforts that did not conflict with its background, and the furnishings were handsome old rugs, massive pieces of mahogany furniture, dull brass and pewter.

Three doors opened invitingly from the living-room—or, rather, three doors stood invitingly waiting to be opened—and Wadsworth Bryant did not hesitate to explore the rooms beyond. The first opened into a man's chamber, and he whistled softly as he threw open the blinds of a window for better light. There was a low, wide couch in one corner of the room, with a Persian covering thrown over it and two or three cushions piled up comfortably; a tall chiffonier with old silver candlesticks upon it stood in one corner, and there were two or three comfortable chairs, and several good pictures upon the walls. Surely the artist had been a man of good taste and comfortable habits; and Mrs. Bunts appeared to have kept a motherly hand upon the place, for the furniture was dusted, and the air was almost free from musty smell.

He returned to the living-room, and opened another door; it led to an old-fashioned kitchen, which in his present state did not interest him particularly. So he turned to the last door of all, which was opposite to the chamber that he had first entered, and, with his hand upon the knob, flung it wide open.

Once in his life he had seen the face of a girl that had caused him to pull himself up short, as it were, with an odd sensation of surprise and unexpected pleasure. It had been as he was about to enter one of the drawing-rooms of a fashionable hotel in Boston; when, upon the threshold, he had

raised his eyes to find himself confronting a young woman who, like himself, was taken unawares. Many times afterward he had tried to describe her in detail to himself, and had found that he was quite unable to do so; but he had never forgotten the picture—her rather tall and slender figure, the fine color of her face, the web-like veil that hung from her hat, the soft tones of her cloak and gown. It had occurred to him then that when a man fell in love with a woman it should be in that way, spontaneously, wonderfully, and with only the two of them in the equation.

Now, as he opened wide the third door, there was the same feeling of pleased surprise that had thrilled him in the hotel at Boston; and though he did not enter, and later could not have described the room in detail, there was again the realization of the completeness of what he had seen—a picture of enameled white furniture, of a white and pink covering over a lacquered brass bed, the suggestion of girlish things upon bureau and table, pictures such as could have been chosen for none but such a room; a very air of occupancy that made him draw back, as one would from any woman's chamber into which he found himself looking by chance. An enchanted house? He was as certain of it as that he had come to a long journey's end; and with a deep sigh of weariness that would not be denied, he turned, contented, to the man's room, partially disrobed, and threw himself upon the couch. It was then still early in the morning, but he did not awake until the sun had gone down and come up again and it was the forenoon of the second day.



"WELL," SHE REPEATED, "AND WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?"

Mr. Bunts, going one day with fresh eggs and vegetables to the Enchanted House—the name had been given by its new occupant, and tickled the old man's fancy—found Wadsworth Bryant at work in a field near the dwelling. Through connivance with his father, to whom he had confided his retreat and the object of his absence, Bryant had obtained such of his personal effects from home as he needed, and was now attired in khaki riding-breeches, a negligé shirt guileless of collar, and a Panama hat of several summers' seasoning.

"So you really be going to farm," said Mr. Bunts, who had left his basket in the porch in order to pass the time of day with him.

"Good morning," Bryant replied cheerily. "Yes, I've got my beans and peas up now, and I'm expecting some of the other stuff through to-morrow. I know it is past planting time, but the weather promises to make it up to me in growth. Tell Mrs. Bunts that pie of hers was all right, and I wouldn't mind another to-morrow."

Bunts grinned genially. "She sets a lot by you," he said. "Thinks it's a good thing for me to have company. If you need a hand now

an' then with your garden——"

"Oh, I'm not going to quit," said Bryant good-naturedly. "You forget that I have come up here to cure myself, and that this hard work means eight hours of good, clean sleep before daylight. Heard anything from Mr. Edwards yet? He hasn't declined to accept me for a tenant?"

"Not a word," replied Bunts dubiously. "Does seem as if he'd be more interested, don't it? Guess I'd better run along

now. The missus might think I'd strayed off."

The new master of the Enchanted House had established the rule of dining in the evening, when Mrs. Bunts had leisure to provide a more elaborate meal for him than the simple breakfast and the lunch at noon that he was in the habit of setting for himself. After the day's strenuous work it was a pleasure to run down to the river for a bath, and, returning lightly clad, dress in clean linen and flannels for his one formal meal of the day and the leisure that followed it. The old dwelling was equipped with running water from a spring on the hill; but this bath in the cool stream, beneath the shade of the willows, was a part of the day's enjoyment, and gave him an opportunity to perform daily his rite of approaching the Enchanted House through the giant flower forest, thus adding to the illusion that he was conjuring about him. For he was never alone at the Enchanted House, though nobody came to see him after Mrs. Bunts had cleared his dinner dishes away and gone to the little red house down the road. The place had a familiar ghost: the presence of the girl into whose room he looked at night and in the morning.

By day he toiled upon his farm joyfully, cheating himself with the belief that he was doing it for her. He even instituted the pleasant conceit of requiring Mrs. Bunts to sound the Indian dinner-gong when the evening meal was ready to be served, and before he took his seat at the table he always remained standing for a moment, looking toward her door, as though he expected to see her emerge, gowned all in white, but with a flower in her hair, and with the glorious color of his memory in her face and eyes. For he knew right well that she would look like the unknown girl who had stood before him just once in his life, on the threshold of a Boston hotel.

On one moonlight night, indeed, when he had turned from the bewitchment of the scene in the clearing bordered by his jungle of hollyhocks and sunflowers, to re-enter the house and bid her join him for a stroll through the enchanted path to the highway, lo, her door had opened slowly and softly of its own accord, and his heart had stood still for a moment in expectation. Later, when the vision did not come, he had remembered that Mrs. Bunts had been at work in there during the afternoon, and had probably left a window open to some passing breeze. He

had never questioned that worthy woman as to the former occupant of the room. Once when she had volunteered some information, he had put her aside. He did not yet want to know.

On the night after Mr. Bunts had brought him the basket of supplies, he retired early, intent upon rising before the sun was high, in order to do as large a measure of work as possible in the cool of the morning. He slept soundly and, when the first light streamed in, arose, bathed his face in the running water in his room, and dressed for his breakfast and the labor outside. There was no other thought in his mind until he placed his hand upon the knob of his door; when suddenly he drew himself erect from an intuition that made him act without time for thought or consideration. He opened his door with the full consciousness that the door across the way was being opened at the same time, and then he stood upon the threshold speechless.

You must remember that it was no moonlit night now, with a half light in the living-room, but early morning, with the air full of clear sunshine and the birds singing outside; yet there in the other doorway stood the girl whom he had conjured up, her face as fresh and fair as the day itself, her figure as supple as though she had come swiftly across the meadows with the dawn, her very presence so charged with life that he stood transfixed, gazing at her as she looked with wonderment at him. She was the first to break the silence.

"Well," she said; and the single word seemed full of glad surprise and such music as he would have expected to hear from her voice. "Well," she repeated, with an even deeper meaning in her tone, "and what have you to say?"

Not an especially profound remark, perhaps, and yet one that released his tongue in a flood of speech that might have taken any woman by storm.

"I have much to say, everything to say," he began, feeling the wine of excitement mounting to his head. "When I came to this Enchanted House I opened the door of your room by chance, and I felt your presence and knew what you were like. Every day since, I have been waiting for you, thinking of you, summoning you with all my heart and mind to come. Now you are here. What should I say? Ask you your name, perhaps, or how you came here? Oh, no; I am content to know that you have come."

Her own color had mounted under his

words, rising and falling as a barometer to her heart-promptings: flushing up in her first surprise; cooling down as she sought to give calm judgment to his words; running high again as she caught the undercurrent of his impetuous eloquence.

"Were you—were you in that room all night?" she asked, pointing to his open door.

"I retired at nine o'clock," he replied. "I locked my castle before I said good night to the moon. Why, were you—were you in *there* all night, too?"

She gasped a faint assent. Here was a situation that she could not by any chance have counted upon. She had expected to arrive before darkness fell, and to have met her aunt at the junction, but there had been a wreck that had delayed all the trains and her aunt had not yet appeared. Tom Macey had brought her over from the station, but had said nothing about an occupant of the house. Had he known?

"But how could you have slept here?" Bryant demanded. "How could you have come in with the door locked?"

"Oh, that—that was no difficult thing," she replied, not yet quite free from the embarrassment in her speech. "You see, I know the secret of raising the bolts from the outside. I came in and lighted a lamp. The place looked the same—I did not realize that anybody could be here—and I knew that my aunt could not arrive before morning; so I went to bed."

He had remained standing in his doorway, and she had done the same. Now they both advanced into the room, as though each was prompted to extend a welcome to the other.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I beg you to accept my humble hospitality, and allow me to introduce myself, in the absence of a third person. My name is Wadsworth Bryant, and I am living here alone for the summer."

"Mr. Bryant," she began in reply, and then burst into a merry laugh. "Mr. Bryant," she began again, "allow me to extend to you the hospitality of the only house I own. My name is Bess Edwards."

Then he laughed too—laughed because it was morning in the summertime, with the birds singing outside; laughed because he was young and over his head in love with an ideal that had come to life; laughed because there were so many things to be explained.

"I am not disputing your claims, you understand," he said, "for I have been aware

that you belonged here all the time; but as a matter of reference and explanation, I offer you the simple statement that Mr. Bunts, in the little red house down the road, rented me this place for the season, claiming to act as agent for its owner. I did not know that your father——"

"Not my father, but my uncle, John Edwards," she interrupted. "It was he who made this place what it is. And I shall never find him here again."

"You don't mean that your uncle——" he began.

"He died last winter in Cairo," she said softly, trying to control the emotion that the words brought. "He had been a father to me, and he died out there alone."

His own voice softened under the spell of a man's memory that seemed real to him, though he had known him only by association with the things that he had left behind. "I can almost feel the kind of man your Uncle John must have been to seek seclusion here and make this corner of the old house so alive with his personality," he said. "But I had never thought of him as being—as not coming back to it some day."

"And over there in Egypt you may be sure that he left another place as habitable as this," she replied. "Not with hollyhocks and green fields about it, but a white bungalow somewhere, set in a garden of blazing flowers beyond the city, perhaps. That was my Uncle John Edwards. All the things that he did were like that. And he died out there alone, with only his work about him."

"While you——"

"While I? Could a girl go to Egypt with a bachelor uncle? You've no idea of the trouble that it cost to be allowed to come here with him in the summer. Oh, they are not all like Uncle John! There are his sisters, my aunts. I live with one of them, and was dependent upon her bounty until Uncle John died. You don't know what aunts are."

"Oh, yes, I do!" he replied. "See here, why did you come here last night?" he asked.

"Because—well, because I wanted to assert myself, I suppose; because they were trapping me into a marriage that I did not want to make."

"Ah!" he said. "And so you were coming here, where you could be mistress of your own thoughts. You wanted the hills and the river, and the birds in the trees. And you wanted to come because I was here," he went on, "and had been calling to you, so you came

straight without knowing it, and you are going to remain here, and never go until I go. I know about marriages arranged by the family council. I came away myself, and ran blindly here. Don't you see what it all means?"

He had come nearer to her as he spoke, until he could almost kiss her fair hair.

"What it means?" she repeated, almost in a whisper.

"It means that we have come here like two stars drawn from countless miles apart by a common sun; like two ships that have crossed distant seas to enter a common port; like two birds called to build a common nest."

"Stop talking like that," she cried. "You are mad." But there was an eagerness in her voice that belied every word she spoke.

"And suppose that I am? Do you think that I am going to lose an hour like this in order not to be mad? Listen to me. There is a white church down in the village, and beyond it the parsonage where the good old man lives who marries the young and buries the dead. Bunts shall go for him, and we'll be married to-day, here in the Enchanted House. See, there is my garden out there, made with my own hands; here is the home prepared for us by one who has gone away. It has all been ordained. Oh, girl! hasn't it been ordained?"

She stood there for a moment facing him, her head thrown back, her breath coming fast, her eyes ablaze. One might have thought her drawn up to combat all that he had said, to storm at him for having gone too far, to break the spell that he had woven about her, and drive him away. But, instead, she put her hands out until they touched his.

"Oh, you are foolish, you are mad, and yet—it is too wonderful to believe," she said. "I had thought that it was only a fancy, a dream that could never come true, and yet here you are face to face with me again. Have you really remembered, too? I had gone to a hotel in Boston to dine with my uncle, and in the doorway I met you instead, and—at any rate, when my uncle came, I actually sent him to inquire who you were, and he found somebody who knew you, and so we learned your name."

"What?" he cried. "You have held me in your memory all this time? I tell you that it was indeed ordained. Dear girl, don't you see that it was?"

She held out her hands beseechingly against his coming nearer. "I—think so,"

she said, as though the words came against her will. "But consider what you are asking of me—" Then she turned and fled into her room.

He stood for a moment irresolute, and then stalked out-of-doors.

Three hours later the venerable clergyman was making his way through the jungle of hollyhocks and sunflowers. Mr. Bunts had brought him, having likewise secured the attendance of the town clerk to make out the license; and, lest the necessary witnesses should be wanting, had invited himself and his wife to the amazing ceremony that he had been summoned to arrange. They came up the winding path in solemn file, and the clergyman announced their arrival by a discreet tap upon the brass knocker.

Within the living-room a table was set in somewhat incongruous profusion for the wedding feast; and as the tapping was heard the two chamber doors, which had been closed, were opened, and the bride and bridegroom stood again upon the threshold. The girl was gowned in white, with a single fresh rosebud caught in her hair. The man had changed his morning dress for the flannels that he had worn at dinner the night before. The wonder of it all was still upon him. He had returned to the house, prepared to pack his few belongings and go to the village tavern, when she had stolen softly in upon him, to tell him that she would become his wife that day, would forestall the opposition that she well knew she would have to meet if she delayed. And Bryant had gone straightway for Bunts.

They stood now for a moment silent, looking across the mystery of the ages as they searched each other's eyes. The tapping at the door was repeated, and then the man crossed the room rapidly, and stood before the girl. "No, you shall not do it," he said vehemently. "I swear before God that there has been nothing in my life to stand in the way of our marriage; but it is unfair to you. You have seen me but once before to-day; you know nothing about me; I have taken you unawares. And yet——"

She put her arm gently in his, and her voice was low and sweet. "I know that you love me and will be true to me," she said. "Have we not been sweethearts these many months?"

He tried to speak, but could only kiss her hands; and together they raised the bolts, and the venerable clergyman came in through the open door.

NOLAN'S REVOLT

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

TIM NOLAN'S trouble culminated in midsummer, when the fierce heat sometimes kindles stinging fires in the tempers of men. The force that pushed him adrift, the weight that broke him from his moorings, was cumulative—over two thousand days of unrelieved labor superimposed, hour by hour, upon each other. The beam bends under long continued overstrain; sometimes it snaps.

Through three years Nolan had, in employment, been no more than an engine wiper in a roundhouse, prior to that through four years he had been a freight-train brakeman, and still prior to that not much else but embodied health and noise and nonsense. When he met Maggie Torry came the first great change: love touched his eyes as with wizard fingers, and he was of larger vision; the blood of his heart was no longer just warm Irish blood, but as the ichor of the gods, filling him with joy and a wish to work mighty works. In Tim Nolan blossomed ambition and a dream. Some day, in Standard City, this division station where he lived, he would own a cottage, with Maggie in it as mistress, and he would be a train conductor and his pay check would read ninety, maybe one hundred, dollars each month. It was a goodly fancy.

Tim and Maggie's espousals were made directly after Tim became a brakeman. At the very beginning, too, of their married life they purchased the cottage. The price of the little home was two thousand dollars, the agreed arrangement being one hundred dollars down and eighteen dollars each month until the remainder should be liquidated. Though undeniably difficult, the plan seemed wise, each payment being no more than they would be compelled to pay, in any case, as rental for a home. Still, the project contained many elements at first but little felt or recognized—taxes, deterioration of the prop-

erty necessitating repairs, insurance, interest on the remainder of the debt, and always the haunting likelihood of the loss of position. But the chief hardship lurking in the undertaking, perhaps, was something psychologic, the strain of long continued uncertainty and waiting, a thing peculiarly disturbing to the nervous Celt.

With the close of the first year a child was born to them, he that was afterward known as "Toodles" Nolan, whose strange disappearance shook thousands of human hearts and made the red tape of three railway systems for once seem something electric. Two years after Toodles's entrance into life came the daughter that was "Fillasy-Follasy" in the nomenclature of Tim's rough affection; then later came little "Shamrock Ann," and still later, and last, "Puttyball," the fat baby. Involved with the advent of these children were expenditures of money that the Nolans could ill afford, and mingled with the love of them came annoyances, anxieties, trials of temper, and wearisome cares. Maggie at length grew faded and fretful; Tim was savage, tender, sullen, hopeful, from time to time, as the slow wheel upon which they were bound went round.

Had Tim ascended the ladder of preferment in keeping with his hopes, they had experienced far less strain, but promotion came to him with snail-like slowness. The cause seemed in part sheer ill luck, in part Tim's inability to impress himself agreeably upon those who held the power to aid him. Exteriorly he was not prepossessing, a medium-sized, freckle-faced, red-haired fellow, whose brown eyes turned to angry coals of fire too easily. Honest he was and a willing worker, but something in his personality seemed against his advancement. He saw others go by him in the race for position, and often was morose, harsh, impolitic.

With the end of the second year, however,

he had passed from front brakeman to rear brakeman, being privileged now to ride in the caboose and draw sixty dollars a month. At that point he hung for two years, dreaming of being a conductor; then the conductor of his train was transferred, but the coveted place was given to a man from another division, and, in his resentment that he had not received the promotion, Nolan quarreled with the new man and was suspended. It was then that he entered the Standard City roundhouse as an engine wiper; again his pay check became fifty-five dollars a month, and there, alas, on the first rung of the ladder, he stuck until his great trouble came.

He and Maggie quarreled oftener as time went by, solely because they were worn and weary. In vain we summon our powers to yield their best result when we are sick and tired, in vain we call on love itself to remain in fresh and fragrant blossom when the roots of life are starved.

There were hours when Maggie secretly longed to give up the fight and go elsewhere. She had been very winsome with her deep blue eyes and dark hair and red cheeks, and she clearly saw how sadly she was fading; and oh, how inexpressibly she sometimes longed for pretty clothes and an easier life! But when Tim wavered she would not yield. By giving up now they would lose all for which they had fought. Justin King, real-estate dealer, who had erected the cottage and many similar houses in the vicinity, would take back the Nolan property, and all that they had paid, principal and interest, would be a Justin King gain and a Nolan loss. No, Maggie declared, they must not loosen their hold until a clear deed was in their hands, no matter how they suffered. The seventh summer found the couple clutching fast the problem. Then Tim wavered and fell.

The cottage itself was dingy from want of paint, and all that spring Tim looked upon it with secret throes of disgust. He had struggled over it so long that the thing stirred in him a kind of mental nausea. On the inside the little structure needed new paper and fresh paint, the carpets were worn threadbare, the cheap furniture was sadly wracked and scarred. One thing only was joyous there—the laughter and noise of the children. That, too, sweet and welcome as it was at times, resolved itself into a menace, a jarring, fearful irritant. Tim, by reason of his night work in the roundhouse, was

compelled to sleep during the day. Alas, how was restful sleep to be had in the little back chamber of the cottage, with Toodles and Fillasy-Follasy and Shamrock Ann racketing in the rooms below, and Puttyball cooing or crying? There were hours when Tim very nearly went mad. Maggie, too, lapsed into hysteria now and again in her task of keeping the children's noises at the minimum, that her husband might sleep. As much as was possible she kept them outside the house. Still, Tim grew thin, nervous, abnormally irritable, and as the summer dragged through July into torrid August he grew sullen, black-mooded, strange. Maggie, in a way, became afraid of him.

In Tim had come a loathing of himself and everything about him. The hot, dirty work in the roundhouse seemed insupportable, the food he took from his pail to eat at midnight disgusted him—it seemed somehow appallingly alike from meal to meal. He hated to go home in the morning, for how could he sleep in the stifling heat, with the cries of the children, and the hooting of engines and the crash of draw-heads in the near-by railroad yards beating in his ears? If the company would only promote him to the position of fireman, then he would get out on the road and away from it all, and sometimes sleep at night. How delicious, how wonderful it would seem to sleep at night when all was cool and still! One night he came out from working in the ash-pit under an engine, lay down upon a bench, and fell into a kind of swoon. When the foreman shook him into wakefulness he dashed his fist in the man's face and leaped for an iron wrench. He was overpowered by the foreman and two brother wipers, and went muttering back to his work.

The next day at eleven o'clock he arose from his hot bed in the little chamber and came down-stairs with bloodshot eyes and clenched fists. Entering the kitchen, he took up a knife and started out where the children were playing in the yard. Screaming with fright, Maggie seized him and after a wild struggle got the knife from him, only to be herself struck down and cruelly hurt. That evening when he had taken his lunch-pail from the table where she silently placed it, and was starting for the roundhouse, he stopped and looked back. She was standing in the door, a white bandage about her head, her discolored, swollen face turned toward him, the children clinging to her skirts. He

stumbled onward without a sign, an overwhelming sense of futility, failure, baseness, and repugnance weighing upon him. Down in the yards he suddenly stopped and hurled the lunch-pail against the side of a freight-car, and walked off through the yards and out of the town.

"I am done!" he said. "Justin King can have it, every board in it, every brick! They've laid on me long enough! I'm going to be free! Maybe I'm going crazy; maybe I am crazy! I'll do murder if I stay around here! They will discharge me to-morrow anyhow. Maggie will get a divorce. Let her, then. They've all tormented me. Justin King is a robber, that roundhouse is a mill to grind fools in, this railroad company has duped and starved and kept me down! I'm going to be free!"

Thus storming against the bonds of servitude, he struck into an open field and crossed it toward a wood. His nerves seemed burning through all his body, his eyeballs ached, his brain felt engorged and swollen tight inside his skull. If he could only find some place where there was no sound, no work, where there were no demands for monthly payments, no crying, noisy children, where there was nothing but stillness and sleep and something cool. He turned at the edge of the wood and looked back. The town lay in a blue twilight; he saw it indistinct, cluttered, paltry. Sounds of trains switching, the hooting of engines, the rattle of draw-heads came to him. He flung out his hands with a snarl of disgust and entered the wood.

The place was cool and quiet as a cloister. He stood in the silence for a little time, breathing the soft wood odors with slowly increasing wonder. He seemed awake yet not awake; the perfume and subtle essences of the place touched him like something sweet in a dull dream. He went onward through the wood and down into a hollow, where a creek ran through a meadow. In the meadow were haycocks, fragrant and newly made, and one of these he arranged as a bed and laid himself down with a great sigh. Sounds were faint and lulling there: the stream gurgling under a bank, insects touching their wings together in infinitely thin music. He looked up dully at the sky, then closed his aching eyes and slept.

That for Tim Nolan was the beginning of a fascinating state, a life of aimless wandering. The impulse that gripped him was dis-

tinctly nomadic. He seemed a man pushed far backward on the course of life by an overwhelming reversion. All through the indolent weeks of September, and still onward through the blue haze and gold of October, he drifted, gipsy-free, irresponsible as an outcast Indian. Strangely, after a few days he could not recall clearly just how his wife and children looked, and the old days in the roundhouse seemed oddly blurred and indefinite. He was conscious that he was becoming a vagabond, but cared not at all.

Back in Standard City, at the Nolan cottage, throve a different spirit, the opposite mental attitude. At first there was mystification and waiting, then grief and consternation, then a small, thin, worried Irishwoman braced herself to carry forward the fight in which her husband had been defeated. The next evening after Tim Nolan's flight, Jack Loomas, roundhouse foreman, stopped at Maggie's door. "How is the husband, Mrs. Nolan?" he asked. "I suppose he's sick?"

Maggie put up her hand, trying to cover her bruised cheek and swollen lips. "Tim hasn't been home, Mr. Loomas," she said. "He—he—wasn't well when he went away last night. I'm troubled about him."

Loomas regarded her curiously a moment. "Was he—is he drinking?" he asked.

Maggie's blue eyes deepened in color and she dropped her hand, uncovering her marks of shame, and faced him squarely. "Tim Nolan does not drink, Mr. Loomas," she said. "He is nigh insane from overwork. That you ought to know."

Loomas looked away for a moment. "Night work is hard," he assented. "I'll have the caller look around for him. He is probably in town somewhere. Of course, if he isn't on hand by to-morrow night I'll have to put a man in his place."

"Don't do that, Mr. Loomas," gasped Maggie; "my man won't fail you. He's that steady to work he's wonderful. He will sure be with you to-night in his place; he never fails."

But Maggie's faith went unjustified; Tim had failed, and another laborer took up his humble work of scouring brass and wheeling ashes. Tim was with the squirrels among the nut-bearing trees, munching apples in orchards, roasting stolen potatoes among the red coals of camp-fires, fishing indolently in indolent streams, accepting "hand-outs" at back doors, and wandering he knew not and

cared not where, save that his steps should lead him southward. Keen search was made for him in Standard City and its environs, but Maggie, long before those less interested were aware, knew that she and her noisy, rollicking brood were deserted. After the first few crushing days, though she was paler and thinner, she held her head defiantly erect and went to work.

"My man is sick from the heat and gone away for his health. When he is well he'll be back," was the pith of her replies to humiliating hints and commiserating overtures.

To one man, however, and that one no less a personage than Morgan Manly, division superintendent, she spoke openly and with grueling candor. To keep a man without promotion, four years at braking and three years at wiping, she submitted, was quite sufficient to weaken his spirit. Tim, she pointed out, had not rested in seven years, and had made a payment each month on their house during that time, and, in severe frankness, she wished to know if Mr. Manly thought he himself could have done better.

"Not so well, Mrs. Nolan, not nearly so well," admitted Superintendent Manly gravely. "I, of course, rarely suggest promotions in that department. Hotchkiss, the master mechanic, looks after those men. But I will talk with him about this. It is a serious matter. Still, in this case it is, of course, too late."

"No, sir, it is not too late. My man will be back. The Irish may sicken, but they don't shirk," said Maggie with decision.

Superintendent Manly smiled and bowed. "Thank you," he said; "I am of Irish descent myself."

"Well, then, it is yourself that ought to know," said Maggie, still severely, and went away.

Manly did talk with Hotchkiss, and Hotchkiss talked with Loomas, but of necessity it ended in talk. Not so with young Mrs. Nolan. The Nolan property must be saved; seven years of labor, of life blood, were imbedded in its bricks and boards and the soil on which it stood. Day after day, and often far into the night, Maggie labored, washing and ironing the clothes and linen of other people, and the children had bread and Justin King received his money. The "man" that stood by her was Toodles Nolan, six years of age.

Toodles had apple-red cheeks and brick-red hair and crystal-clear hazel eyes, and was

sturdy and pied bountifully with freckles, like his father. He also had "business interests"—twelve Plymouth Rock hens and a cock whose comb tipped jauntily over its left eye. "John L." was the title borne by this strutting treasure, a designation suggested by Toodles's father. In the straitened condition of the Nolan family, John L. and his wives were, indeed, creatures of moment. But they demanded food, and on that account did not present an absolutely clear profit. Hence Toodles, holding his mind and eyes open for means with which to stop the waste, began venturing forth on journeys to the railroad yards in search of innocent but valuable loot. This was coal, jostled from the cars in switching, and gathered by the little man into the crudest of small wagons and laboriously brought home for "mummy's washing-stove." By diligent labor he very nearly kept her stove in fuel. This, since each penny to Maggie was a thing of consequence, she paid for with appreciation and motherly endearments, yet always was apprehensive lest accident might befall the child in the yards.

It was while on one of these journeys that Toodles made the grand discovery that in many of the empty cars in the yards there remained scattered grains of wheat or oats or barley upon the floor. In some cars he found whole handfuls in a corner, or a pint, or even a quart, in a depression or crack of the floor, left by the unloaders when the grain had been discharged. To Toodles it was as the finding of a gold mine by a prospector. Bursting with excitement, he came home to beseech his mother if it were sinful to take this wondrous prize. Learning that the grain was waste that no one owned or cared for, Toodles's life became a sweeter but more imperiled thing. Thereafter the product of the chickens was clear profit.

Then, on November tenth, a terrifying thing happened. Toodles went one afternoon to the yards in quest of coal, and, observing the door of a box car partly open, drew his little wagon alongside, and, standing on tiptoe in the box of the wagon, peered into the car. There was a good deal of straw scattered about the floor, and here and there were handfuls of wheat. The tiny man with some effort drew himself into the car, and began scraping together a rich feast for John L. and his wives. While he was thus engaged there came a sudden battering of draw-heads, a running concussion that

swept along the side track, and the car in which Toodles was busy crashed and thrilled and leaped forward drunkenly. The child was pitched headlong against a wall of the car by the shock and fell to the floor stunned, while the half-closed door shot shut with a bang. For a moment Toodles writhed where he lay, then he arose in the darkness and cried out in pain and terror. But no man heard him; the string of cars rumbled out upon the main line, and a few minutes later the draw-heads again clanked and rattled, and the train rolled away eastward, carrying Toodles on a far and strange journey.

For a time the child was quite beside himself, weeping wildly and beating the walls and doors of his dark prison and calling for his father and mother pitifully. But there came no human response from out the steady roar of wheels, the clank of straining couplings, and the engine's exhausts, which, seemingly far ahead, drummed softly like a fluttering heart. One faint ray of light entered the car, a mote-peopled thread of quivering sunshine, striking through a nail hole in the roof. At that Toodles looked long and with swimming eyes, and but for that, in the time that followed, possibly the child had gone demented.

After what seemed a very great while Toodles ceased to cry out, and, lying on the straw, wept less and less, and finally, in utter exhaustion, slept. When he awoke there was no sunshine in the nail hole, and he was cold. He scraped the straw together about him and again wept, and yet again, after a long time, slept. When he again awoke the nail hole was aglow, and he cried aloud, but the wheels were burring loudly, and far ahead that heedless heart beat steadily. More than one brakeman had walked across the roof while Toodles slept, and during the night his car had been shunted to another road at a junction, and now was going southward. Through very long seasons Toodles sat and watched the nail hole, sometimes crying, sometimes sadly wondering. Finally through his anguish pierced the sharp insistence of hunger, and he scraped the floor with his little hands, finding here and there pinches of wheat, which he ate with relish. Thereafter he consumed the time, for the most part, in watching the nail hole and searching the floor for grains of wheat. Somewhere at some time men would open his dark house and he would see the light; that thought came finally and fastened itself in his small brain.

Still, his heart ached with a wild nostalgia, his mother's name seemed always crying itself from his lips, his eyes would not remain dry. Who would now minister to the needs of John L. and that great fighter's family? Who would protect mummy and gather the much needed coal? And what would become of his little wagon, precious beyond words? By times Toodles's noisy prison would pause, bringing a brief silence, then it would jostle and rumble onward again. He called and called, but there came no response, only at long intervals there arose a slowly increasing thunder, in which another heart beat flutteringly, and the thunder swept by his dark house, jarring the earth, and, far off, fell away in silence. He hunted over the floor for grains of wheat again, but he was thirsty and weak, so very, very thirsty and weak, and he only cared to lie on the straw and sleep, or, waking, to look drowsily for the fairy eye above him. Once more it was blotted out, and again his black room was swimming forward in stormy noise, and again he was dreamily conscious that the tiny eye was watching him, but he did not much care, it seemed so sweet to sleep, for then he dreamed of water and drank and drank.

Back in Standard City, with the twilight of the day in which Toodles was carried away, a mother's cry for her lost child sent a swiftly widening thrill from house to house. With the morrow the echo of that cry was in a thousand mothers' hearts, and upon the third day, like a flying spirit, it had traversed five great states and was on the lips of men known to half the world. Yet only poor Maggie Nolan had cried aloud for her little boy.

She had gone in search of him when he had been absent but an hour, but could find no trace of him. Men had seen him in the yards, but knew not where he had gone. His little wagon could not be found, hence Maggie believed he had become confused and had strayed away. Aided by a neighbor, she searched until nightfall, then enlisted the aid of officers, and the search went on until the next evening, when Toodles's cart was found at the home of another child. The small chap who had taken it said he had seen Toodles climb into a box car, and "the car shut up and wented." It was dark, but Maggie and an officer went directly to Superintendent Manly at his home and laid the facts before him. Manly listened, and, looking at his wife and his own little boy, put on



HONEST HE WAS AND A WILLING WORKER. BUT SOMETHING IN HIS PERSONALITY
SEEMED AGAINST HIS ADVANCEMENT.

his hat hurriedly and led the way to the railroad yards. Into the despatcher's office he went, and there followed telegraphing and telephoning and the shouting of orders. Men were put at work, and every car of the three hundred cars in the big yards was opened and searched. But the child could not be found.

Obviously Toodles had been carried away, but in what car or by what train no man knew. Dozens of trains had been made up and despatched during the afternoon of his disappearance and the following night, and whether he had been carried on the main line to Chicago or, still by the main line, to New York, or whether the car in which he was had been transferred to a connecting road, forty miles west, or to a southward-bending trunk line, seventy miles to the eastward, was a thing unknown. Toodles was as a needle in a haystack that covered half a continent. Manly wired a statement of the case to the general manager in Chicago. The reply that came back was this:

"Trace every car that passed through Standard City during that twenty-four hours; open and search each car wherever it may be found."

In the same hour Manly despatched a message to the president of the line, a certain great man of New York, whom the world held as hard and ruthless, and this was the answer:

"Open every car on the system if necessary, but find the child."

Then the thrill that follows the cry, "A child is lost," was felt throughout three railway systems; in the offices of train-masters, in the offices of chief car-accountants, in the offices of division superintendents, in wayside stations, in great car yards, in hundreds of freight-train cabooses. Thus Maggie Nolan's ceaseless prayer for her child laid itself upon distant minds. Perhaps it found its invisible way to Tim Nolan in his wanderings. Who can say? Superintendent Manly sent scores of telegrams; for the time being he seemed to recognize no other official duty or problem. Mrs. Manly went to Maggie's home, and with her own hands cooked for and comforted Fillasy-Follasy, Shamrock Ann, and Puttyball, for poor Maggie was stricken in the very life of her life and had no thought for anything save her "little man who was lost."

Upon the second day after Toodles's disappearance hundreds of cars, many of them

hundreds of miles apart, were opened and searched, but without result. By nightfall of that day apparently every car that had, according to the yard-master's books, been in Standard City on November tenth, had been traced and opened. Somewhere there was error, somewhere fault, for Toodles had not been found. Morgan Manly was in his office all that night. He had before him the yard-master's books, the train register from the despatcher's office, and each freight conductor's detail-report of cars handled on the tenth. Personally he checked each against the others, and found that fourteen cars had escaped the yard-master's number taker. After careful back-checking of conductors' detail-reports against the yard-master's accounts, he got the individual numbers of the fourteen omitted cars, and was ready to ascertain which way they had gone. Nine of the cars had been taken east and five west; six of the nine taken east had been shunted to the connecting trunk line, seventy miles away, the other three had passed onward toward the seaboard; of the five cars taken westward one had been delivered to a connecting line, the other four had gone to Chicago.

By morning Manly had on the wires fresh messages of command to train-masters and yardmen of the system of which he was an official, and to the general manager of each connecting line had sent telegrams containing new information and imploring haste. Then among the twenty thousand and more cars of the three systems search began for the special fourteen cars. The six which had been given to the southward through line were scattered somewhere throughout a thousand miles of trackage. One was on a stationless siding two hundred and eighty miles south-east of Standard City. This was the car in which Toodles lay throughout the long, silent days and watched the fairy eye, hearing the thunder now and again go by, the thunder with the fluttering heart in it. This car was drawn out of the siding during the fourth night and started onward toward the south.

After darkness had fallen that night a man, soiled, sunburned, and dusty, stood in the gloom near a wayside station, entertaining himself with a mental foretaste of Florida. When a certain train had drawn into the station and was moving out, he stepped from the shadow and caught the side ladder of a box car, and climbed to the roof of the car with the sure ease of one

versed in train labor. Quietly he walked forward along the running-board of the car, stepped to the roof of the next car, and sat down, dangling his feet from the edge of the roof. A soft wind from the southwest breathed upon him, touching his nostrils with a piny fragrance. A full moon silvered the tree-tops everywhere. Presently a brakeman came walking along the running-board toward the engine. He paused and looked at the man who was dangling his feet.

"Who are you, and what are you doing up here?" demanded the brakeman.

"Just inspecting the line; sort of assistant road-master. Don't seem to hit any low joints down this way; quite pleased," said the man with a lazy chuckle.

The brakeman eyed him for a moment. "You pile off at the next stop. Hoboes can't ride; that's orders," he said gruffly.

"Yes, they can," said the other, "for I've let hundreds of 'em ride. I twisted brakes for four years. Been a wiper three years. Laid off, going down to Florida; don't want to pay. Makes a man's feet sore to walk so far. I'm a great hand for fruit," and he took six enormous red apples from the pockets of his rusty clothes and laid them in a row on the running-board. "Most as light as day up here on the hurricane deck. Guess we better eat, hadn't we?" He ended with a laugh, and bit into one of the apples. The brakeman sat down on the running-board and took up one of the apples and began to eat it. "Where did you brake?" he asked.

"Up north a ways."

"Married man?"

"Was; am sort of estranged lately."

"Any children?"

"Some. You ever had any children?"

"I've got a little boy and a girl."

"Yes? Say, do you believe in spirits? Ever see anything of the kind?" The man ceased munching and regarded the brakeman earnestly.

"Never did," laughed the brakeman. "Spirits of turpentine is the nearest I ever saw."

The "hobo" did not respond humorously. His dark eyes looked out of his freckled face with a perplexed, odd expression. "I've got a six-year-old boy that I haven't seen for two months until day before yesterday," he said. "Then I didn't see him, of course, but I thought I did. He's three hundred miles from here, I know, but he's been following

me around for three days now. I've seen him several times in the most unexpected places; then I kind of wake up and he vanishes. It's a—what do you call it?—well, a brain picture, I s'pose."

The brakeman ceased to eat. "You don't—well—maybe the child's dead," he began.

The man stirred uneasily and looked out at the moonlit landscape swaying slowly in the rear. "No," he said, after a few moments, "if I didn't know that I'm slightly off in the head I might think so. If I was right I wouldn't be acting the way I am."

The brakeman looked at him in silence for a little time. "Funny case," he commented. "Say, there was a child lost up north somewhere, carried off in a closed up box car, the other day. They've been trying to find him to beat the band. They traced several cars on this line and opened 'em, but no good. Queerest thing I ever heard of."

The "hobo" sat very still, the moonlight falling against his wide, earnest eyes. "Where—from what place was the child carried off?" he asked.

"I don't just remember. What town are you from?"

The man hesitated a moment. "From Standard City," he said.

The brakeman slapped his thigh. "By cracky, I believe that was the place!" he exclaimed. "Say, what's your name?"

The man hesitated again. "I've had several names lately, but the right one is Tim Nolan."

The brakeman reflected a moment. "I can't remember the name," he said finally, "but I'm pretty certain Standard City was the town. Queer thing if the kid was yours, eh?"

Nolan was silent, looking out soberly on the misty, slowly wheeling sea of landscape. Suddenly he arose to his feet and walked to the rear end of the car and sat down on the brake-wheel and gazed about him.

The brakeman arose, thrust the remainder of the apples in his pockets, and took up his lantern. "I'm going over ahead," he said. "We're going to set off some cars down here a ways. If you want to go back, stay on any one of the three cars ahead of this one; if you want to go farther, stay on this one or back of it. Better lie down or the con. may see you. If he does, you'll get fired bodily."

"I'm going through," came Nolan's voice. "I'll look out. Much obliged." He remained seated on the brake-wheel for a time,

then stretched himself flat on the car roof, his eyes wide and touched with strange lusters by the moon. Beneath him in the darkness, exhausted and sleeping, little Toodles lay among the straw.

Thirty minutes later Nolan began to doze, a hand thrown over and clenched under the running-board. At the end of another half

could easily be coupled into the train again. He then threw the switch to the main track, and started back to the caboose to get and leave in the station bill-box the manifests for the cars that were being set off. The detached car when he left it was standing still; at least, so he fancied. In point of fact it was moving southward very softly and very slowly, there being a slight grade in that direction. The head brakeman, riding the three cars upon the siding, first discovered that the detached car was in peril. Then it was half-way to the south switch. With a yell for the conductor and the rear man, he began scrambling down from the car upon which he was. The yell awakened Nolan, lying on the roof of this strange car of fate, and he sat up and looked dazedly about.

"Set the brake on that car! Set the brake on that car!" he heard a voice shouting. The car was rattling across the switch-frogs at the south end of the siding, and he got up and seized the brake-wheel and whirled it round, and again and yet again whirled it round, holding the ratchet against the cogs with his foot. But alas, though the



THE "MAN" THAT STOOD BY
HER WAS TOODLES NOLAN,
SIX YEARS OF AGE.

hour the train stopped at the north switch of an empty side-track near a small, dark station. The switch was thrown and the order given to cut the train at the fourth car from the engine. The rear brakeman came forward, half-dazed from a nap, and uncoupled the fourth car at the north end instead of the south, and the engine started into the siding with four cars where three were wanted. The error being instantly noted by the head brakeman, the stop signal was given, and the rear man uncoupled the fourth car and left it standing on the main track near the train, planning, when the engine had gone through the siding and backed up, that this seemingly bewitched car—searched for by three railway systems—

brake-wheel and rod were there, the brake-chain was broken! He looked back and dimly saw two men running forward from the region of the caboose, wildly gesticulating.

Just behind the car he saw another, the front brakeman, his companion of an hour before, running like a fleet-footed Indian. A hundred yards south of the switch, and while the car was quickening its speed, the brakeman caught the ladder. He came to the roof gasping and livid.

"Why don't you set the brake?" he panted, with a wild oath.

"She won't work; the brake-chain is gone or broken!" said Nolan.

The gasping man laid hold of the wheel and shot it round and round, then he turned and looked at Nolan, a sudden white ring about his mouth. The frightened oath that escaped him was more prayer than blasphemy.

"Do you know what this means?" he exclaimed. "It means wreck! The grade is steep from here to the Lone Lick Bottoms, fourteen miles, and the Northern Limited is coming up! We were to side-track for them at Bugle, six miles down from here. If this thing stays on the rails it will be going sixty miles an hour when it hits the Limited! If the operator at Bugle could be reached he could throw this thing in on a siding there and wreck it and save the Limited, but he can't be got in time. Come; let's get off while we can. No use of us being killed; nothing on earth can be done."

Nolan said nothing, but stepped toward the ladder, then suddenly turned and looked about the top of the swaying car. "Did you hear that?" he exclaimed in rising excitement. "There's some one in the car here! I hear a child crying! Don't you hear it?"

The brakeman listened. "No, I don't," he said in strong disgust; "you are sure enough crazy! Come on; get off! Don't be a fool!"

Nolan turned toward the ladder and again turned back. "It won't let me." His dirty face blanched and his eyes were strangely aglow. "It's that lost child you told me about. It's—it's—" He broke off and, seemingly beside himself, ran to the farther end of the car and back again. "Don't you hear it?" he shouted.

"No!" shouted the brakeman explosively, and climbed down the ladder without another word, and swung loose. Then Nolan and his unseen child went whirling down to meet the oncoming Limited.

For a little time the man rushed about the top of the car in a frustrated, confused fashion, hysterical and unstrung. He peered

over the edge of the roof and ran to and fro, emitting odd, whining sounds. Suddenly he dropped down, and with his face against the boards, entreated: "Toodles! Toodles, boy! Are you there? Cry out again! Are you there?" Lying so, he listened, but only the vibrating fabric of the car seemed to purr and snarl in his ears, and the dull roar of the wheels upon the steel beat up about him full of angry ravings. He got to his feet, but now could scarcely stand, the car was running so wildly. He made his way back to the brake-wheel and turned it round and round, looking down at the mechanism below. From beneath the rear end of the car a latticed stream of ties shot out like a glimmering sheet of fluid. It confused his vision and he could see nothing clearly below him, while all about him the landscape leaped backward madly, melting swiftly rearward in the spectral light.

He stood there for a short space, hanging hard to the brake-wheel; then he became what he was in his primary self, a fearless spirit, a scorner of death. Grasping the standard rod of the brake firmly, he swung himself over the edge and slid down the rod until his knees rested upon the coupling timbers. Hanging there, wrenched and jostled by the sway and jerk of the flying car, he labored to adjust himself to the perilous position that he might reach the lower end of the standard rod where the brake-chain, normally, was fastened. Hooking a leg about the coupling-head and clinging with one hand to the standard rod, he swung over with his head downward, and there was the loosened brake-chain, whipping along the ties like the fluttering end of a wind-blown ribbon. Swinging still lower, he reached for it, but, smitten by the hurling roadbed, it leaped upward and struck him a cruel blow across the face.

For a moment he hung panting and half-stunned by the stroke, feeling the life of his veins running across his lips; then he reached down his hand, and again and yet again essayed to lay hold of that string of leaping links. Finally it whipped into his hand like a fiery lash, and he drew it up to the standard rod. The iron nut was gone from the bolt at the end of the chain, and, trembling with the strain, he worked the chain twice around the rod and pushed the bolt into place. There the twisting pressure held it. Then he righted himself, and, sitting astride the coupling block, dizzily gathered breath.



"SAY. THERE WAS A CHILD CARRIED OFF IN A CLOSED UP BOX CAR
THE OTHER DAY."

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Next he got to his feet, and the task of climbing the brake standard to the roof of the car was before him. It was then that the car shot through Bugle, tearing across the switches with a sound as of the ripping apart of many iron things. A frightened night operator sprang out upon the station platform there, only to see the rear end of a thundering car, with a human figure clinging to it, swiftly receding in the gloom toward the Lone Lick. Thrilled with realization of the impending wreck, he flew back to his instruments, and a moment later the despatcher's office was a place of cold horror, and from station to station across the division a great fear ran along the wires. Four miles below Bugle the Limited was coming northward, and the witched car had gone by Bugle! There seemed no help.

But the human figure on the flying car was striving; in the soul of that creature had echoed cries unheard by other ears. Flung about, and twisted and battered, he struggled up the slippery rod. It seemed at moments that he would be flung entirely away from the lurching car, like a stone snapped from a whirling sling. But he gained the top at last and lay there for a moment, dizzy, breathless. Then he arose and set the brakes, set them with such strength as had never before been sent into that iron mechanism. From the gritty clutches upon the heedless wheels, racing forward to bring destruction, sparks spurted out in gleaming showers—the invisible power of his muscles literally transmuted into visible fire. Through every fiber of the car ran raucous tremors; the big, lawless thing, taken in leash, strained and plunged and swayed in angry protest, then slowly, very slowly, came to a standstill.

Even before it had stopped Nolan was at the bottom of the ladder. Down the track, more than a mile away, he saw a marvelous bluish-white eye burning, and as the car paused he let go the ladder and ran. With such speeding feet as few men have ever pressed upon mother earth he went, his coat in his hand. Back there in the imperiled car lay Toodles, his little Toodles. He knew it with the sure, mysterious prescience that the abnormally exalted sometimes feel, and Tim Nolan was not now his common self, but a thinking fire.

In that swift run he traversed nearly one eighth of a mile before the far-thrown beam from the Limited's electric headlight met him. Directly into the great, rushing ray of

light he ran, swinging his arms and coat on high and yelling. Watchful eyes from the cab window, traversing the quarter-mile long beam, saw him, a huge moth fluttering in the tremulous flare. Instantly there leaped from the engine a sharp blast of sound, a fierce yelp for brakes, and the air went on, the reverse went over, and the drivers and half the wheels beneath the oncoming train were wreathed as in a tangle of fireflies. Rocking and jarring, the coaches and sleepers of the Limited beat themselves against the restraining power that gripped them, then their vast propulsion slackened and lapsed and fell spent. Death and destruction were mastered. With a cry of joy, Nolan turned and fled along the ties to the car waiting for him in the gray gloom. When men with lanterns came forward from the Limited they found him standing by the car with a dazed, pale, half-conscious child in his arms. He was gasping and crooning, his soiled face luminous with tenderness.

"This is the child that was carried away from Standard City," he panted. "He is my boy! *I want to go home!*"

They coupled the engine to the runaway car and pushed it into Bugle and left it. From that station a message went to Maggie, a message that fell upon her heart like words from heaven. Sixteen hours later Tim Nolan and Toodles, fed and somewhat rested, entered the cottage in Standard City. A joyous clamor of children met them, and the cry of a wife and mother, to whom the day seemed not as an earthly day, but a time of blossom-breathing music.

"And, oh, my Tim," cried Maggie at length, "Mr. Hotchkiss and Mr. Manly and all of them know what you did down there! You are to have a fireman's job or be conductor of a freight, whichever you choose."

Tim was silent, his lip trembling. Finally he laughed. "I'll take the freight, I guess, so I can get out on top once in a while and twist the brakes. I wouldn't want to forget how to do that, Maggie." He turned his gaze slowly about the room, and sighed. "It's not very luxurious, but it all looks good to me. We will soon have it paid for now."

A number of small hands were tugging at him, and a voice, Toodles's voice, cried, "Come on; let's go and feed John L. and the hens! They must be nawful hungry by this time." And Tim arose and winked at Maggie, and with wet eyes and with the children clinging to him passed out the door.



The Furnace of Affliction

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," "Folks Back Home," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

WHEN the poet sings of autumn that
 "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"

I know what overcasts his sometime cheerful soul with leaden gray. It is not that daylight's hours are shortening, nor that the woods are hushed that once were vocal with the merry notes of feathered songsters; not that the leaves upon the black and tangled branches lose their hold and fall to earth like wounded birds; that the grass, once green and springing, is sere and lifeless, nor that the slender stalks, once gemmed with delicately tinted blossoms from whose painted cups the roystering bumblebee, and butterflies with silent waving vans sipped nectar, are rude, unlovely, dead weeds now. These but the lesser portents of the great, o'ershadowing grief: "I've got that darned old furnace to look after!"

To be free for half the year, and then to be herded back to slavery again; to live your own life for your own behoof for half the year, and then to live, and move, and have your being only that you may nurse, and tend, and toss good money by the double handful into the maw of that insatiate monster in the cellar, that hideous octopus whose tentacles of hot-air pipes reach up and clutch your house and all it holds near and dear to you—ah, that is hard indeed! That's enough to make a man feel blue and downcast and begin to whine and snuffle that the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the bunch.

The whole thing seems such an imposition on good nature. Why, ever since the first of May you haven't had any trouble to speak of keeping warm—quite the reverse, indeed, at

times—and if the mornings and evenings and a few days of east wind were sort of cool and made the sides of your back tongue tingle, as low temperatures will do, you could put on a heavier coat or even that sweater you look so well in. As for the fire to cook by, nobody begrudges that, but to have to go to a lot of bother and expense just to keep yourself normally unwretched seems like asking a good deal.

I expressly commit nobody to my heresy, but I hereby declare to whom it may concern that if I'm to be punished in a future state according to my just deserts, there isn't any need of laying in all that brimstone and keeping up such a fire. Don't think of it on *my* account. Let the fire go out; let me shiver for all eternity, and I'll be plenty miserable, thank you; quite as miserable in the long run as if I were broiled well done with *sauce Tartare*.

Nothing in any wise connected with the furnace pleases me. Whether the coal it burns be hard or soft, I am offended. If it be anthracite, I cannot escape the haunting suspicion that the price per ton is a trifle higher than it might be. Like enough the muck-rakers have instilled that notion into my head; I wouldn't put it past them. But, wherever it came from, there it is, and will not be dislodged. And that makes me unhappy. If it be soft coal—I have just returned from a visit to Chicago, and I may say that, having had both there, I do not approve of soft coal either as an inward or an outward application.

About once in every so often somebody manages to sell an article on "What Shall We Do with our Ex-Presidents?" Now that's a vital topic, I admit. It's something we



THE FELLOW THAT OWNS THE LAND ROARS OUT, "WHO SAID YOU MIGHT PUT THEM ASHES THERE?"

ought, all of us, to ponder on a great deal more than we do, I fear. But I don't think it has the instant and the general appeal that "What Shall We Do with Our Ex-Coal?" has. They say that, under the most favorable conditions, we do not get the good of more than five per cent. of our fuel or our presidents, the remaining ninety-five per cent. escaping as hot air through the chimney and messages to the Congress. Good advice, though all unheeded at the time, can never be quite lost, and anyhow there's plenty more where that came from; it seems there isn't plenty more anthracite, however, and one of these days they'll make it up into shirt-studs for evening wear; but, even so, the problem is not so urgent, not so pressing as that of the disposal of the ashes.

We may safely let our heirs and assigns wrestle with the puzzle of how to keep warm with no coal, and I could name at least one president able to take care of himself, in all circumstances; but if we let the ashes stay in the ash-pit for a few days until they touch the grate-bars, and we get up a good hot fire and give the grate-bars only a gentle shaking, they'll twist right off, like so much putty, and a fine fix we'll be in then.

It is easy enough for city folks to solve this question. All they've got to do is to drag the heaped-up ash-can from the furnace to the cellar steps twice a week, and then, grunt by grunt and step by step, with bulging eyes and purpling face, to get the ash-can to the street-

level, drag it to the gutter, and leave it for the ash-man, who will empty it in his cart—if he has the time and inclination. What he does with it don't ask me, for I don't know. And, anyhow, what business is it of yours?

But out in the country, after you have filled up all the holes in the driveway in spite of your wife's strenuous objection that it makes it look so cheap and snide, and made a path to the chicken-house, and spread ashes on the roadway until you hear you'd better not, they keep on accumulating and accumulating and accumulating and accumulating, and then some. At last, one day you haul them across the fields and dump them, and the fellow that owns the land they're dumped on roars out: "Who said you might put them ashes there? Oh, he did, did he? Well, you can't. I tell you what you do: You take an' pick 'em all up off o' there, un'stan'? Every last smidgen of 'em, un'stan'? An' go summers else with 'em. An' if you don't, I'll take an' blow the hull top o' your mud head off with thish-yer shotgun. Un'stan'? Well."

Oh! it's a problem, as sure as you're a foot high.

Early in the winter, when you've got a great big pile of coal, and so can feel the real necessity of saving, you sift the ashes. It makes a joyful noise down cellar, and the ashes float up through the floor and delicately powder everything about the house. And your hair gets gray before its time, though fortunately a gray that will come off with

patient brushing and much shampooing. And your clothes get full of dust. I don't mean "covered," but "full," so that you become a perambulating pounce-box. And your fingers, from handling the sharp-edged slag, get so that they stick to silk. And that's a lovely feeling. But you certainly do save coal. You work for two or three hours and get all of a hodful, sometimes more, enough to keep the furnace going for ten or fifteen minutes. So much you rescue from the foe. If George F. Baer, *et al.*, could see you beating them at their game it would cut them to the heart.

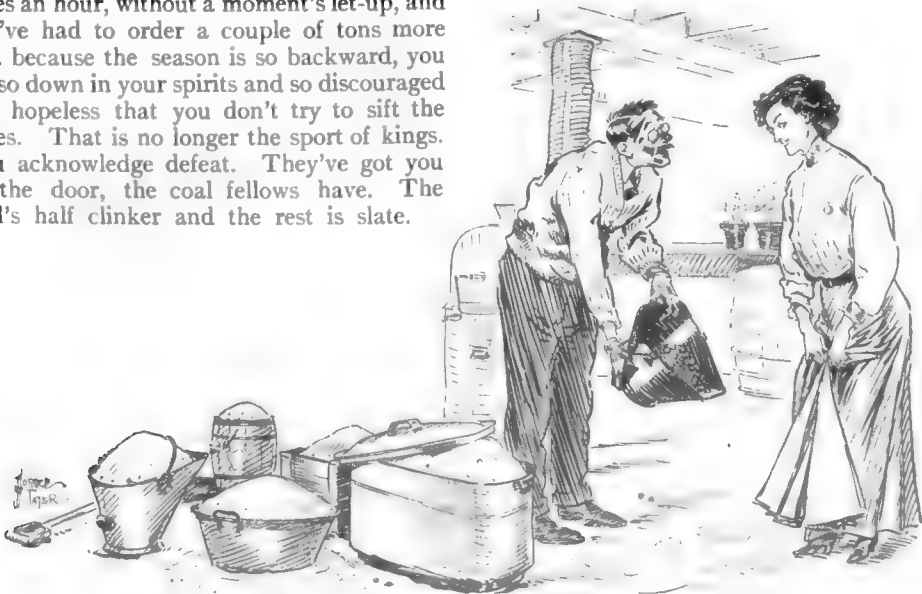
Later in the season it occurs to you: Why take the trouble to separate the clinker from the half-burned coal? Let the discriminating fire do that. So you shovel it all in, holus-bolus. Your wife says to you: "Go stir up the fire, won't you? It's getting low." And when you go down there you halloo back to her: "Why, it's a fine fire." But she tells you to stir it up just the same, and you ram in the poker and root around, and the whole glowing mass comes up in a pasty gob, and goes black out. It's just one solid chunk of lava, and the next thing is it's on the cellar floor and you are coughing your lungs out in strips while you build an entirely fresh fire.

But along about the season of the year when the springtime positively will not come, gentle Annie, and the cold northwest wind blows for sixteen days at the rate of sixty miles an hour, without a moment's let-up, and you've had to order a couple of tons more coal because the season is so backward, you get so down in your spirits and so discouraged and hopeless that you don't try to sift the ashes. That is no longer the sport of kings. You acknowledge defeat. They've got you in the door, the coal fellows have. The coal's half clinker and the rest is slate.

You can't beat their game. What's the use? What's the use of anything? You become a dangerous man.

There is just one ray of hope that flickers fitfully upon the ash-heap. That is this: Whenever a thing becomes a confounded nuisance it always turns out to be a big money-maker. I don't know who'll get rich from coal-ashes, but I believe it possible that some one will. Coal-ashes are undoubtedly a nuisance. Slag, when crushed and mixed with cement will make concrete; but each household has such a little dab of it, though it looks big to the householder. A tremendous lot of half-burned coal must be wasted, too, especially toward the discouraged end of the season. But what puzzles me most of all is: What are coal-ashes good for? I once knew a man that put them on his garden and raised the most beautiful tomatoes; but then his soil was naturally of the consistency of laundry soap, and what was good for clay might not be good for other soils. Isn't there some chemical in coal-ashes that somebody could use for something or other? Oh! if you could hear the heart-break in my voice you'd tell me.

The editorial writers of the great metropolitan dailies, who have plumbed the depths of every mystery and from whom no secrets are hid, cannot conceal their vexation at being unable to say why people will persist in being



YOU WORK FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS AND GET ALL OF A HODFUL

such awful fools as to prefer existence in six rooms and a bath in the crowded, unwholesome city to living—really *living*, don't you understand—out in the country where you can get fresh air and fresh eggs, out where the birds and the northwest winds whistle, and the children have room to play and nobody to play with, while they twine them wreaths of clover blossoms and poison-ivy and get as brown as a berry. By the way, what sort of berries are these brown berries you hear so much about? Blackberries and blueberries I know, and strawberries are red, and 'most every kind of berry is green at the start, and there's a front-yard bush that bears white berries, but what for kind of berry is brown?

In the spring and summer, in addition to these editorials bewailing the clotted folly of the human race in wanting to live in town, are letters from reclaimed sinners who have seen the error of their ways and now have little places of their own (subject to a first and a second mortgage and a mechanic's lien) out in the country, where life is one grand, sweet song. Though meat and vegetables and groceries and clothing and a few other little things are somewhat higher than in town, and you cannot keep help except at the muzzle of a shotgun, you can live so much more happily and inexpensively. Why *will* folks be so blind to their own best interests? Come on in, the water's fine!

Poor people actually starving in town, you know, because they cannot find employment, and all the time the farmers crying for help. Right along they are paying ten dollars a week (or is it a month?), and the hours are only eight or sixteen a day, I forget which, and you can sleep in the haymow, and have steady work two months a year as regularly as the year comes round, and still the city is congested—mostly with farmers' sons. Isn't it mysterious?

Not to me. I know the answer. I can say it off the book: The furnace. The Furnace of Affliction. Coal in all its hideous aspects, and the ash problem, may be exasperating; the furnace would make a preacher swear.

Real-estate men don't calculate to do much business in acre property or beautiful suburban homes before the frost gets well out of the ground. It's mighty hard to grow effusive over the charms of nature and jig-saw architecture from a front stoop on which there is a ridge of drifted snow three feet high. When the empty rooms are cold with that quiet, deep, bone-searching, marrow-curdling cold a vacant house lays in by standing all the winter through without a fire; when you have to slap your hands to start the blood in fingers chilled by the lines in driving to this



EVEN TRYING TO CHOP BARREL-STAVES IN TWO.

“exceptional opportunity for investment,” and knock your feet on the floor to keep your toes from freezing fast to one another, you can't linger in that cold-storage vault to expatiate on the tropical exuberance of closet-room and the excellence of the well-water—so cold it makes the roof of your mouth ache. The visitor will likely want to know about how much coal it will take to run him through the winter, and when you feel that nothing short of a hundred tons will more than take the chill off, it is hard to bunch your mouth judicially and say: “O-o-o-oh, I don't know. Eight or ten, I should say. Eleven at the outside.”

But when the springtime comes and the wild-flowers bloo-hoo-hoo-hoom agayn, the real-estate agent sees freedom ahead of him, freedom from bondage to that cussed furnace. All looks bright and gay to him, and he can lie faster than a horse can trot and believe every word of it himself. Oh, my, yes, values will never again be so low as they are now. Sure, sure

they are going to double-track the railroad, and put on twice as many trains, and run 'em twice as fast for half the fare, and now that the tunnel is opened up, or as good as opened up, why . . . And there's a pipe that never goes out—what the railroad is going to do.

Why didn't I turn my attention to Real-Estate instead of Literatoor? I'd have become rancidly rich by this time. I've got just that happy faculty of adding the realistic touch to what is essentially a romanticistic story. And buyers of country property seem to be much more responsive to a "touch" than buyers of Literatoor. But I tell you what: I should pass rapidly over the furnace question. The heart interest in fiction, and the hot air interest in real-estate talk are both extremely difficult. Extremely so.

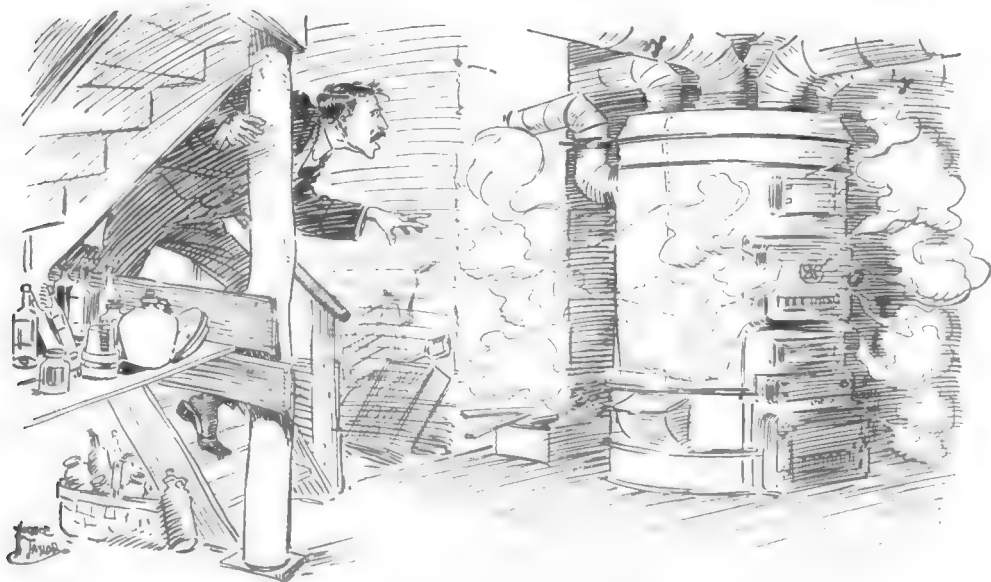
George Bernard Shaw has said (and every practised writer knows it's so) that nobody has yet dared portray a love story truthfully. He'd be run out of town. Just a sort of look-in, touch-and-go, a mere suggestion for the reader to fill in, is as much as ever. If I were a real-estate agent, that would be my treatment of the furnace. I'd stand on the cellar-steps and say: "Cement floor, you observe; plenty of head-room and ventilation; nothing molds or freezes here; furnace over yonder, hanging shelves for fruit, you'll find them very convenient, Mrs. Ah—ah—I've such a poor memory for names. Oh, I didn't show you the kitchen closet, did I? Let's go take a

look at it. I'm a married man myself, and I know how interested the ladies are in such matters."

Let sleeping dogs lie, I say. If women want to know about closet-room, men *should* know about furnaces. But *I'd* never tell 'em. That's how I'd make my money.

Let us say you take the house. I don't doubt you'll write a letter to the papers your own self, that summer, saying, "Come on in, the water's fine." It'd be just like you. But the happy summertime will end; the mosquitoes and the flies won't last forever; the leaves will flame and fade, and "the prettiest season of the year" will be upon you. (I don't know where people get such crazy notions about the chilly fall. Not from me.) One evening your wife will pull her knitted shawl tight on her shoulders and shudder: "We ought to have a fire. It's cold as charity in this house."

The experienced man answers, in such a case: "Whew! Why, I'm roasting. I was going to ask you to open a window. No? You're dreadfully afraid of a breath of fresh air." But the other kind of man, curious to know how a furnace operates, bustles downstairs and begins smashing boxes, and even trying to chop barrel-staves in two. (Excuse me while I snigger, but don't you ever try to chop a barrel-stave in two. That's another sleeping dog you should let lie.) He piles on the coal, and comes up into the



THE MONSTER, HAIRY WITH LONG, WHITE, FUZZY SKINS OF SMOKE.

sitting-room knocking the dust off his clothes. Oh, he's the devil of a fellow, he is. He has a smouch of black across the back of his hand, and another at the root of his nose, this last a little more scumbled in. "There!" says he. "Just as soon as the chimney gets warmed up a little, it'll draw like a yoke of oxen." And he sits down and enjoys his paper, reading a joke or two out loud, and the news about the Vanderbilts and the Astors and all such, well knowing how the women-folks keep track of the nobility and gentry. And the house gets foggier and foggier, and more and more creosote-flavored as it fills up with the smell of burning kindling.

"Smf? smf?" inquires your wife with her nose. "You sure you didn't drop a lighted match somewhere? It would be just like you to—I mean it would be just our luck, and you know I told you how it would be, moving out here where there is no fire protection."

When the cellar-door is opened, you nearly choke to death. You gasp and snort and fan the air in front of you, and your red-rimmed eyes behold the monster hairy with long, white, fuzzy skeins of smoke exuding from every pore, of which there are very many. You open the feed-door to look in, when **WOOF!** the whole inside flashes into flame and singes you (you hear your eyebrows sizzle) and scares you speechless.

Your wife comes running to the cellar-door. "Oh, George!" she gasps. "What *did* you do then? Was that canned fruit?"

"No. Just that dag-gon furnace. Exploded."

"Exploded?" shrieks your wife. "What did you do to it to make it explode?"

"I didn't do anything to it," you answer testily.

"There can't a thing go wrong in this house but *I'm* to blame for it. I just opened the front door and it exploded."

"I was afraid something had happened to you. It gave me *such* a shock. Sure you

didn't knock anything down? It *sounded* like canned peaches."

"It didn't to me," you growl, picking at the frizzled ends of your eyebrows. "Say! Will you come down here and tell me what to do with this thing?"

Now, that's an insult, if you only knew it. It implies that your wife is one of that low, degraded class that do their own work and know about ranges and such. But she's a good sort, your wife is, and she descends.

"Did you put plenty of kindling in?" she asks. She knows you did.

"Yes, I 'put plenty of kindling in,'" you mimic, being kind of cross by this time, and you sneeze, the smoke having irritated your nose.

"Now, you've gone and caught more cold from this damp house. Well, *I* don't know a *thing* about furnaces. Did you shake it down good?"

"My dear," you explain with ominous patience, "I didn't think it was necessary, seeing that it was perfectly bare inside, and all cleaned out."

"Well, you needn't take my head off. I was only trying to help you. Did you open the door?"

"How d'ye s'pose I got the kindling in? Be reasonable, woman."

"I mean the bottom door, goosey. There! How can it draw with the bottom draft shut off? I sh'd think common sense would have told you that. It'll be all right now."

That's one on you, and you keep still. But when it yet isn't all right, you taunt her with it. She knows a lot, she does.

"Maybe the oven damper is up," she muses.

"Oh sure!" you say. "Sure! Last batch o' cookies I made in the furnace, I left the oven damper up."

"It's when you try to be funny that you're the hardest to stand," she tells you cuttingly. "Isn't there some kind of a jigger that throws the heat—Why, here's the directions nailed on this post. That'll tell you all about it."



YOU WALK ROUND AND ROUND AND
ROUND THE POST.

So it ought. But it doesn't. You walk round and round and round the post, round and round and round, following the lines of reading as if you were unwinding a rope, and when you get to the last line you are in a kind of be-addled condition, so that if you were asked your own name you'd have to stop and think. Maybe it's the circular motion that has that effect, but my own opinion is that it's the business man's English in which the instructions are couched. Nobody living ever made head or tail of those instructions.

You just draw a long breath, and realize that all the world's against you, and you must fight your own battles. It's a terrible sensation. But there's such a thing as human sympathy and help, and whenever a suburban

express stops on a side-track to let a freight go by, you can hear all over the car: "Well, I tell you what I do with *my* furnace——" By the light of pure reason they have figured out a policy, and from what you can gather *you* figure out a policy, but it's all tentative and experimental, and every day you find out more and more dampers and drafts and jiggers and what-you-call-ums that influence the making and keeping of a fire; this week you are convinced that the proper-sized coal comes in lumps that you can just barely crowd through the feed-door, and next week you are convinced that the proper-sized coal is just the next grade coarser than tooth-powder.

And all the time the haunting fear is with you that you are burning lots more coal than there's any need for. There's the man that lives in that big house up on the hill; fourteen rooms he's got, all of 'em with a northwest exposure. D'ye know how much coal he burns? A ton a month in zero weather. Well, he told me that himself. You try the way he says to do, and the goose-flesh is like plush on

you an inch deep. But *he's* got a good furnace. Best make there is. Such a good make that those two sharp days last week his house was "warm as toast"—his very words

—and he didn't have any fire at all. Now, you know, it's a good furnace that'll keep a house "warm as toast" without burning coal. I think it's the Radium Furnace Company makes it.

I once knew a man, a tinner he was by trade, that lived in a two-family house with two sets of "improvements." The landlord ran the fire, and also had the fear that he was burning too much coal. So . . . Well, the tinsmith put up a roar that they were cold on their floor. And the landlord took him down cellar and showed him that there was a good fire, and that the flue-dampers were turned so that

the tinsmith got all the hot air there was. And then the landlord let his tenant go ahead of him while he turned the gas out, and didn't that suspicious tinsmith look behind him and see the landlord quietly and unostentatiously shut the flue-dampers off again? It just shows how narrow and selfish a tenant can be.

But wait. That isn't the limit of his meanness. The next Sunday morning while the landlord and his family were at church (where he ought to have been), the tenant went down into the cellar and took the flues apart and took out the flue-dampers so that the landlord could turn the handles all he liked, and not shut off the heat a mite. Was that the right way for a tenant to act, I want to know? And especially on Sunday? I think it was unconstitutional, if you want my opinion. But after that, the tenant was so warm he had to have the windows open part of the time, and the landlord wondered and wondered how it was he couldn't keep inside a ton a month.

It says in the hymn-book something about the Furnace of Affliction being good for the morals; it isn't at all. It makes people reck-



WAS IT FOR THIS WE STRUGGLED UPWARD
FROM THE BEASTS?

less about telling the truth, as in the case of the man with the fourteen-room house on the hill who says he burns only eight tons the coldest winter that ever blew (he's a liar); it makes people violate the constitution of the United States and break the Sabbath, as in the case of the tinsmith I just told you about; it causes you to use unparliamentary language; it makes you censorious and fault-finding, as when you go down to see what's the matter with the spiteful thing and find out that though your wife has opened the lower drafts she has failed to turn the pipe-damper, or shut the "family entrance" to the smoke-pipe; it dries up the well-spring of hope within the human breast. And that isn't the worst: It dries up the furniture, so that some Sunday afternoon when you are proving to a visitor that even if you did divide everything up, it would all be back in the hands of the rich before the week's end, and you get excited and throw your leg over the arm of your chair, there is a splintering crash and there you are on the floor with your heels up, and a hump on the back of your head, and the thread of your discourse broken.

Under the withering influence of the Furnace of Affliction the planks of the floor shrivel into mere slats. But there's no great loss without some small gain. I'll show you:

"Why can't we have currant jelly with this roast mutton?" you inquire at Sunday dinner.

"Because, my dear, the currant jelly's 'all.' You can have grape jelly, but there's no more currant."

"Now don't sit there and tell me that. Don't you suppose I've got eyes in my head? From where I am I can look down on the swing-shelf in the cellar and see it. 'Currant Jelly.' Right past the corner of the rug. A-a-a-ah! What'd I tell you? Now, you mosey down there and get me that currant jelly and no more words about it."

Ah yes, my brother in affliction, the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year. From now until the dandelions bloom again the hideous octopus in the cellar shall hold you in the clutch of its tin tentacles. No more for you, until the springtime comes, the glad, free, careless life. A chain more tenuous than the air, yet tougher than forged steel, shall bind you to the shovel and the shaker. The question "How's the fire?" shall be with you in your down-sittings and your up-risings, shall haunt your every waking hour. With a wild start you'll bound up from your beauty-sleep to paddle down the chilly stairs to "open up," and your parting kiss be hurried and perfunctory because the jealous furnace comes between you and your love for her. And when the day is done at last, it is not all done until, meticulously careful, you pontificate the full ritual of the compline of the furnace. Just so you shake it down until the ash-pan glows a rosy red; just so you toss and spread the quarter of a ton or so of the choice blend of anthracite, slate, slag, and good, hard money; with watchful eye you heed its coming up so that you and yours may not smother in your beds with gas; you shut the slide in the ash-door; you turn the jigger of the ash-damper so that it stands straight up and down; you open the grating of the feed-door, lift up the lid at the entrance of the smoke-pipe, turn the pipe-damper crosswise, pour some more water in the side-tank, turn but the gas, find the cellar stairway by the approved process of bumping your head against it, and toil up the weary steps, scrunching cinders as you go, your whole heart heavy with the fear that in the morning you will find no fire. Merciful heaven! Was it for this we struggled upward from the beasts?

Oh, summertime! Why did you die? Come back! Come back to us!



EDGAR SELWYN
AS PIERRE IN
"PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

*Photograph by Bangs
New York.*



THE PLAYERS

IT would seem that the success of "The Devil," which was the sensation of the early part of the theatrical season in New York—a sensation that managers are earnestly endeavoring to extend throughout the country—indicated a remarkable change in popular taste. On the surface it appears to be a highly immoral, or at least unmoral, play.

Certain shrewd observers, viewing the matter through the box-office window, satisfied themselves that the success of the play was due to the rivalry between the producers of different versions presented simultaneously in two theatres, both of which were crowded to overflowing. Each producer brought forth documentary evidence that he alone was authorized to make the production in this country. The play was written by Franz Molnar, a young Hungarian journalist, and the fact is that, as it was produced in Hungary, there is no copyright convention to protect it in America, so anybody can make a version of his own without fear of legal proceedings.

Undoubtedly the energy and the money spent by each of the rival managers to exploit the superiority of his own production did much to arouse public interest. Each apparently depended upon the sensationalism of the idea to make a financial success, and with the belief that this would be ephemeral. But the reasons for the success of the play are far deeper than managerial exploitation or theatric sensationalism.

For "The Devil" is really intellectual drama; it is pure symbolism. Probably not a fourth of the people in the audiences grasp its subtleties nor understand its extraordinary cleverness. But they all know what it means, and they are profoundly impressed. So potent is the symbolic element, the deeper meaning, that if the drama were presented without the actual satanic character there would arise against it a wave of moral indignation that would put some people in jail. It is the presence of the *Devil* that makes it respectable!

If you should ask a man of books about this play, he might tell you that the *Devil* ex-



Photograph by Hall, New York.

FRANK SHERIDAN AS MATT DONOVAN AND WILL ARCHIE AS
BOB IN "WILDFIRE."

presses Schopenhauer's doctrine of the blind, impersonal will, translated into highly dramatic form. From the very beginning you feel that the tempted wife and the artist—her girlhood lover—cannot escape, struggle as hard and as earnestly as they may, because a force stronger than they is arrayed against them, a force personified in a polished, smiling man of the world—and by that term we mean, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's phrase, one who is familiar with all of the world's wickedness.

It is a brilliant, superlatively clever conception, especially in these days of the Higher Criticism and advanced theology, which have tried to make the idea of a personal devil a mere myth, thereby robbing life of much of its picturesqueness. Down in our inmost soul we may not be sure that the personal devil is a myth, after all. The belief of thousands upon thousands of years, handed down from one generation to another, is not so easily destroyed. Besides, the idea of a soul wrestling with the devil has something real about it. The concept of a personal devil gives something tangible to fight against; there is the quality and zest of actual combat. And, if we be victorious, there is the exhilaration of having conquered a real enemy. Or, if we be worsted, it is so comfortably convenient to place the blame on the supernatural strength of the Evil One rather than on our own weakness.

A marvelous creation is this stage *Devil* who preaches—even the devil can preach—pure hedonism (and that is centuries older than Schopenhauer), the alluring siren song of the Cyrenaic school that the pleasure of the moment is the



Photograph by Saroni, New York.

BILLIE BURKE AS JACQUELINE IN "LOVE WATCHES."



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS MRS. BAXTER AND JOSEPH COYNE AS TOM
KEMP IN "THE MOLLUSC."

highest good. Always we hear that song, you and I and all the world—through all our lives.

There is no explanation of the *Devil's* presence on the stage, whence he came and why. And beyond his startlingly sudden appearance on one or two occasions and certain rather hazy references, there is no suggestion of the supernatural, unless his remarkable knowledge of the weakness of human nature be counted more than human. A wonderful psychologist is this Hungarian journalist who is the author, and the way he develops his idea is almost uncanny.

Considering the conditions of rivalry that prevailed in New York, it is impossible to escape comparisons. George Arliss headed one of the rival casts and Edwin Stevens the other. The spirit of the adaptation in which he appeared undoubtedly influenced each of these really able actors. That in which Mr. Stevens played the rôle of the *Devil* was made by Oliver Herford, a professional humorist, who emphasizes the fantastic, the grotesque, one might almost say the comic aspects of the idea, yet without destroying the deeper meaning in the play. Mr. Stevens makes his portrayal approach somewhat the familiar idea of *Mephistopheles* in "Faust." He is *Mephistopheles* stripped of the usual attributes and wearing conventional attire, but he is of the earth, earthy. In some scenes this conception enables him to score brilliantly.

The Herford version makes a better acting play than that of Alexander Konta and William T. Larned, which, however, shows a much clearer application of the idea, and is brilliantly subtle. In ac-



Photograph by Rizzard, New York.

ERITZI SCHEFF AS *ATHENA* IN "THE PRIMA DONNA."



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

CHARLOTTE WALKER AS AGATHA IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA."

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cordance with this latter version, George Arliss makes the *Devil* almost an intellectual abstraction. His natural subtlety as a player, his delicate, finical mannerisms, his disposition to exaggerate in a peculiar, finished fashion all contribute to the success of his portrayal.

"Love Watches" is a merry, sprightly comedy with something of the grace, the truth, and the sting of a well-turned epigram—and with about the same value. It speeds swiftly and makes fun all the time. One is sure that the adaptation from the French made by Gladys Unger shows many changes from the original. For one thing, there has been the elimination of the kind of wickedness that is airily and indefinitely characterized as French.

Surely it is not conceivable that Miss Billie Burke could have a rôle better suited to her joyous, effervescent personality. She presents the most charmingly irresponsible, the most delightfully unreasonable, and altogether the most waywardly adorable heroine the stage has known in a long time. She herself is a dainty, impudently pretty, very human sprite, bubbling over with a hundred charms, while back of it all is a really fine acting skill, far greater than most people suspect. In "Love Watches" she triumphantly justifies her elevation to the rank of star. To an older generation of playgoers, she will revive memories of Lotta, and of Minnie Maddern before she became Mrs. Fiske.

Chiefly because she was graduated from the chorus, it is natural to conclude that Miss Burke's first name is one of the familiar affectations of musical performers. But it

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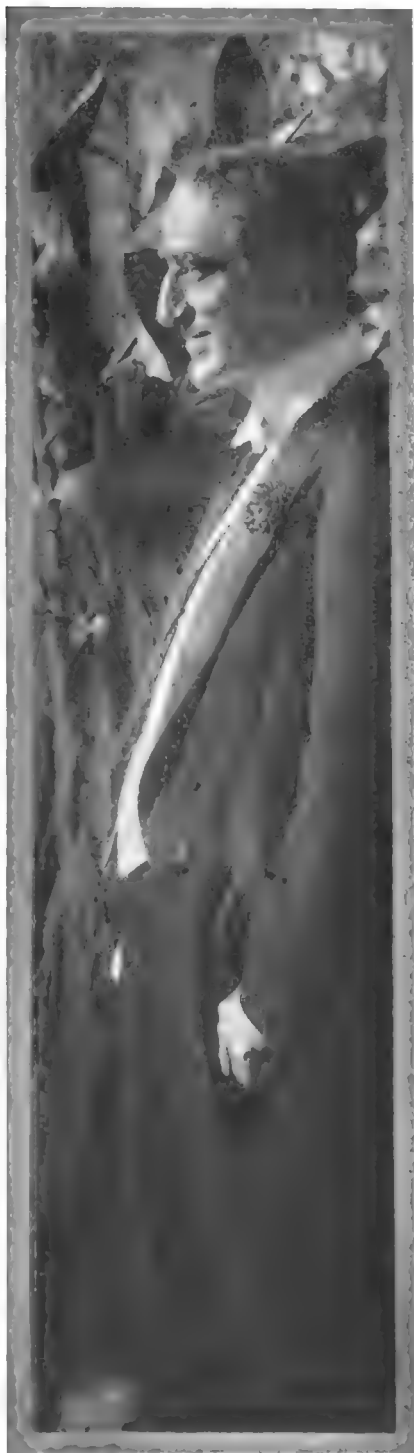


MARY BOLAND AS *ETHEL* IN "JACK STRAW."

isn't. Her father was William Burke, a clown in a circus and proud of his calling. Her mother was also a performer. Before the baby was born in Washington about a quarter of a century ago, William Burke, hopeful of a son, named the child in advance, after himself. So all the things prepared for a baby, like birth spoons and cups and the layette were marked "Billy," and when the child came into the world the father and mother called her "Billy." When she grew up, instead of changing the name, she feminized the spelling as much as she could, but clung to it, for she is very fond of the memory of her father.

Of course Billie Burke drifted on to the stage. She went into musical comedy in this country, but no one ever heard of her until she made her hit in England, by singing "My Little Canoe" with Edna May in "The School Girl." She soon became prominent in musical comedy on the other side. Then Charles Frohman decided that she would make a greater success as an actress than as a singer, and engaged her to play the leading rôle with John Drew in "My Wife," in which she appeared last season. This was her first "straight" part.

In "Love Watches" Miss Burke plays the rôle of a young girl head over heels in love with a young man who is flirting with a widow and to whom she proposes in the frankest



Photograph by White, New York

EDWIN STEVENS AS THE DEVIL.

fashion, marrying him offhand. Her guardians wanted her to marry a bashful bookworm, a part played with delightful humor by Ernest Lawford, who was the pirate chief in "Peter Pan." To this very young wife, her love for her husband is the most important thing in the world, and the way she sacrifices everything and everybody to it is irresistibly humorous for every one—except her victims.

Much has been said and written about a new English dramatist, W. Somerset Maugham, whose first work to be presented on this side of the water is "Jack Straw," with John Drew as the star. It is a whimsical, improbable affair, palpably manufactured to amuse, which it does in a mild, cheerful fashion. The hero, calling himself *Jack Straw*, is introduced as a waiter in a fashionable London hotel, where he is recognized by a friend who knew him at Oxford as a mysterious, adventurous person. In order to aid private vengeance against a very rich and vulgar family, *Jack Straw* is induced to impersonate a Continental nobleman and he elects to be an archduke of Pomerania, which he really is, though the fact is concealed to the end. Of course *Jack Straw* has fallen in love with the charming daughter of the common millionaires. Mr. Maugham displays much ingenuity in extracting fun from

this attenuated plot, and his skill is evident in the fact that the last act is the best of the three. Most of the dialogue is very clever, but the play is tiresome in spots—many spots.

The admirable acting sustains the comedy. John Drew has a rôle that is admirably suited to his personality and gives him abundant opportunity to display his skill. He gains his effects by infinite detail and a clear, humorous understanding. But really the chief honors go to Rose Coghlan, who long ago was recognized as one of the best actresses on the stage, and whose *Lady Gay Spanker* lingers in my memory as the best I ever saw. In "Jack Straw" she plays *Mrs. Parker Jennings*, the ambitious, capable vulgarian, who realizes the power of her millions and their limitations; and she presents a well-nigh perfect characterization. It is an unceasing delight to watch her by-play, to hear her speak. There is not a movement without significance and not a syllable is lost. Of all the people in the comedy *Mrs. Jennings* and her son, ably played by Edwin Nicander, seem to me the most real.

There is a brand-new idea, so far as the stage is concerned, in "The Mollusc," and it is worked out very cleverly indeed. The fundamental truth of the chief character, which is absolutely new to the footlights, is likely to make "mollusc" a recognized word in our vocabulary. The notion is that a mollusc is a sort of educated clam, a person who is capable of resisting all pressure toward energetic activity, and does nothing except invent excuses and reasons for having other people do things for him.

"Nothing so delights a mollusc"—according to the play—"as to lie in bed feeling that she [the mollusc in the drama is a woman] is strong enough to get up and do anything."

We are pleased with the thought that certain folk we know have been identified at last. The word crystallizes a general impression in a definite form and labels it—and this, you know, is the chief business of language. The comedy is very clever as to lines, admirably constructed, and admirably performed.

Mrs. Baxter is the mollusc. She has subjugated her husband, her children, and their governess to her powerful will. The rôle is played by a very beautiful English actress, Alexandra Carlisle, who impresses one as a strong and finished player. But in this little drama she is called upon only to look very

lovely, to be very good-tempered and infinitely resourceful in getting her own way.

Joseph Coyne returned to America to play the part of *Mrs. Baxter's* brother—the one person who opposes her successfully. He appeared on the stage as a human being, and proved himself so natural, so unaffected, and so finished as a light comedian that he was hardly recognizable. Mr. Coyne made his reputation in musical comedy, in which he was wont to figure as the most impossible of the "silly ass" type of Englishman that the New York stage has ever known, and none can say worse than that. He went to England and, after meeting the genuine "silly ass," reformed and became a real actor.

To those who have been listening to Lillian Russell sing ever since they can remember, it seems strange to have her on the stage a whole evening without once bursting into melody. Also it is curious that a prima donna whose acting was a joke should succeed in comedy. To be sure, she isn't likely to make a sensation as a *comédienne*, but certainly she has improved greatly, although along conventional lines. Her acting no longer offends; and she is still one of the most beautiful women on the stage.

"Wildfire" is one of those meretricious but highly amusing entertainments that are called comedies by courtesy. It is the work of George Broadhurst, who constructed it by a familiar pattern, and George V. Hobart, who has a gift for writing the kind of lines that appeal to the Great White Way. The action turns upon the effort of a widow, who is supposedly rich, but has been left with only a racing-stable and many debts, to recoup on the track without letting any one know about it. There are two real acting stars in "Wildfire." One is Frank Sheridan, that really capable player who made such a hit last season as the sea captain in "Paid in Full," and who plays *Matt Donovan*, a trainer, in the racing comedy. The other is Will Archie, a dwarf, who portrays *Bud*, a stable-boy, with an unctuous humor, a wide smile, and an acting skill that make amends for the claptrap.

Several years ago a mysterious person named Owen Kildare published a book called "My Mamie Rose," an elaboration of newspaper sketches in which the writer told of his own development from an ignorant Bowery tough through the teaching of a young woman with whom he fell in love. The writing was so vivid, so convincing that

he was hailed as "the Bowery Kipling." Arnold Daly read the book and decided it would make a fine play. The author and Walter Hackett, assisted by Mr. Daly, produced a dramatic version that is called "The Regeneration." It has some moving scenes, and one or two with real power, but for the most part it is dangerously near the cheapest melodrama, and not well knit at that. To those who do not know the particular kind of character Mr. Daly attempts to portray, his work seems very fine. But to those who do know, it is plain that he has no clear understanding of the type represented by *Owen Conway*. His conception is purely theatric, as indeed are the conceptions of all the other characters, save *Nellie Conway's* slum sweetheart, which is finely played by Helen Ware; but even she is given speeches that make her absurd.

The real Bowery has never been written up, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of its reserve. Its heart and soul—for the Bowery has both, as well as reserve—are a sealed book to the writers. It is a Sargasso Sea littered with derelicts of all worlds, drifting back and forth with the endless ebb and flow of the tide, while all about them is the ceaseless activity of commerce, of development, moving onward and upward despite the ceaseless cross current, which no literary mariner, cruising in these uncharted waters, can understand.

Those who know it best, and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding, are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions—its astonishing goodness and its frightful depravity—the baffling mystery of its wonderful humanness, and its fantastic mystery, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—and Balzac is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and fearsome, lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligently, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, unworthy even of being scoffed at, so far as any consideration of truth is concerned. But these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality.

It is small wonder, therefore, that Arnold

Daly does not grasp completely the character he attempts to portray, that he makes it so unreal. Back of this play, indeed, is an idea that is true, and it is this that gives the drama its grip; but it is worked out so crudely, so ineffectively that it could not make a real success.

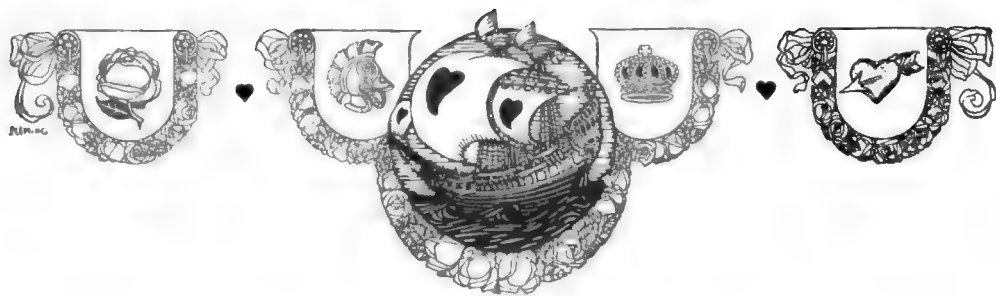
The music of "Algeria" is worthy of a W. S. Gilbert to make a book for it. Long ago Victor Herbert proved that he is our foremost composer, that is, if we can claim as ours a man who is pure Irish and speaks with a German accent, having spent most of his early life in Germany. Still, he won his fame and fortune in this country. It seems to me his latest work shows him at his best in writing popular music of a high class. The score of "Algeria" is very beautiful.

Apart from the lyrics, which are charming, for the most part, the book is soggy, unoriginal, and somehow lacking in humor, although there seems to be a groundwork for humor. And because the book is unworthy of the music, the opera failed to make the impression that the score and the magnificent production deserved. It has William Pruette as a testy old general, singing as well as ever, and George Lord Day, who comes very near to being a real tenor, while Ida Brooks Hunt makes a very beautiful and imposing *Sultana*.

"The Girls of Gottenberg" is very English despite its name—one of those mildly amusing, pleasingly melodious Gaiety shows without any distinction whatever. The book is by George Grossmith, Jr., with L. E. Berman also partly responsible, while Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton wrote the music. Sometimes it happens that one man, like Paul Rubens, writes both book and music, but usually it takes from four to six people to produce an English musical comedy.

The most interesting thing about the production was the first American appearance of Gertie Millar, who occupies a high place in musical comedy in London. She has a certain charm that grows on one, as well as intelligence and grace. Though she hasn't much of a voice, she makes the most of it, and she can dance, and, like most of the English players, she has learned how to act.

With the inimitable James Blakeley, John E. Hazzard, Edward Garvie, and Lionel Mackinder, the comedy had enough fun-makers to create no end of laughs, but they had small opportunity, and for some reason the whole performance seemed negative.



Little Stories of Real Life

GETTING CHRISTMAS DINNER ON A RANCH

By Theodore Roosevelt

NOTE:—This vivid little sketch of President Roosevelt's was written twenty years ago, and published in a paper of small circulation, now defunct. We are glad of the opportunity of republishing it now.

ONE December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost, and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddleband from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned. I was lounging out by the corral, my wolf-skin cap drawn down over my ears, and my hands thrust deep into the pockets of my fur coat, gazing across the wintry landscape. Cold red bars in the winter sky marked where the sun had gone down behind a row of jagged, snow-covered buttes.

Turning to go into the little bleak log

house, as the dusk deepened, I saw the horses trotting homeward in a long file, their unshod hoofs making no sound in the light snow which covered the plain, turning it into a glimmering white waste wherein stood dark islands of leafless trees, with trunks and branches weirdly distorted. The cowboy, with bent head, rode behind the line of horses, sometimes urging them on by the shrill cries known to cattlemen; and as they neared the corral they broke into a gallop, ran inside, and then halted in a mass. The frost lay on their shaggy backs, and little icicles hung from their nostrils.

Choosing out two of the strongest and quietest, we speedily roped them and led them into the warm log stable, where they were given a plentiful supply of the short, nutritious buffalo-grass hay, while the rest of the herd were turned loose to shift for themselves. Then we went inside the house to warm our hands in front of the great pile of blazing logs, and to wait impatiently until the brace of prairie chickens I had shot that afternoon should be fixed for supper. Then our rifles and cartridge belts were looked to, one of the saddles which had met with an accident was overhauled, and we were ready for bed.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. Dressing hurriedly and breakfasting on a cup of coffee and some mouthfuls of bread and jerked elk meat, we slipped out to the barn, threw the saddles on the horses, and were off.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. Beneath the light

covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone beautifully down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch-house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sagebrush.

A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bullberry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. The crannies and little side ravines were filled with brushwood and groves of stunted ash. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow. Several times we dismounted to examine them. A couple of coyotes, possibly frightened by our approach, had trotted and loped up the valley ahead of us, leaving a trail like that of two dogs; the sharper, more delicate footprints of a fox crossed our path; and outside one long patch of brushwood a series of round imprints in the snow betrayed where a bobcat—as plainsmen term the small lynx—had been lurking around to try to pick up a rabbit or a prairie fowl.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bullberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer that lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning whitetails which in such a place could be hunted only by aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed that we should find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulee.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our

left the erect, startled head of a young black-tailed doe as she turned to look at us, her great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions.

We both laughed and called out "dinner" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree. The entrails and viscera we threw off to one side, after carefully poisoning them from a little bottle of strychnine which I had in my pocket. Almost every cattleman carries poison and neglects no chance of leaving out wolf bait, for the wolves are sources of serious loss to the unfenced and unhoused flocks and herds. In this instance we felt particularly revengeful because it was but a few days since we had lost a fine yearling heifer. The tracks on the hillside where the carcass lay when we found it, told the story plainly. The wolves, two in number, had crept up close before being discovered, and had then raced down on the astounded heifer almost before she could get fairly started. One brute had hamstrung her with a snap of his vise-like jaws, and once down, she was torn open in a twinkling.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and within an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind-beaten cedars. As we peeped over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my

companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw; and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses, and deer were scrambling together in the water amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

A SURE ENOUGH SANTY

By Bessie R. Hoover

AIN'T there no Santy Claus—no where?" blubbered little Butch Panner disconsolately. He was at his Grandmother Flickinger's, and his Aunt Jule had just been maligning the good old patron saint of children for the small boy's benefit.

"No, there ain't," answered Jule decidedly; "your ma and pa's the only Santy there is."

"Who told you?" inquired Butch suspiciously between sobs.

"Nobody—always knew it."

"It's jest as nice to have your pa and ma git the presents when you're used to it," assured his small Aunt Opal, who was helping her mother peel the potatoes for supper.

"Ain't there no reindeers?" Butch inquired dolefully.

"No nothin'," returned Jule.

"Don't he come down the chimbley?"

"Naw—fat man like him—what's got into you, Butch, to believe such foolishness?" she jeered.

"Then there *is* a Santy," cried Butch, unexpectedly brightening.

"Naw there ain't," again denied Jule.

"But you said 'a fat man like him,'" repeated her small nephew.

"Can't a feller open his head without you ketch 'im up? Everybody plays there's a Santy and that he's fat—that's all there is to it. Ast your gramma," concluded Jule triumphantly.

"Ain't there a Santy, Gramma?" questioned Butch.

"No-o, I guess there ain't none," answered Ma Flickinger reluctantly, disliking to put her daughter Jule in a lie.

"But Jimmie Bistle seen him twict," urged Butch.

"I dunno much about it; ast your grandpa," evaded ma, as Pa Flickinger, a tall, shambling man, lounged into the room; for it was Saturday afternoon, a half-holiday at the factory.

"Ain't there a sure enough Santy, Grandpa?" asked Butch.

"A sure enough Santy? Bless your little heart, Butch, of course there is," answered pa.

"But gramma says there ain't—and Aunt Jule, too—and if there ain't I won't git no s'penders for Christmas, 'cause pa and ma says I ain't big enough for 'em."

"I'll write a letter to Santy myself and tell him jest what you want," consoled Opal.

"But gramma says there ain't none," wailed Butch, bursting into fresh grief.

"Your gramma means all right, but she don't know nothin' about it. Hey, old woman?" inquired pa jocularly.

"Mebbe I be mistaken," said Ma Flickinger, relieved.

"What's the use in keepin' up the lie any longer? Butch ain't a baby," put in Jule boldly.

"And what's the use of your comin' over here and blabbin' of things you'd better keep shut of?" growled her father.

"Jimmie Bistle he seen Santy—" began Butch plaintively.

"Then Jimmie knows," asserted pa genially.

"Does he come down the chimbley?" questioned Butch, only too ready to have his faith restored.

"Sure," affirmed pa.

"And have reindeers?"

"Eight," informed pa with conviction.

"And he'll bring me red s'penders, won't he, Grandpa?"

"If you're good," promised pa.

And Butch went noisily out to hunt up Jimmie Bistle and to have his faith further confirmed.

"I'd ruther you wouldn't 'a' told Butch yet a while, Jule; he ain't much more'n a baby." And pa shook his head at the sacrifice.

"I don't think it's right to string out a lie like that till doomsday," snapped Jule.

"I dunno as 'tis a lie," grumbled pa; "but if 'tis, it's the whitest lie I ever heard—and it's good enough for me."

"Butch'll find out sooner or later," stated

ma practically, without looking up from her work.

"Find out nothin'," disagreed pa. "I never found out nothin' ag'in Santy Claus yet—and I ain't no greeny, neither. But here's our other grandchildren, Jule's twins, Janice and Jasper, and Elvie's baby, Beulah, ain't they goin' to be fetched up on Santy Claus?"

"Every one of 'em, if I have my way," answered ma emphatically.

"Of course my twins believe in Santy; but I'm goin' to tell 'em the truth *long* afore they're as old as Butch," put in Jule.

"Well, I wish there was some way we could brace Butchie up now," said pa; "somebody else'll be tellin' him it ain't so ag'in, and then he'll feel worse'n even."

"Why couldn't we have a Christmas tree and a Santy Claus here at home, all of us Flickingers?" inquired Opal eagerly.

"Hurrah! jest the figger," shouted pa. "Let's do it to celebrate me gettin' a better job at the factory."

"If that ain't jest like a man—no forethought. We don't have much more money now than we did afore you got that job," said ma sharply, "now we're savin' money for Jed to go to college—you know it's goin' to cost a lot more'n we reckoned at first. Anybody'd think you was a Rockefeller."

But just then Sophie, the pretty young Polish wife of their son Bill, who lived next door, came in, and pa told her about Butch.

"Let's all put in together and have a real Christmas," planned Sophie, "all of us married children, Jule and Mandy and Elvie and Billie and me—it wouldn't cost so awful much—what you think, Mamma Flickinger?"

"What I think is that you and Billie're payin' the instalments on your home," ma dryly reminded her, "and it does seem to me, Sophie, that you'd better keep right at it."

"Couldn't we squeeze the money out someway yet?" coaxed Sophie.

"Yes, but we don't want to," discouraged Jule; "it's muss and fuss and young ones gettin' sick on candy, and breakin' their presents afore they're fairly off'n the tree."

And us all a-strainin' to git each other presents—that ain't worth nothin' when they're bought."

"That's about right, Jule," commented ma.

"And we can git our young ones some little thing for Christmas, and they'll never know the difference," declared Jule.

"Still it'd be nice to have a big time right here at home," said pa, after Sophie had gone. "Ain't it Longfeller," he went on, in an expansive holiday mood, "who says 'it's better to give than to receive'?"

"I dunno—I ain't up on them things any more," replied ma. "Mebbe 'tis better to give than to receive, but when you ain't got

nothin' to give—and then strain up and give it—where's the justice in that?"

"If I was rich," grumbled pa, "you bet I'd do things Christmas time like white folks—"

"If you was rich," retorted ma, "folks'd do things for you all right, all right—your Christmas stockin'd be overflowin'—but I dunno about your returnin' any of it—if you was rich."

"Still there's a kinder feel in the air about Christmas time that gits into a feller—rich or poor," maintained pa, "and makes him want to live up to the peace on earth, goodwill to man business—"

"I never felt it," disagreed ma, "and I'll bet you wouldn't if you had to cook and scrub from mornin' to night like I have to. Opal, start the kitchen fire, and then set the table."

"Nobody ought to be too busy nor too poor to feel it," returned pa. "We ought to look about us Christmas time," he added



"AIN'T THERE NO SANTY CLAUS—NOWHERE?"

largely, "and see if we can't find some one to be friendly with——"

"I wouldn't have to look far," broke in ma. "There's Mis' Bistle, Jimmie's ma, the best neighbor I ever had, she's mad at me. And if there's so much in the peace on earth, good-will to man business, why don't she come over and make up with me?"

"Jest as much your place to go over there," pa informed her.

"Watch me go first," sniffed ma.

"You never seemed to set such a store by Mis' Bistle till you fell out with her," observed Jule shrewdly.

"Well, I dunno's I did," admitted ma honestly, "though I always liked her. Mis' Bistle's awful good company."

"I've heard you say a hundred times that Mis' Bistle's too finicky to live," reminded Jule.

"Well, she is a little finicky," admitted ma, "or she'd never 'a' got mad at me about my keepin' that water-set we bought for her sister's crystal weddin', the time we started up there and couldn't find the place."

"Mis' Bistle's jest every-day plain mean," spoke up Jule.

"No, I wouldn't call it that," corrected ma. "Mis' Bistle's different from us. She's always lived different. She's always been well-to-do; and hired her washin' done, and never lacked for decent clothes to wear; why, Mis' Bistle never knowed the time when she didn't have a black silk dress (and I never knowed the time when I did have one). She jest naturally hain't had hard times enough to make her think of other people."

"I'd call her jest plain selfish," asserted Jule.

"Mis' Bistle is a good woman," maintained ma loyally, "and if she is a little selfish it's because the littleness of it ain't never been brought home to her. And she's a good deal more generous than I be——"

"She's got more to be generous with; but she ain't neither, for you know, Ma, you'd take the clothes off'n your back for one of us young ones."

"Land knows!" cried ma, "I never be-

grudged anything to my own folks; but that ain't the height of unselfishness. I never could hand out things to neighbors as free as I'd like to—I'm always thinkin' of what it costs. Why, Mis' Bistle's sent me over a whole can of peaches, or a whole pie at onct—and when Sophie was sick she furnished every blessed thing that girl et for a week."

"Oh, I don't suppose Mis' Bistle's a regular heathen," qualified Jule; "but I shouldn't think you'd want to be friends with her after the way she treated you."

"As you git older you don't care so much about the little faults of your friends," stated ma, "knowin' you're chuckfull of 'em yourself. And it don't make no difference whether she likes me or not, I like *her*, and I miss her more at Christmas time when everybody's blabbin' about good-will——"

"It'd be a good miss to me," remarked Jule loftily.

"But it's the good times me and Mis' Bistle's had together—partly, I suppose—that makes me feel kind to her. She's terrible jolly."

"She pokes fun at folks," observed Jule bluntly.

"Well, who don't?" inquired ma tartly. "Ain't I heard you poke fun at Milo, your own husband, 'cause he's so wishy-washy?"

"That's in the family," defended Jule.

"All the worse then," retorted ma.

Though pa had strengthened Butch's faith in Santa Claus, the next time Jule saw her little nephew she took pains to undo all her father's good work; and Butch was once more disenchanted, and not even Pa Flickinger could then repair the fractured faith of the doubting small boy.

But Sophie could not bear to think of the Flickingers going without a holiday celebration, and invited the entire family over there to supper Christmas Eve. They met at Ma Flickinger's before going to Sophie's. Besides ma and pa and Opal and her big brother Jed, there were Jule and Milo with their twin babies, Janice and Jasper; Elvie and Mort with baby Beulah; and Mandy



WASHING THE DISHES TOGETHER, ALL COOLNESS MELTED BETWEEN THEM.

Panner, the eldest daughter, her husband, big Butch Panner, and, lastly, little Butch, their son.

"I'm turrible sorry that kid ain't goin' to have no Santy," sighed pa, as they started over to Sophie's.

"I never had no Santy when I was young," complained ma, "and I guess Butch can stand it. I'm so dead tired I'd ruther take a lickin' than go over to Sophie's this evenin'. I like to git Christmas over; it's a disagreeable time to me—because we ain't got money to do it up like other folks. But Sophie's been fetched up different; she's always puttin' on airs and actin' like she was swell."

"Still she never wastes no money; and she always manages to git a good time out'n life—and to give a good time to others," declared pa.

"But when Sophie's as old as me she won't be quite so chipper—life'll take the spring out'n her," prophesied ma.

"And remember there's a Santy, Butch," whispered pa, as they filed into Sophie's house; "don't let the women folks cheat you out'n that—yet awhile."

But Butch only gave voice to an irresponsible, doubting "uh-huh," which made pa bluer than ever. "What a cussed thing it is," he mused, "to scrush an innocent make-believe for a baby like Butch."

Sophie had her dining-room table pulled out to its fullest extent to accommodate the Flickingers; and she made everybody so welcome, and Bill, her husband, dished out such enormous plates of turkey and mashed potatoes, that all enjoyed themselves. And Butch for a time drowned his grief in a generous helping of gravy, and filled the void that Santa Claus had left with Christmas turkey.

But there was one guest at the table who was not a Flickinger, even by marriage, and that was ma's neighbor, Mrs. Bistle. On account of a severe cold, she had not been

able to go with her family to spend the day in the country with her own relatives, so Sophie had invited her over there at the last minute.

Ma Flickinger and Mis' Bistle had exchanged painfully polite greetings, but later, when they were washing the dishes together, all coolness melted between them.

Soon after supper Bill Flickinger disappeared up-stairs, grinning and mumbling an excuse that nobody understood. When all the company had gathered in the sitting room—for the parlor had been closed—Sophie threw open the double doors, crying:

"Welcome, everybody, to the Christmas tree!"

And there, bright with gleaming candles, gay with festoons of snowy popcorn and red berries, sprinkled over with shining silver stars, and laden with mysterious packages, was a beautiful Christmas tree, a gorgeous, glittering, shimmering vision from its moss-covered base to its topmost green

tassel. And before they had recovered from the surprise of the Christmas tree, Santa Claus himself burst with a jingle of bells from the stairway door, splendid in fur-trimmed coat and cap, with great white whiskers, and a string of sleigh-bells about his waist.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Santa Claus in a queer, high-keyed voice. "Fetch out that kid that don't believe in Santy Claus—and lemme give him a present."

Butch, scared and delighted at once, was dragged to the tree by his father.

"I do believe in Santy, I do believe in Santy," vociferated Butch, with noisy, whole-souled enthusiasm, his waning faith in the jolly old saint completely restored.

But when Santa Claus selected one of the mysterious packages from the tree and called out in a squeaky but jovial voice Butch's name, and Butch grabbed the alluring package and tore off the wrapper, then was the supreme moment of that enchantingly happy



THE SUPREME MOMENT OF THAT ENCHANTINGLY HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve; for Butch held in his eager hands a pair of fire-red suspenders—just his size.

Like a delightful fairy dream passed the rest of the evening to Butch. Opal was happy with hair ribbons, made from Sophie's old wedding finery, and the twins and Beulah were joyous over impossible woolen dogs. Everybody had a home-made present, even to Mrs. Bistle; and Sophie, with a little help from Bill, had done it all.

"Now do you believe in a sure enough Santy, Butch?" inquired pa, after Santa Claus had disappeared.

"Uh-huh," grunted Butch, in an inarticulate but happy affirmative.

"How does that happen?" asked pa.

"I seen him," answered Butch conclusively.

"And he seen you," returned pa, "and he give you as gay a pair of s'penders as he had by him—and it's up to you now, Butch, to live up to them s'penders—and to show Santy that he ain't made a mistake and give 'em to a cry-baby—hey, Butch?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Butch, contentedly munching home-made candy.

"And the presents never cost a cent," exulted ma at Sophie's thrift, when she and pa were talking over the tree that night after the children had gone to bed. "Butch's present was made out'n Billie's old weddin' s'penders. Looky, Pa, at my new flatiron holders."

But pa only gave a hasty glance, for he was busily trying on half a dozen linen finger stalls that Sophie had made for him in case of an accident at the factory. "I'll be anxious to scrush a finger now," declared pa; "looky, Ma, what could be thoughtfuller?"

"And it never cost nothin'," repeated ma. "Land! when I looked at that splendid tree that

Billie dragged up from the swamp, and seen them strings of popcorn and red marsh berries, and the little stars cut out'n tin foil from Billie's tobacco wrappers, and the candles saved from some Christmas doin's in the Poles' country, I was plumb flabbergasted to see such smart decorations turned out'n nothin'."

"Sophie'd change a 'tato into a peach if she set out," affirmed pa admiringly.

"And it give me a turn," went on ma, "to see Mis' Bistle there, and I ups and says to her when we had washed the dishes, 'I've wished a thousand times I'd sent that present up to your sister; but my folks persuaded me to keep it.' And Mis' Bistle says, 'I never onct thought about the present, I jest thought you acted cool and queer, so I made up my mind to stay away till you come over ag'in.'"

"I acted kinder cool 'cause I thought you'd be mad," I says.

"Why, land!" cried Mis' Bistle, "my sister got three water-sets jest like the one you bought for her and kept yourself!" Then we both broke out laughin'—and now we're better friends than ever."

"Women git me," remarked pa, shaking his head thoughtfully.

"And to think that I thought that we couldn't have a nice Christmas unless we was *rich*," laughed ma, "and here Sophie's give us a good time out'n nothin' jest because she couldn't bear to have a little child go without his Santy."

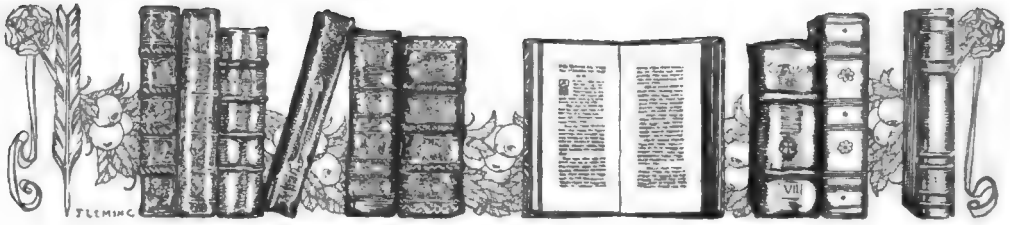
"Sophie *is* rich," declared pa emphatically; "she's what you call rich in spirit."

"And there's a kinder peace on earth, good-will to man feelin' in the air, jest as you said, Pa——"

"Sure there is," responded pa softly. "I knowed you'd feel it if you got a chanct."



"SOPHIE *IS* RICH," DECLARED PA; "SHE'S WHAT YOU CALL RICH IN SPIRIT."



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

IF you happen, mentally, to be thirty-five, you should read Robert Herrick's remarkable novel-study of the relations of marriage to American conditions and of American conditions to marriage, "Together" (Macmillan). It seems a pity that the purveyors of fiction should not be able to devise some such simple system, indicative of the approximate intellectual fit of their wares, as that used by manufacturers, say, of youths' clothing. In this field it is assumed that each person who has passed twenty knows his own chest measure. Before that he finds the age for which the garment is suited plainly ticketed on the collar of the coat and the waistband of the trousers. We venture therefore to ticket "Together" after a similar fashion. It saves sending some one ahead of it with a red flag (as though it were a moral road-engine), to warn immature wayfarers and drivers of skittish intelligences from the highway. Mr. Herrick's literary method has ever combined that of the plodder and the artist. Leisurely, painstaking, thorough, running at times long chances on the patience of his readers, he yet proves himself, in the event, a seer. In his latest work he has at once carried his slowing thoroughness to its limit of safety and justified his mastery of it as a means to an end. "Together" is an excellent story and a really wonderful statement, fictionally made, of the conditions that underlie the familiar ferment about marriage and divorce, the equality of the sexes, and the right of individual self-fulfilment; a ferment that after the manner of the age reflects itself in current literature through half-baked novels by half-fledged thinkers offering meaningless solutions of half-grasped issues.

It has always been a peculiarity of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's artistic sorcery that we were conscious of, and yet negligent of, our loss of

bearings. We moved, not only satisfied but convinced, in a world self-fulfilling and self-sufficient, which yet differed from the real world by the un-isolatable factor of the author's idealism. And this has been true whether we peered through the mist of years at the tender beauty of "The Forest Lovers" or through the mere haze of national remoteness at the tragic-comedy of "The Spanish Jade." Moreover, we read "The Queen's Quair" and never after were able to visualize any other Mary, Queen of Scots. Yet we knew this visualization to consist of the Mary of history plus the unknown X of the factor in question. But Mr. Hewlett's "Halfway House" (Scribner), apart from the delicate beauty of the tale and the ingrained charm of its telling, provides us with a point of orientation. It establishes, so to speak, a meridian of Greenwich from which, if we choose, we may calculate longitude upon the sapphire sea of his romance. For "Halfway House" is a story of to-day, of life as we know and live it, transposed into the key of Mr. Hewlett's temperament, and removed, by the exact measure of his idealism, from the plane of what we call reality. Photographers of the Pyramids are fond of posing an Arab sheik upon one of the lower tiers of masonry in order that the eye, inferring the unknown from the known, may form a true judgment of dimension. "Halfway House," very exquisitely, furnishes us with a like argument from analogy.

It has been pointed out, I forget by what student of the fossil skeletons of literature, that in all fiction there is but a baker's half dozen of plot roots; and that all the stories ever told, reduced to their simplest terms, are variations of these seven themes, used singly or in combination. This fact seems sufficiently amazing. But it is, after all, closely analogous to that other

fact, discovered sooner or later by each of us, that all the faces of all the races of all the ages, reduced to their simplest terms, are mere variations of a single plot—two eyes, two cheeks, two ears, a mouth, a nose, a forehead, and a chin. And the ultimate significance of both discoveries is the same. The final fact to the realization of which they force us little by little, as we ponder and examine them, is that it is not the versatility of the variations nor the cleverness of the combinations that counts; but that, in fiction as well as in physiognomy, it is the human personalities expressed in the result that interest and engross us. This fact is delightfully and, in a sense, amusingly brought home to us in a brand-new novel by a brand-new writer, "The Post-Girl" (Century), by Edward C. Booth. The story, reduced to its simplest terms, is an absurdly obvious combination of two of fiction's most threadbare makeshifts. One recognizes them instantly. It is not too much to say that one hears them coming and recognizes their steps. But, far from being either bored by them or contemptuous of them, one laughingly realizes their utter insignificance in face of another and more meaningful combination—that of the human personality of the characters and of the literary personality of the author. The quality of "The Post-Girl" is indisputable; and, a first novel though it be, one is impelled to look upon Mr. Booth not, as the critical cant has it, as "a discovery," but definitely as an acquisition.

Some one has said that a man with a grievance is like a small boy with a drum. He meant, I think, a man with a grouch. For a grievance, properly cared for, is a dynamic asset. It bears the same relation to a reformer that a dam does to a grist-mill: backs up his sense of justice and turns it into horsepower. A grouch is a grievance fallen into disrepair; delivering indignation, like a leaky dam, through a hundred holes, but leaving the sluiceway empty and the turbine stalled. Now whatever may be one's estimate of Miss Marie Corelli's original hydraulic coefficient, there would seem, judging from her recent novels, to be but one pronouncement possible; namely, that her grievances (such as they were) have fallen into disrepair and that she is become a writer with a grouch. Her latest work, "Holy Orders" (Stokes), is the story of an English clergyman, vicar of a rural parish dominated by a brewery and cursed by drink. This statement, and indeed a more detailed outline of the plot, would give the impression that the author was castigating intemperance and, by contrast with the character of her hero, crying shame upon clerical indifference and inefficiency. This impression is correct but inadequate. Miss Corelli is castigating intemperance and also hu-

man nature and the twentieth century. She is crying shame upon clerical inefficiency and also upon whatsoever other exponents of the body politic, the body social, or the body religious happen to come into her field of vision. In short, her pages leak indignation, and she spills dissent and disgruntledness from a hundred descriptive and dissertative paragraphs, while the sluiceway of fiction is but half filled and the turbine of protest stalls for want of power.

There are two scenes in English fiction, the one provocative of a shudder, the other of a thrill, to which, I take it, more English-speaking readers have responded than to any others. The first is that in which Crusoe (poor fellow, how he must have sweltered on Juan Fernandez in that arctic get-up of his!) comes across the footprint on the beach. The other is where, to the cries of "A champion! A champion!" Wilfred of Ivanhoe, reeling in the saddle on his jaded horse, rides into the lists at Templestowe. The first satisfies that most deepseated of all our dramatic longings, a proof of the presence of evil. The second tickles that most flattering of all our sensibilities, the Saxon sympathy for the under-dog. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, through his biography of "Thomas Chatterton" (Moffat, Yard), has contrived to supply the second of these emotions from a source long relied upon to furnish the first. For a hundred and forty years, in literary annals, the character of Chatterton has been held up as a footprint—a cloven hoof print, indeed—upon the beach. We have, a good many of us, turned aside to look at it for the pure excitement of shuddering at its implications. And now Mr. Russell, his sharp pen brandished spear-wise and crying "A Rescue! A Rescue!" rides into the lists; and those of us who appreciate such things will take joy in his tilting. Not, let us own frankly, because we care for Chatterton. We have none of us read him and we probably never shall read him, since he wrote in an archaic language of his own invention, a sort of poetic "hog-Latin." But this modern tournament of Templestowe, with Chatterton as Rebecca, Horace Walpole as Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Dr. Samuel Johnson as Albert de Malvoisin, and Mr. Russell as Ivanhoe, offers us the spectacle of a good fight and the thrill of witnessing poetic justice done to a dead poet.

The lawyers (who are fond of condensing their wisdom into Latin-coated pellets) say of certain documents that they are ambulatory. That is to say that their spirit, like that of John Brown, goes marching on, and adapts itself to conditions unforeseen at the moment of their formulation. The same thing, one notices, is to be met with in

literature. There are reputations that are ambulatory. And there are, too, parts and portions of talent, or the subtler and less definable attributes of particular insights and of literary personality, that carry over into less perfect productions the glamour of better things. One is pleasantly conscious of this associational bias in one's enjoyment of one of the recent books, Mrs. Margaret Deland's "R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People" (Harper). Mrs. Deland's stories, these particular stories, judged by the strict standards of their class, are fictional fragments; dramatic cul-de-sacs that lead, very temptingly, nowhither. Yet they are delightful specimens of that femininity of insight and of that simple yet pregnant intimacy of observation that form so strong a link in the chain of Mrs. Deland's hold on us. In short, should we happen to be making Mrs. Deland's acquaintance through these tales, we should be likely to lose sight of their characteristic excellences in the realization of their shortcomings; but, thanks to our ambulatory impressions, it is the other way about.

I was eating a cherry-pie a few nights ago. It was a delicious pie; one of those cherry-pies that seem, almost, to have a soul. I don't know if you feel that way about it, but to me there are very few things that, on a purely material foundation, can come as near to being spiritual as a good cherry-pie. This was one of that order, and I was just beginning to close my eyes so as to get the full effect of the illusion when I discovered, quite suddenly, that the cook had been careless about pitting the cherries. I suppose we are all poor creatures and weak in faith; at any rate I couldn't, for the life of me, regain my attitude toward that pie. I finished my share of it, but with a divided personality; one half of me searching, consciously, for the flavor, and that part of me that the psychologists call the subconscious ego on the *qui vive* for pits. J. Breckenridge Ellis has told, in "Arkinsaw Cousins" (Holt), a story of one of the inland, happy-go-lucky, dry-rotted settlements of Arkansas where Southern traditions, gone a-pioneering, have blundered into a no-thoroughfare. It is an unmistakably human story, full of people whom we like and laugh at and whom, somehow, we feel are not only real in the fictional sense but are, or have been, flesh and blood somewhere in the author's experience. But

alas, whether through lack of practice or lack of pains, the cook has been careless about the cherries. We stumble, at inopportune moments, just perhaps when the illusion is most alluring, upon hard bits of unrelated realism or tooth-cracking little solecisms of style or of feeling. We read the book with genuine enjoyment, but, for the life of us, we cannot quite help shrinking from the possibility of pits.

OTHER BOOKS

"Santa Lucia" (Harper). A novel by Mary Austin dealing, with up-to-date openness and at the same time with a graceful common sense, with some of the problems of marriage only recently admitted to be legitimate material of fiction.

"The Open Window" (Macmillan). A series of "tales of the months" by that Barbara best known to most of us as "the Commuter's Wife." The interest of the volume lies more in our re-introduction to a familiar entourage than in the tales themselves.

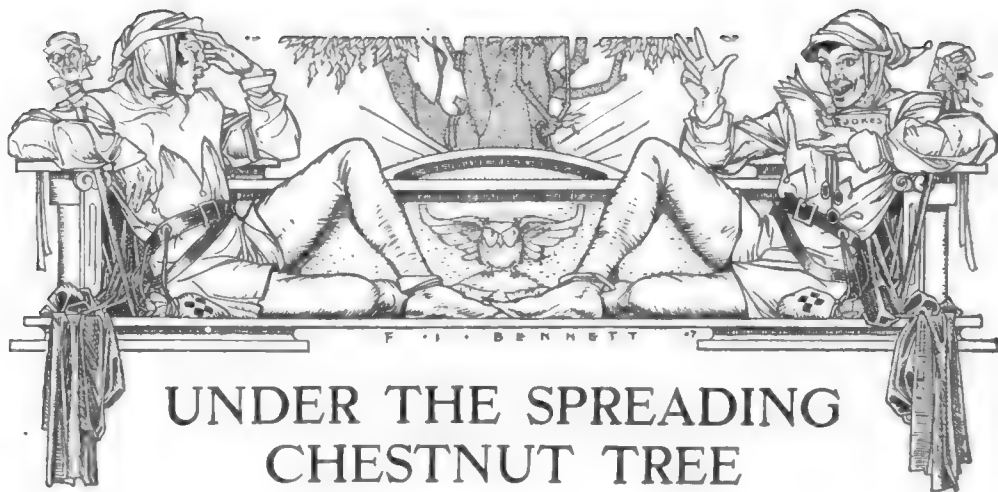
"Quickened" (Little, Brown). A story of Quebec and of the rehabilitation of an American fugitive from justice, told by Anna Chapin Ray. An entertaining book, touching with considerate skill upon religious influences and prejudices.

"John Greenleaf Whittier" (Houghton, Mifflin). A biographical sketch by Bliss Perry, executed with the admirable understanding and the critical nicety already familiar in Mr. Perry's work.

"The Courage of Blackburn Blair" (Moffat, Yard). The second novel in a "thought trilogy" by Eleanor Talbot Kinkaid. The hero is a Kentuckian involved in the political turmoil of the Goebel campaign, and his courage is of that moral order which it requires some other-worldliness to contemplate.

"Faust" (Macmillan). Goethe's dramatic poem liberally translated by Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr into dignified and frequently beautiful English verse.





UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A LADY in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily—"I want to go to my finance's fun'ral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady—"Your fiance's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice—"I'se sure about him, Mis', 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as new."

The patient went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore

up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

A gypsy, upon release from jail, met a friend.

"What were you in for?" asked the friend.

"I found a horse."

"Found a horse? Nonsense! They wouldn't jug you for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-sa-tion, y' know."

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when

she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water— No, there— Right over there!"

The guide was busy re-baiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."

Muriel, a five-year-old subject of King Edward, has been thought by her parents too young to feel the weight of the rod, and has been ruled by moral suasion alone. But when, the other day, she achieved disobedience three times in five minutes, more vigorous measures were called for, and her mother took an ivory paper-knife from the table and struck her smartly across her little bare legs. Muriel looked astounded. Her mother explained the reason for the blow. Muriel thought deeply for a moment. Then, turning toward the door with a grave and disapproving countenance, she announced in her clear little English voice:

"I'm going up-stairs to tell God about that paper-knife. And then I shall tell Jesus. And if *that* doesn't do, I shall put flannel on my legs!"

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of thim letters 'MDCCCXCVIII'?"

"They mean 'eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight.'"

"Dennis, don't it sthrike you thot they're car-ryin' this shpellin' reform entoirely too far?"

The officers' mess was discussing rifle shooting.

"I'll bet anyone here," said one young lieutenant, "that I can fire twenty shots at two hundred yards and call each shot correctly without waiting for the marker. I'll stake a box of cigars that I can."

"Done!" cried a major.

The whole mess was on hand early next morning to see the experiment tried.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he calmly announced.

A second shot.

"Miss," he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss."

"Here, there! Hold on!" protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting for the target at all."

"Of course not," admitted the lieutenant. "I'm firing for those cigars." And he got them.

One Saturday, shortly before the close of business, Kuhn, Loeb and Company had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan. As all the other employees had left, it was necessary to entrust the negro porter with the errand. He received careful instructions to take the valuable package to Mr. Morgan's office, and to insist upon giving it to "Mr. Morgan of J. P. Morgan and Company and to no one else."

By commendable persistence and many repetitions of his instructions he finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Morgan, who was in session with several other gentlemen in his private office.

"Ah wants to see Mr. Mawgan ob J. Piehpon' Mawgan an' Comp'ny," he doggedly insisted.

Mr. Morgan arose. "Well, I'm Mr. Morgan," he said. "Who are you?"

"Who—er—me?" stammered the porter. "Why, I'se de coon ob Kuhn, Loeb an' Comp'ny, an' heah's de papers Ah done brung yo'."

A young artist once persuaded Whistler to come and view his latest effort. The two stood before the canvas for some moments in silence. Finally the young man asked timidly, "Don't you think, sir, that this painting of mine is—well—er—tolerable?"

Whistler's eyes twinkled dangerously.

"What is your opinion of a tolerable egg?" he asked.

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!"

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director*

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE,
Editor

WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

IT would be interesting to know how the Christmas numbers of the magazines came to be published a whole month before Christmas. The newspapers regularly publish Easter and Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers a week before the celebration; but the magazines issuing once a month must, in order to be as "progressive," publish special numbers anywhere from four to six weeks before the event. We are writing this on October 25th, just two months before Christmas Day, at 4.30 P.M. All day we have been wooing the Christmas spirit, trying to get ourselves into the frame of mind to wish you a Merry Christmas as heartily and sincerely as we should if we could meet you face to face bright and early Christmas morning. But it won't woo—and that's the truth. We tried to create an atmosphere of Christmas by walking out of doors without an overcoat to get the chill of December, then coming into the cosy house and an especially nice dinner, with ice-cream and all that; but a miserable fly, revived by the Indian summer, flicked across the tablecloth, and the illusion fled.

Along about three o'clock, by thinking of last Christmas—the good times and the presents—we were just getting into a nice, mellow imitation of the Christmas feeling when we happened to think that it takes two to make Christmas. We might write beautiful Christmas greetings on October 25th; but what would they mean to you when you read them about November 25th, and when you had not put in a whole day creating an atmosphere of Christmas but were probably thinking how to make this year's business as

good as last in spite of the panic, or whether you could afford to buy that new fur coat the wife wants?

CAINE'S TRIBUTE

But while it is true that very few men have as yet begun to think of Christmas, there are thousands of loving, forehanded women who are already planning for the dear time. Last Saturday we came across a miss of eight sitting deep in a grown-up's chair, industriously knitting. It was play-day, and we wondered. Questioning developed that it was to be an afghan for a dolly's carriage, a Christmas present for a little cousin in the West. Rather a nice picture, don't you think?—and a whole volume on Christmas.

Have you ever thought how intelligently we have timed our national holidays? On July 4th, and for weeks before, and after, our thought is love for our common country, when martial music and ringing addresses kindle anew the fires of patriotism. At Thanksgiving we stop long enough to consider our material prosperity and express our gratitude to the bountiful Giver. Then comes Christmas, the glad time, the dear time when all the world shows that it has a heart and is proud of it. And then when the rose light of the Christmas afterglow is dimming, and hearts are slipping back into hiding, and men are hardening up in the daily struggle, and the steady star of peace on earth is forgotten before the flaming star of conquest for position and gold, the Easter time is ushered in, pointing its hope to the hereafter and turning our thoughts from the

things that perish with time, to those that may weather eternity. Anyone who will observe these holidays as they come and go is likely to be a vigilant citizen, a faithful steward, a loyal brother, a good man. America teems with such men and women. Hall Caine in "My Story" says of America:

"I love its people because they are free, with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth, and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most industrious, earnest, active, and ingenious people on the earth; because they are the most moral, religious, and, above all, the most sober people in the world; because, in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial observers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing towards the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they can preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and natural manner and a fine independence of sex."

It is a beautiful tribute, and we believe deserved. Only, he has done less than justice to our women—their tireless energy, their mental alertness, their splendid efforts in all uplift movements, their burning patriotism, their religious convictions, their superb idealism for their families and for themselves. The faithful observance of our holidays will help us to continue to merit such tribute.

AXES TO GRIND

Christmas is likely to be made a trying time by some folks. Some attempt to do too much, others are not forehanded like the little miss with her knitting. We give here a few hints which may help to make Christmas of 1908 a little easier for you. When you come to the last hint, please imagine that we are looking at you steadily with the right eye, while the left is closed. That is our little joker; but if our hints have not helped you, don't turn our grindstone.

1—Let the children, and *make* father, help. Your children will know what your brother's children want.

2—Make a list of all the folks to be remembered. Do it now. Divide the list among the members of the family, and let the ones whose judgment you doubt report plans before making purchases.

3—If you have a tree, make a lark instead of labor of decorating. Let all the adults help, and neighbors who have no children.

4—A gift is supposed to represent your wealth of affection, not your bank balance.

5—You will give more pleasure with a thoughtful gift than with an expensive one.

6—Getting a big show for the money may do for some wedding, but never for any Christmas.

7—If the panic or any other upset has made it impossible for you to give as usual, write letters instead. Your friends will like you all the better, sure.

8—Don't leave letters and cards till the last moment. Write them at your convenience and hold them till the proper time.

9—Mail everything to reach your friends before Christmas, and mark the packages "Open Christmas." Late guests and late Christmas packages are of a class.

10—Do your shopping early; you avoid the crowd; you help the merchant and salespeople, and you get a larger selection.

11—Wrap your gifts carefully and daintily. They give so much more pleasure than a sloppy package, evidently rushed as if you begrudged the time.

12—If you send cigars, discover his brand and don't send worse.

13—Remember the people who have served you.

14—Any poor near you?

15—And here is the joker: Remember that a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S makes a splendid Christmas remembrance. May we send a beautiful Christmas card, inscribed as below, to a list of your friends? Send the names early enough to give us time to get the cards addressed and mailed.



REQUESTS

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
TO ANNOUNCE THAT
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
WILL BE SENT TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR
COMMENCING WITH
THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE NEW YEAR

THE PUBLISHERS
WISH TO JOIN THE DONOR IN THE HOPE
THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE FROM EVERY
NUMBER THE SAME ENJOYMENT
THAT PROMPTED THE GIFT

To _____

Do You Know that Workmen Owe Thanks to Workwomen for Shorter Workdays? Read THE WOMAN'S INVASION, Page 798

Vol. XIX

No. 6

Everybody's Magazine

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TIFFANY & Co.

Brief Mention of Holiday Stock Described in the Christmas Blue Book

(Blue Book, containing range of prices, sent upon request)

Tiffany & Co. urge patrons to make early selections, as the stock consists largely of individual pieces that will not be duplicated. Through the facilities of Tiffany & Co.'s Correspondence Department, patrons living at a distance are assured of prompt and efficient service. Goods will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES: An unusual stock of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, offering unlimited opportunities for individual taste in selections for mountings and in the choice of pearls for necklaces

JEWELRY: Rings, brooches, bracelets, bangles, necklaces, hair ornaments, waistcoat buttons, sleeve links, scarf pins, stick pins, watch pins, French enameled, and jeweled lorgnons; hat pins, collar pins, earrings, etc.

WATCHES AND CHAINS: Plain gold watches, split second, and repeaters, for men; plain gold, enameled, and diamond mounted watches for ladies; watch chains, fobs, and pins

GEMS AND MINERALS: A varied collection of tourmaline, amethyst, topaz, kunzite, chrysoprase, turquoise matrix; amber, coral, and jade beads; also richly carved objects of rock crystal, lapis-lazuli, and nephrite

FAVRILE GLASS AND METAL WARE: Vases, bowls, wine glasses, cups, candlesticks, compotiers, decanters, cabinet pieces, etc.

FANCY GOODS: Imported novelties, French enamels, miniatures by Patout, Paillet, Soyer, Mollica; enameled cigarette, and vanity boxes set with precious stones; plaques, jewel caskets, reproductions in silver of rare antique vases, and coupes; ivory carvings, many styles of gold mesh bags, plain, and mounted with precious stones; cigar, and cigarette cases; match boxes, card cases of gold, silver, and leather; library articles, desk sets, game boxes, plain, and gilded French silverware of the Empire style; Dutch silver; unique hors d'oeuvre, and bon bon dishes of silver and glass; English automobile baskets with all fittings

OPERA, FIELD, AND MARINE GLASSES: Lorgnons of gold, shell, and pearl; barometers, thermometers, compasses, etc.

TOILET ARTICLES: Gold, silver, ivory, shell, and fancy wood toilet articles; manicure sets

POCKET CUTLERY AND RAZORS: Gold, and silver penknives; Swedish razors, scissors, safety razor sets, cigar cutters, cigar box openers, etc.

SILVERWARE: Complete dinner, and tea services; chests of forks and spoons, presentation pieces, loving cups, etc.

FANS: Rich modern, and antique lace, and painted fans with pearl, shell, and ivory sticks. Fans of Point d'Angleterre, d'Alencon, Burano, and Venetian laces; rare antique fans of Louis XV, and XVI periods. Vernis Martin fans, and others painted by Houghton, and Maurice Leloir. Ostrich, and other feather fans

UMBRELLAS, CANES AND WHIPS: Umbrellas, canes, riding whips, and crops, mounted in gold, and silver, some with enamel, others set with jewels; gold, and silver spurs, and stirrups; silver, and ivory handle boot pulls, etc.

BRONZES AND MARBLES: Statuettes from France, Germany, and Austria, by Gérôme, Bareau, Barrias, Moreau, and others; also busts of Washington, Lincoln, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner; animals by Barye, Bonheur, Peyrol, Proctor, Remington; and groups by other European, and American sculptors

LEATHER GOODS: Automobile, shopping, and traveling bags; suit cases, portfolios, portemonnaies, card cases, blotters, belts, etc.

CLOCKS: Hall clocks in woods to harmonize with house decorations, bronze, and marble clock sets, gilt and glass regulators, mantle, night, automobile, marine, and traveling clocks

TIFFANY FAVRILE LAMPS AND ELECTROLIERS: Favre glass and metal lamps for library, desk, piano or hall; large hanging shades for dining room, also many styles of candlesticks, and shades

POTTERY AND GLASS: Finest productions of Minton, Copeland, Crown Derby, and other noted English potteries; remarkable Doulton crystalline glazes, Moorcroft Luster pottery, authentic Royal Copenhagen signed pieces, rare National Sevres vases, new effects in Tiffany Favre Glass, Lancastrian, and Ruskin wares; and other American products from the Grueby, Robineau, Rookwood, and Trenton potteries; also English glass vases, bowls, and table sets, in cut, and rock crystal effects

Fifth Avenue and 37th Street New York

We Hit the Line Hard—That's Why

Writing at this football season we easily fall into football figures of speech. After the ball is put in play comes the tremendous impact of one team against the other's line which must be broken through. That is "hitting the line hard."

So in that seasonable parlance we answer the italicized question asked in the following letter:—

NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY CO.

New York, August 26, 1908.

MR. ROBERT FROTHINGHAM.

Dear Sir:—About four years ago we inaugurated a small advertising campaign, using two-inch space in a dozen magazines, among which, of course, was "Everybody's."

We have grown since then and have learned considerable about advertising and mediums, as our present campaign will indicate; but there is one problem we can't solve and that is *why* "Everybody's," with practically the same class of circulation enjoyed by

all standard magazines and with about the same proportionate advertising rate, should bring us returns at about half the cost of the next lowest medium of its class.

The problem is not really worrying us, but we are curious to know the answer, because there must be a reason.

Meanwhile we are pleased to enclose copy for October, and the only position we request is somewhere among the advertising pages. Some pages may be better than others, but they're all good.

Very truly,

C. J. VAN SLYKE, Secretary.

EVERYBODY'S advertisements "hit the line hard" because EVERYBODY'S readers read them with a peculiarly alert attentiveness. They have become trained to this habit—partly through the warm personal regard they have for the editorial individuality of the magazine which extends to its advertisements; and partly through the systematic encouragement we have ourselves been giving, for years, to the building up of this advertising-reading habit.

Another reason for this strong impact is that EVERYBODY'S readers, as a general rule, have the fair incomes—and large numbers of them more than fair incomes—which enable them to respond to advertisements which meet their wishes and satisfy their judgments.

So this advertiser found himself in the record-breaking team.

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A BOOK MANY WILL WANT.—A year ago, you will remember, we asked our readers to answer in essay form the question, "Which is the most effective advertisement in this November issue of EVERYBODY'S, and Why?" Some 950 very capable essays were received in this contest. They proved so significant in their analysis of the public's points of view in the reading of advertisements that a very progressive book publisher desired to issue them in a lasting volume as a highly important contribution to the science of advertising.

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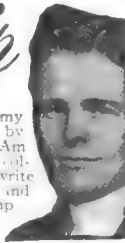
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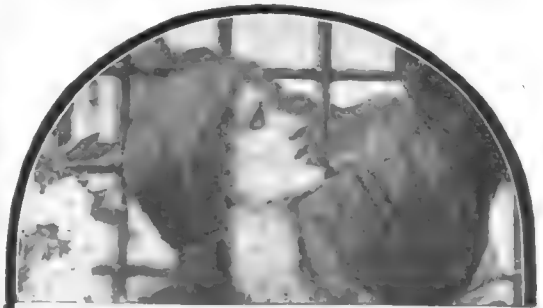
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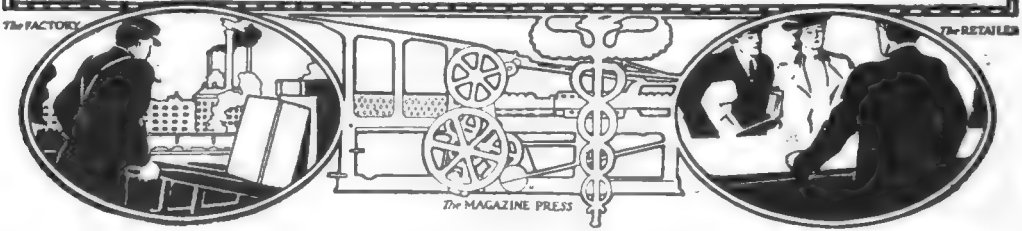
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When Advertised Clothes Were New



IT seems hardly credible that the very first magazine advertisements of men's clothing were published in this country not much more than ten years ago. Yet it is true.

Until then the retail clothier sold garments made chiefly in sweat-shops, sent out with no manufacturer's name. "Ready-made" was a jest. The clothes did not fit, had no style, would not hold shape. "Ready-made" was intended for men who could not afford to patronize a custom tailor.

When these first advertisements appeared, retail clothiers were sceptical. The idea of a manufacturer trying to sell clothes bearing *his* name, and backed by *his* reputation, was suspicious. The idea of a manufacturer using the printed word to help *them* sell better clothes, and more of them, was unheard of. Presently the first "natural pose" fashion picture appeared. Clothiers laughed at it. Why, it showed a coat wrinkled at the elbows, just as it looked on a live man! People wanted fashion pictures that showed never a wrinkle or crease. Many of the clothiers refused to display such a freakish fashion-plate.

But the public quickly saw the point—as usual. It wanted ready-to-wear garments like those in the natural pictures, and backed by the name and assurance of the manufacturer who explained his product in the magazines. Some clothiers set their faces against this demand. These obstructionists have disappeared. The majority, however, saw that a new era

had dawned in their trade, and not only sold these garments, but coöperated with the manufacturer to raise standards.

To-day, every clothing manufacturer of prominence in this country is a national advertiser, while every retailer of consequence sells one or more of the excellent lines of advertised men's clothes.

The sweat-shop has practically disappeared. For clothes like these can be made only in light, clean, sanitary work-rooms, by skilled workers with special machinery.

The "hand-me-down" of the past has disappeared too, and with it the Baxter Street joke. Whatever their incomes, American men are the best-dressed in the world. Our college boys buy ready-to-wear. The mechanic dresses as well as the banker of the last generation. Crack London tailors admit that, with the sweat-shop system still in England, they cannot equal the workmanship on moderate-price American ready-to-wear men's clothes.

So much for improvement in quality through magazine advertising and its national demand. As for increase in volume of trade, that has been amazing.

Retail clothiers now do a business that would have seemed impossible twenty years ago. For manufacturers, through magazine advertising, have shown people the wisdom of buying good quality, the advantage of having several suits, the real value of a good appearance. That has sent an *informed* patronage to the retail clothier everywhere.

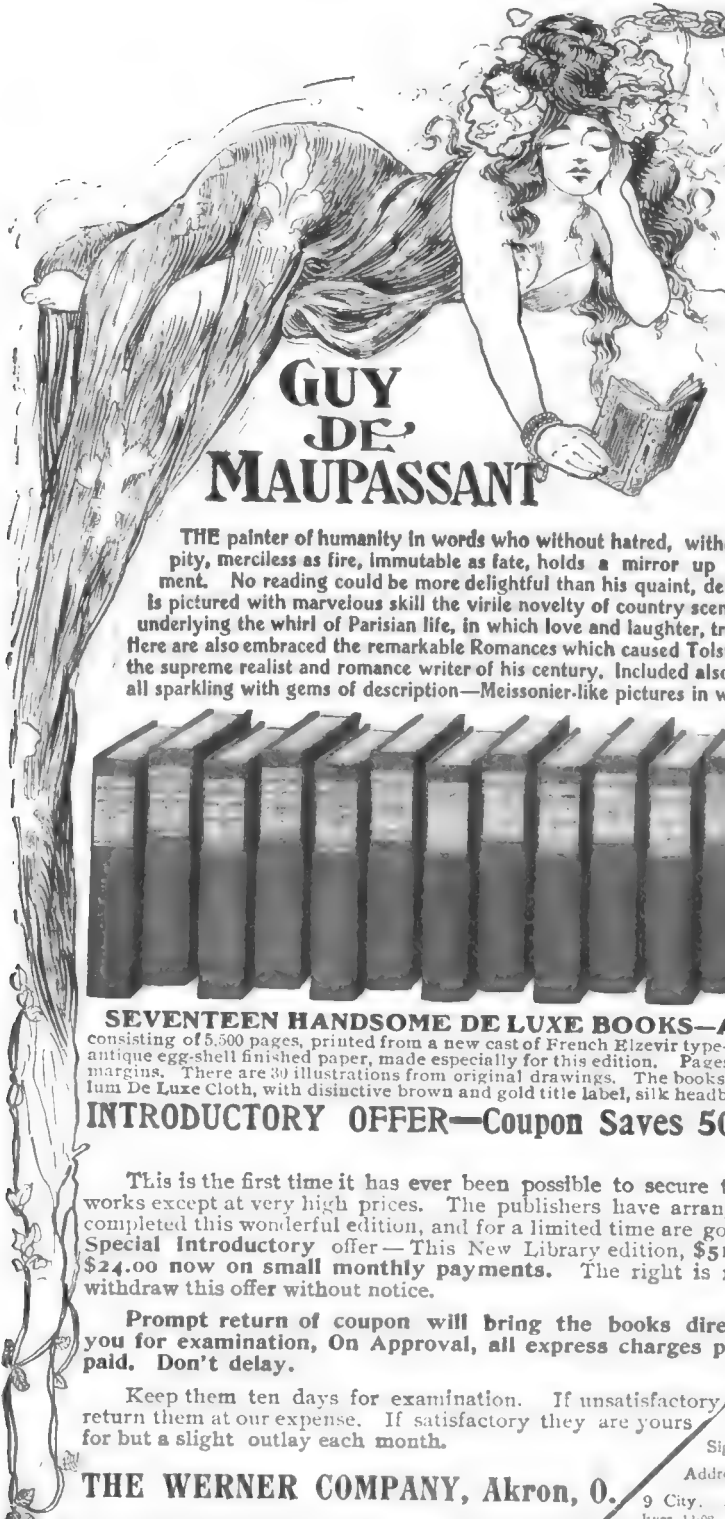
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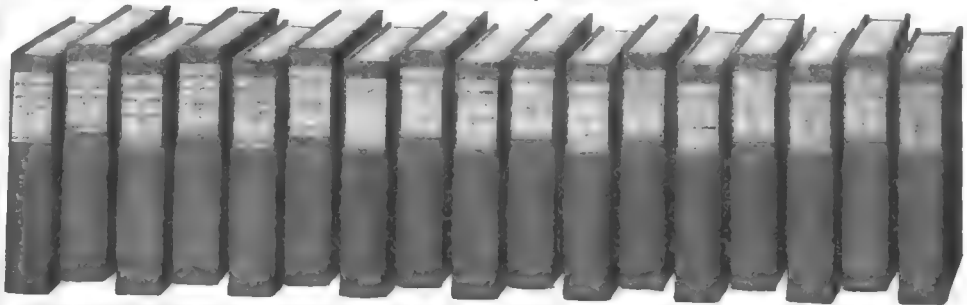
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Illustration by Will Greff for "Max Marshall's Wife"

Maximilian Foster

Julia Kennett Colt

Alvah Milton Kerr



"Uncle Joe" Cannon, fired with admiration for the future of the United States, exclaimed: "Why, it's a h— of a country!" Father Bandini, in similar circumstances, would have cried: "Why, it's a paradise of a country!" And as far as the good father and his little community of Italians at Tontitown are concerned, this country is a paradise. Colonized on land apparently unproductive, they made it blossom in extravagant abundance. Sick and poverty-stricken, they won for themselves health and competence. Ignorant, they created good American schools. Despised, maltreated by misguided American neighbors, they became citizens, commanded their rights, and won respect and friendship. Successful themselves, they taught their Anglo-Saxon neighbors how to succeed. It is a wonder story, and John L. Mathews has set it down simply and delightfully for our January number.

There have been a hundred articles on flying machines, but who knows much of anything about flying? There are a hundred flying machines, but how many fly? And *how* do they fly, or try to fly? These are some of the questions we asked Maximilian Foster, and when you have read his article you will be able to answer them for yourself.

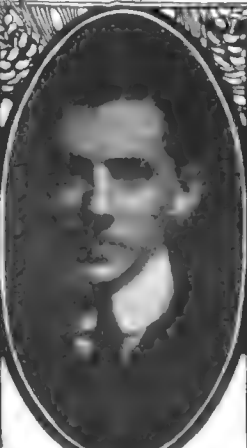
What makes a story funny? It may be you won't think Joseph C. Lincoln's story, "The Seer and the Servant," and J. Storer Clouston's story, "The Pill," humorous. We did. Moreover, we refuse to apologize. If you don't agree—some, or any of you—we can only feel sorry—not for ourselves, for we still think them very funny—just sorry.

Everybody's

Number



Charles Edward Russell



Justus Miles Forman



Joseph C. Lincoln



Illustration by Alexander Popini for
"The Pill"

Most people who follow the magazines are familiar with the name of Justus Miles Forman, and have read some of his stories. We know intelligent people who make it their business to read all of the yarns he writes. Some are better than others, but all Forman's work has charm and literary value. It is astonishing how many excellent stories he has turned out. His latest, "The Madness of Willie Trent," is most unusual, and is beautifully told.

Here is a remarkable description of the business of Pearl Hunting. Not the hackneyed details, but a glowing picture of the work and play of gathering, buying and selling the pearl oysters, as it is conducted on the shores of the Indian Ocean. C. Bryson Taylor is the author.

Apart from the proposition—what does or does not constitute humor—some of us think we know what does constitute a good story, and we definitely claim that "The Branded Man's Gift," by Alvah Milton Kerr, is a strong, virile piece of work, well worth reading. Another good story, quite out of the ordinary, is Julia Kennett Colt's "Max Marshall's Wife," a hunting romance, with a curious sequel.

Do you know that it costs more to pay for American fires than it does to support the German army? And that it is comparatively easy to prevent fires? Samuel Hopkins Adams has written a vigorous article, which drives home the fact of our own inefficiency, and gives some straight-from-the-shoulder suggestions for an adequate remedy.

There are notable illustrations: Drawings by Dunton, Mazzanovitch, Gruger; and photographs.

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Everybody's Magazine

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Did you ever stop to think of this side of magazine work? Of the possibilities for money making that there are in it? You have but to suggest to your friends, your neighbors, and as many strangers as you have time to see, that a year's subscription to a good live magazine like Everybody's is a pleasant twelve-time remembrance. You will find many ready buyers who will thank you for the suggestion—we have the facts to prove it.

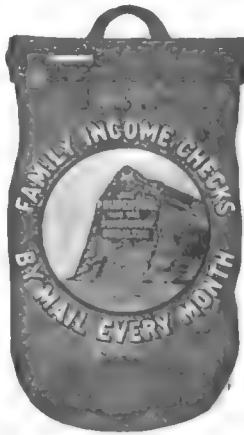
During November, December and January more people subscribe for magazines than during the whole remaining nine months of the year. Many more would become subscribers if they had the matter called to their attention.

It makes no difference whether you are a man or a woman—young or old—if you want to add a little something to your income, the present time may be rightly termed "A Golden Opportunity."

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It is primarily an instrument for enjoyment. Incidentally of the most important educational value, it appeals first to the love of music that is in every normally organized human being and places the entire range of musical composition within the reach even of those who as is frequently said "do not know one note from another."

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Almost without exception when a man begins playing a Pianola Piano he starts with rag-time and light opera. Gradually he tries better things and finds out by playing it himself, just why classical music *is* classic. Then he browses about amongst his music much as he does among his books and takes freely what his mood requires.



Soon he attains the joy of conquest. He finds that he can play well and realizes that, while partly mechanical, the Pianola leaves ample room for the expression of individuality.

No two people play the Pianola exactly alike any more than any two give the same expression in hand-playing.

And there is one great advantage of the Pianola over other Piano-players. It leaves more room for the player's character to find expression. The mechanical part goes only so far as to produce the notes in proper sequence and relation—the performer does the rest. Some Piano-players have a row of levers and buttons along the front, like the keyboard of a typewriter. One's mind is so occupied with pushing this button and pulling that lever that all joy in the music is lost.

In playing the Pianola one has all the sensation of hand-playing. One can give the music as it is written and forget that there are wheels and bellows inside the beautiful case.

It is a curious fact that each man that owns a Pianola is clearly positive he plays it just a little bit better than his neighbor. Thus it becomes individual.

We say "man" because more men than women play the Pianola. Perhaps, because they need to do so—perhaps the soothing, resting influence of music is more essential to them. Certain it is that an hour at the Pianola, with just the sort of music one craves, will clear away the cobwebs from weary brains and give a sort of rest that nothing else can bring.

Surely only those fail to own Pianolas who have no real knowledge of what the instrument is.

Many do not realize that there is a world of music as wide and as various as the world of books, and in it probably, more real enjoyment and happiness.

The Pianola opens it all as freely as all literature is open to him who knows only the rudiments of cultivated language.

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Martha—The Last Rose of Summer (Flotow) No. 74121 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In English

Gina C. Viafora, Soprano

Manon Lescaut—In quelle trine morbide! (Puccini) (In Those Silken Curtains) No. 64094 10-inch, with orchestra, \$1 In Italian

Evan Williams, Tenor

Serenade (Schubert) No. 64093 10-inch, with orchestra, \$1 In English
Crossing the Bar (Tennyson—Willeby) No. 74119 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In English
Carmen—Flower Song (Bizet) No. 74122 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In English

Marcel Journet, Bass

Jongleur de Notre Dame—Legende de la Tango (Massenet) No. 74123 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In French

Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone

Trovatore—Il balen (Verdi) (The Tempest of the Heart) No. 74124 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In Italian

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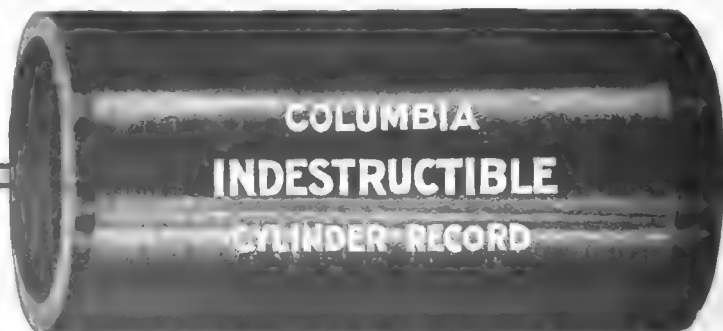


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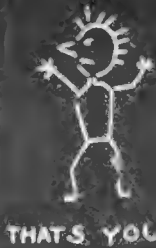
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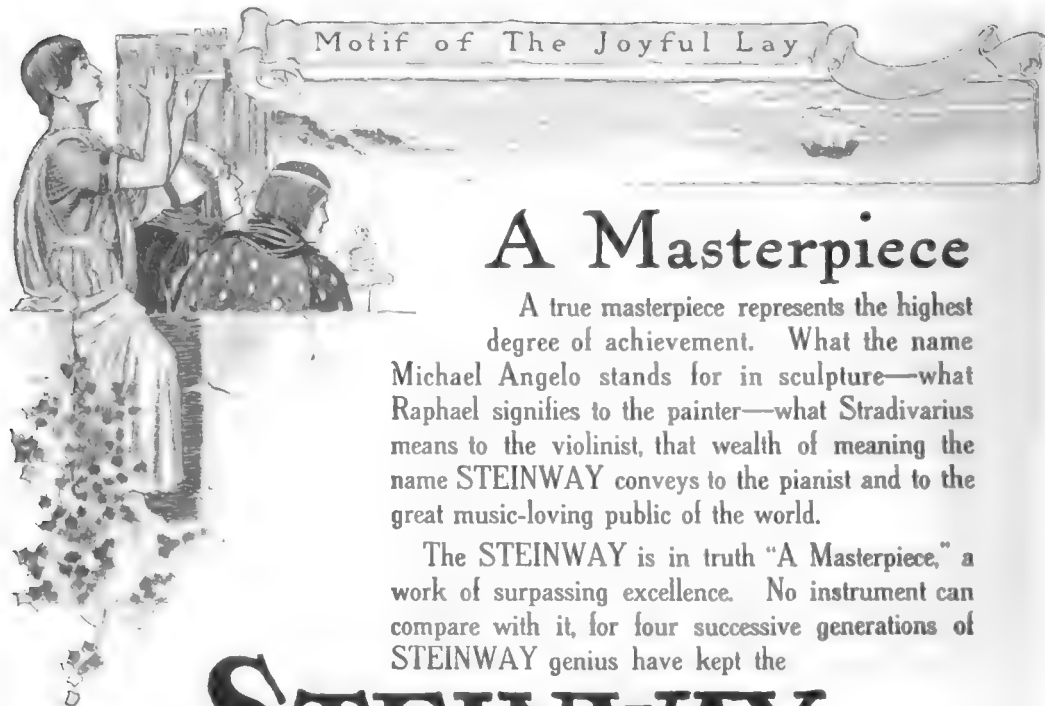
Our catalogue and Christmas Book will tell you all about them. Free at the dealer's, or mailed on request.

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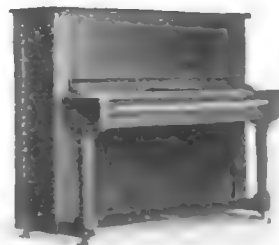
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You can buy these pens at all prices, suiting all purses and all tastes. The price of the most inexpensive kind is so low that it makes the cheapest good Christmas present you can give, while in the finer and more ornamented kinds you can pay almost anything that you would pay for a Christmas gift. When making out your list do not forget yourself. Make this a Waterman Christmas for you and for everybody else. Booklet sent on request.

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In comparison to the HOWARD the selection of any other watch must appear in the light of a makeshift and a compromise.

The HOWARD has a history of which every American should be proud.

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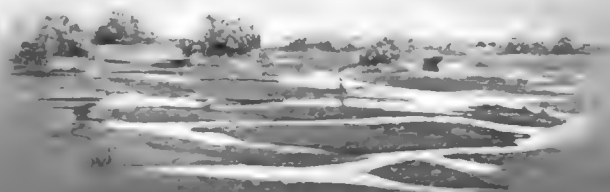
The HOWARD is the best watch *investment*. It will never be common. It will never be at a discount. It takes a given time to produce a HOWARD—and not every jeweler can sell you one. A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35; to the 23-jewel in a 14-K solid gold case at \$150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

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IS THE ONLY KIND WORTH WHILE

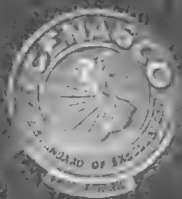


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is insured with Trinidad Lake Asphalt—Nature's absolute waterproofer. Doubly insured—backed by the written guarantee of a thirty-two-million-dollar organization. Genasco gives lasting protection—and costs about the same as ordinary roofing.

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Largest producers of asphalt and largest
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Largest makers in the world of GOOD tailored - to - order clothes

Ask our representative to show you our numbers 4783, 4895, 4897, 4898, 4899, and take your measure

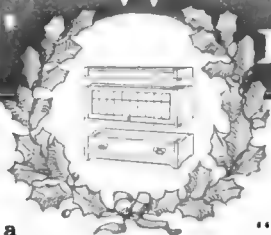
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This is not too early to consider the important question of Suitable Holiday Gifts—that is, if you wish to make a selection of choice character—something that is indicative of thoughtfulness rather than haste.

Then don't postpone action until Christmas Eve.

Let us recommend that you write at once for our Catalogue of *Globe-Wernicke* Book-cases, containing 25 original plans of Modern Home Libraries.

It is beautifully illustrated, portraying by comprehensive suggestions how libraries can be furnished at reasonable cost—a unit at a time.



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\$8.00

a real 1000 model and a modern arm in every respect. Barrel and lug forged from one piece of steel—giving strength and safety. Reliable ejector of improved design. For quality, finish and balance this gun is unsurpassed.



**Hammer
the Hammer,**

drop it, kick it
about the
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any test you may
make will prove
that the

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER

is genuinely safe—safe as no other revolver is—and that its safety device is entirely automatic—no distracting switches, levers or buttons to think about when you want to discharge it, or when you don't.

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For baby, mother, father, sister, brother, grandma, grandpa, aunt or uncle, niece or nephew, husband, wife or sweetheart.

This is your opportunity to make an out-of-the-ordinary Christmas gift—something entirely different from any other Christmas gift ever made before—a gift that will be doubly appreciated by any man or woman—**THE THERMOS BOTTLE.** It is a useful gift—useful in a hundred ways. And it is a handsome gift—comes in polished nickel and also covered with the finest leathers. You can also get Thermos Bottles in Combination Sets, two or more together with cases of leather, or in wicker baskets and many other convenient forms.



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Keeps Liquids Steaming Hot 24 Hours or Ice Cold 72 Hours

Everybody Wants Thermos Bottles—

When motoring, traveling, and on all out-
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To use at home for luncheon and all kinds
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Quickly Soothes and Heals the Tender, Cracked, Sore Skin.

To keep the Skin soft, smooth, clear and healthy, there is nothing quite so good, so delightful to use, and so sure in accomplishing all that it claims, as **Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream**.



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\$2,000 In Cash Prizes

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It is impossible to describe in mere words the subtle charm of this artistic triumph. The accompanying photographic reproduction fails to give any real idea of the indescribable sweetness and womanly beauty which the handsome face of this girl shows in the original. Although the Pabst Extract calendars have long been famed for their artistic beauty, our 1909 creation (7 inches wide by 36 inches long, and printed in 14 rich colors) entirely surpasses anything we have yet offered. No more beautiful panel could adorn the walls of any home, den or office, and we want to see one of them in every home in America—a constant reminder to all that

Pabst Extract

The "Best" Tonic

**"Brings the Roses
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It is a builder of health, strength, vigor and vitality—a tonic that enriches the blood, steadies the nerves and rebuilds the wasted tissues of the body. Embracing in its component parts the bracing, soothing and toning effects of choicest hops, together with the vital, tissue building and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt, it is at once a tonic and a food.

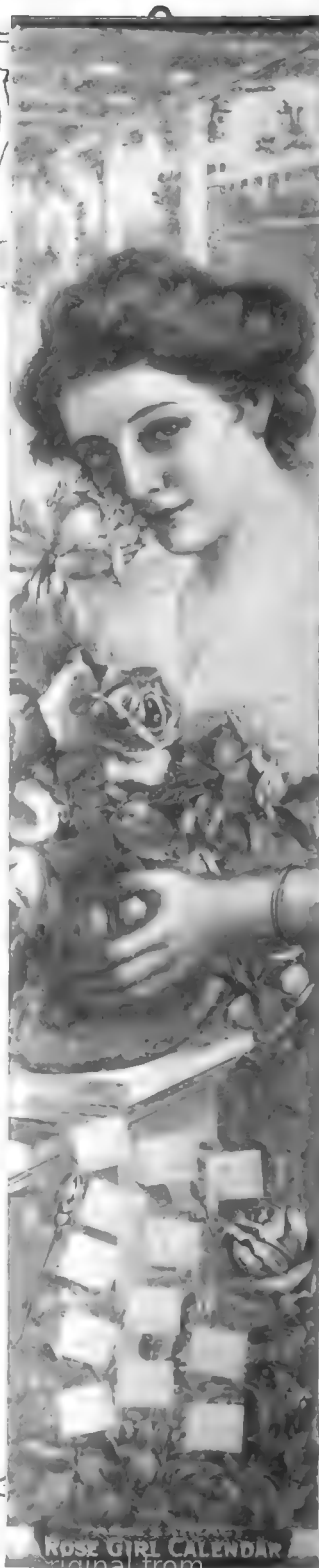
For Sale by All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

This Calendar is Free

All we ask you to do is to send us ten cents in stamps or coin to cover cost of packing and mailing. Write today.

Pabst Extract Dept. A8

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Don't simply say to your druggist:

"Give me some Vaseline."

Find out what is best adapted to your needs and ask for *those kinds*. For every *ordinary* ailment there is a certain sort of

VASELINE

(In convenient, sanitary tin tubes)

There's a kind that stops a toothache—**Capsicum Vaseline** (just drop a little into the cavity). Also better than mustard plaster for rheumatism, colds in the chest, throat, etc.

There's another kind best for neuralgia and nervous headache—**Mentholated Vaseline** (apply externally).

Another kind for antiseptically dressing cuts, sores, burns, bites, etc.—**Carbolated Vaseline**.

A kind for preserving the complexion and for rough skin—**Vaseline Cold Cream**; a genuine cold cream that will not become rancid.

And many other kinds—all adapted for *your* every day requirements—all excellent—all pure—such as:

Vaseline Camphor Ice
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White Vaseline

Pomade Vaseline
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc
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We will send you a valuable household "VASELINE HANDBOOK" for the asking.

It is brimful of suggestions that will prove useful to you. It fully describes the many uses of Vaseline and tells you *how* and *when* and *why* to use it.

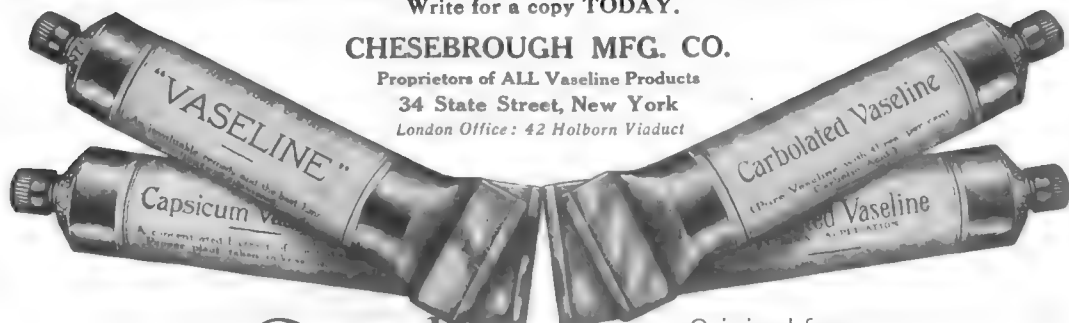
Write for a copy **TODAY**.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

Proprietors of ALL Vaseline Products

34 State Street, New York

London Office: 42 Holborn Viaduct



THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

There are some men who seem to feel superior to creating a good impression.

They do not want to stoop so low as to go to the best hotel. They will not buy a hat or an umbrella that can get business. Their general idea is to bang their way into the market, succeed in their shirt-sleeves, as it were, and on the strength of the goods.

Now, of course, if a man—say in New York, for instance,—has time to succeed in his shirt-sleeves, there is no objection to it. The idea of having as one's address the best hotel, or in writing one's business on the best paper, is not that a man could not succeed in his shirt-sleeves, if he set out to, but that he hasn't time. He gets little things out of the way and proceeds to business.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

is used by people who know.

You should have the Book of Specimens, which shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms as actually used by prominent houses. Write us on your letterhead.

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Only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively
South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

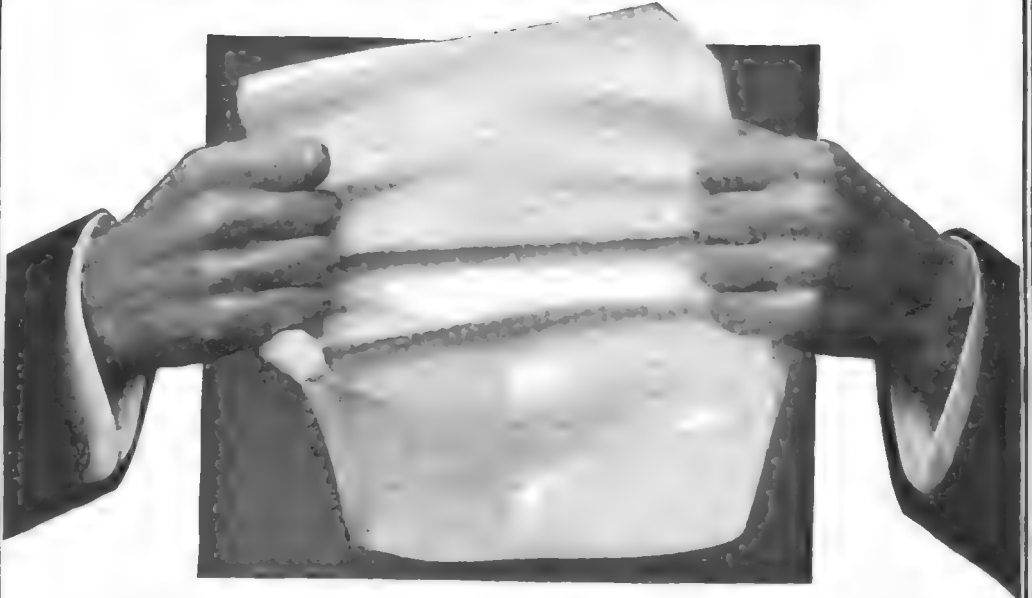


MADE "A LITTLE BETTER THAN SEEMS NECESSARY"—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"

Take a Couple of Sheets of COUPON BOND

hold them diagonally before you, grip them firmly in both hands, then jerk them, pull them, strain them, try to tear them apart.

Then make this test with any other business paper.



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**will stand this test or any other you can name
where all "near-bond" business papers fail.**

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Write us for samples of this splendid paper in all colors.

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*Largest Manufacturers of Writing, Book and Cover,
and other papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.*

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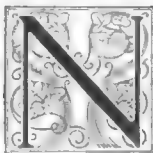
MASS.



CRANE'S

Correct Social Stationery

*Crane's
Linen
Lawn*



Linen Lawn.

O Christmas gift conveys a more delicate compliment to the recipient than a box of fine stationery—if the stationery is really fine. No stationery expresses the Christmas spirit of good will and at the same time is more acceptable than Crane's Linen Lawn. It is readily identified by the water-mark.

*Christmas
Boxes*



GOOD writing paper is an even more attractive Christmas gift when put up in a box decorated in the Christmas spirit, which can afterwards be used as a glove or handkerchief box. In all stores where good stationery is sold you will find the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company's holiday and decorative boxes. These are filled with excellent writing papers, are decorated in exquisite designs to suit all tastes, and are found at prices to suit all purses, from 50c. to \$15.

*Crane's
Calling
Cards*



THE stock used in Crane's Calling Cards is so free from any blemish or fault, and so perfect in the finished surface that it takes the impression from the engraved plate more beautifully than any other card stock. This is why it is so popular with the best stationers and with their best customers. If you ask for Crane's no reputable dealer will offer you anything else.

Samples of all these papers and cards sent on request

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, Pittsfield, Mass.



An Ideal Christmas Gift

BOUCHER ADJUSTABLE SHAVING GLASS

Every man should have one.

It makes shaving safe and comfortable.

It may be applied to any window, or elsewhere to obtain a strong light, and instantly adjusted to any angle.

It may be carried safely in a satchel.

Furnished express paid.

Beveled Edge, \$2.00; Chipped Edge, \$1.50; Magnifying, \$5.00.

Money refunded if not satisfactory
Send for circular

CALDWELL MANUFACTURING CO., 123 Jones St., Rochester, N. Y.

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

KODAK

Solves the Christmas Problem.

So simple that even in the hands of the novice they make good pictures, so perfect in equipment that they fulfill the requirements of the expert—such are the

Folding Pocket Kodaks

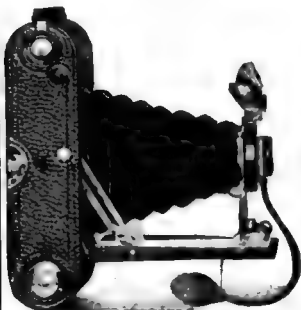
No. 1,	for pictures	$2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches,	-	-	\$10.00
No. 1A,	"	"	$2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	"	- - 12.00
No. 1A Special,	"	"	$2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	"	- - 15.00
No. 3,	"	"	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	"	- - 17.50
No. 3A,	"	"	$3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$	"	- - 20.00
No. 4,	"	"	4×5	"	- - 20.00

Kodaks. \$5.00 to \$100.00. Brownie Cameras, \$1.00 to \$9.00.

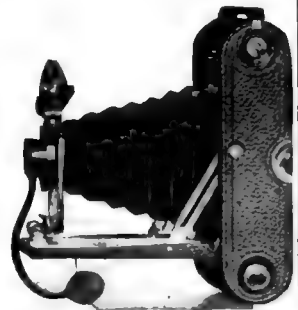
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

*Catalog free at the dealers
or by mail.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



*If it isn't
an Eastman,
it isn't a
Kodak.*



"ORANGE BLOSSOM"

ALVIN

MFG.

CO.



Cold Meat Fork

Sterling
Silver



The purity of design and perfection of workmanship in Alvin Silver place it in the highest rank of contemporary manufactures.

The Orange Blossom Design shown above is made in one hundred and ten different articles and is especially suited to Wedding Gifts. It is made in Sterling Silver, stamped with the above trade mark, and can be obtained from any high-class jeweler in sets or single pieces to meet the requirements of complete service. Send for Pamphlet.

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
Also 52 Maiden Lane
NEW YORK CITY

GREAT Light-gathering capacity and perfect optical corrections combine to make the **Bausch & Lomb Zeiss NEW TESSAR** one of the greatest of our modern lenses for both indoor and outdoor work.

Send for Booklet, "Anastigmatics."



PRISM is a little magazine of lens information. Send for copy.

Our name on a Photographic Lens, Field Glass, Microscope, Laboratory Apparatus, Scientific or Engineering Instrument is our guarantee.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.

CARL ZEISS, JENA

GEO. N. SAEGMULLER

Offices:
New York
Boston
Chicago
San Francisco
Washington
London
Frankfurt
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

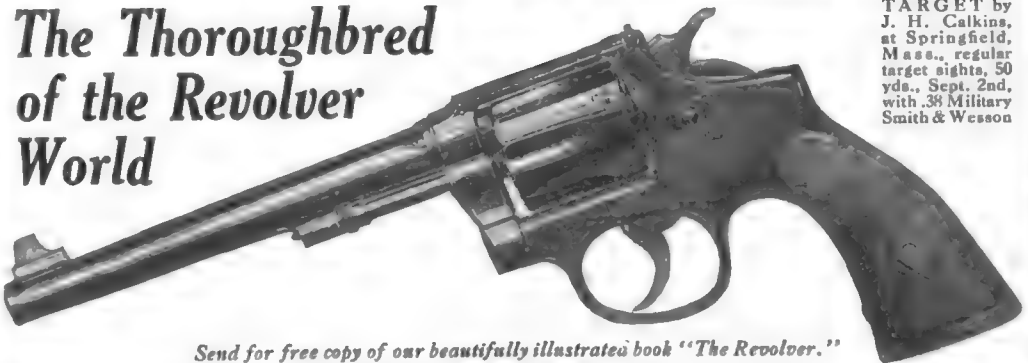
THIS target shows an actual score at fifty yards made recently at Springfield, Mass. It takes a mighty good shot and a mighty good revolver to make such a score at such a distance. There's only one weapon whose accuracy will permit of such fine consistent shooting. *The answer is the*



SMITH & WESSON

*The Thoroughbred
of the Revolver
World*

TARGET by
J. H. Calkins,
at Springfield,
Mass., regular
target sights, 50
yds., Sept. 2nd,
with .38 Military
Smith & Wesson



Send for free copy of our beautifully illustrated book "The Revolver." It deals in detail with the art of revolver shooting, gives the Revolver's history from the bow pistol of the 12th Century to the most perfect weapon of modern times. Send for your copy today.



SMITH & WESSON

7 STOCKBRIDGE ST.,

Pacific Coast Branch:

717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Skate-making with us is not an experiment—it is a science. We have been at the business for over fifty years, and our skates are everywhere recognized as the standard of America.

Our new illustrated catalogues are free. Write for a copy. Please state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,

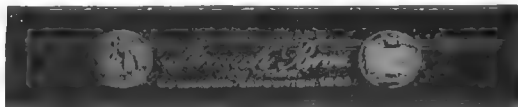
64-66 Chambers St., New York.

WORCESTER, MASS., U. S. A.

8 Long Lane, E. C. London.



If this name is on the action you can depend upon the Piano



A STRAUCH BROS. PIANO ACTION Has Three Things That No Other Piano Action Has

1. The ability to build the best piano action that can be made, which comes from over half a century's experience.

2. The best material that can be had regardless of cost.

3. Workmen that have been trained for years, in our own factories and by our own methods, to do everything just right.

These three qualities can be found only in an action made by an old, established house which has had years of experience.

This explains why the Strauch Bros. Piano Action stands so high among piano builders,

and is the guide of the wise piano buyer in selecting a good piano.

Every Strauch Bros. Action has the name "Strauch Bros." upon it. You can look and see it when you buy your piano.

A booklet explaining in detail why the Strauch Bros. Piano Action is good, will be sent to anyone on request. It is worth reading by anyone who is seeking a piano of quality and merit.

Strauch Bros., 20 to 30 Tenth Avenue
452 and 454 W. 13th St.
NEW YORK

You can keep your home at an even, healthful temperature day and night all the winter through—with reduced coal bills—if you install a

Howard Thermostat

(Damper and Valve Regulator)

Easily applied to all heating plants. Every one that is installed, demonstrates to the entire satisfaction of its owner that it is a most wonderful fuel saver.

With Clock Attachment

it still further reduces the coal bills by permitting a lower temperature throughout the house at night, and at a predetermined hour automatically adjusting the draft and damper, so that by rising time the temperature of the house is at the degree desired for the day.

To accomplish all this it is but necessary to wind the clock, set the alarm hand and adjust the pointer before retiring.

Guaranteed for ten years. Thousands in use 25 years. The most perfect and most reliable heat controlling device ever placed on the market. Coal saved pays for it, therefore it costs you nothing.

TRIAL OFFER

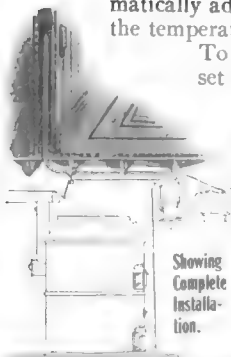
If, after 30 days' trial, you are not satisfied that the Howard Thermostat (Damper and Valve Regulator) will do all we claim for it, send it right back at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded.

Howard Thermostats are sold by heating appliance men all over the country.

If you will kindly send us the name and address of your furnace man or steam fitter we will send you our Booklet No. 17 which gives complete details about the Howard Thermostat. It is intensely interesting to anyone who values his own health and that of those near and dear to him. Write today

HOWARD THERMOSTAT CO., 38 W. 1st St., Oswego, N. Y.

New England Office, 188 Franklin Street (Gurney Bldg.), Boston, Mass.



Showing
Complete
Installation.



\$10⁰⁰ A Month

IN France the "Credit Foncier" sanctioned and directed by the government provides for the investment of the money of the man who can save \$10. per month. In America there has been no safe, paying investment for the small saver. Gold bricks there have been in plenty from one dollar up.

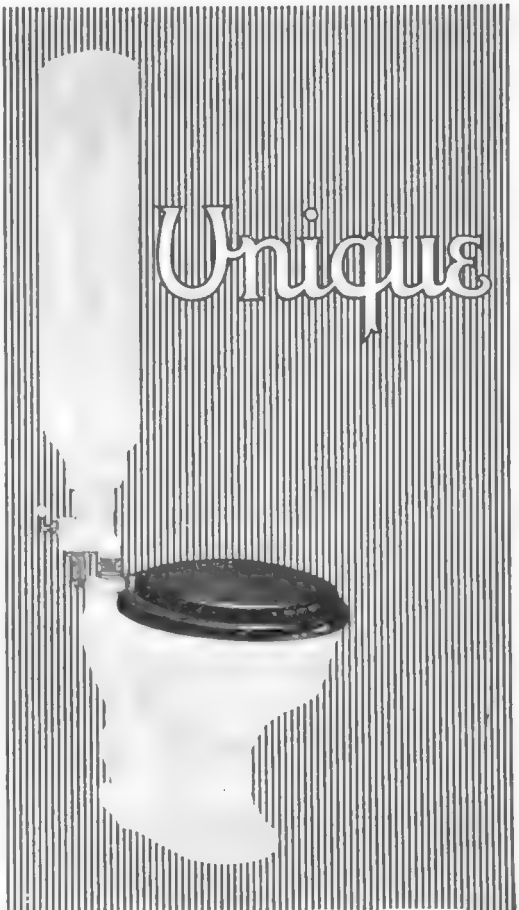
The rich always have had access to choice investments. Now it is the poor man's chance. We have a combined, compulsory, savings and investment plan on the basis of \$10. per month. It ought to revolutionize the thrift of all American homes. Write for our booklet—"The Safe Way to Save."

The Title Guarantee and Trust Company has conducted a successful title insurance, financial and mortgage business for more than a quarter of a century. It is among the foremost of New York City's conservative financial institutions.

TITLE GUARANTEE AND TRUST CO

Capital and Surplus \$12,000,000

176 Broadway, New York City
175 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
350 Fulton Street, Jamaica, L. I.



troubles?

Anything more annoying than water closet troubles—refusing to flush, clogging, overflowing, running, foul waste pipe, repairs? You have experienced them. Who hasn't? Why not end them? Investigate the **UNIQUE**. It behaves as a water closet should—always. No other does. Built on the principle water closets should be. Ask us—ask your architect—ask your plumber. Booklet?

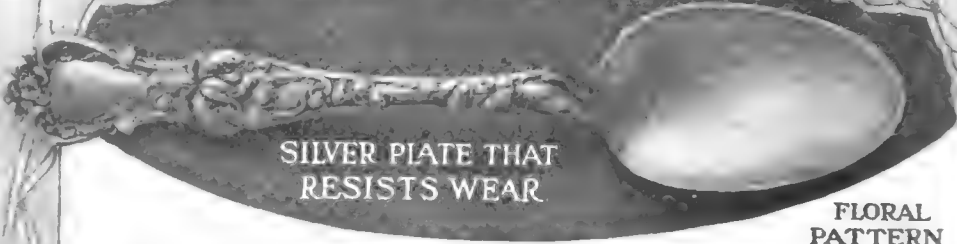
If there's a **UNIQUE** in your plumber's showroom, you can depend he's up-to-date.

STAPLES VALVE CO.

New York Office
34 West 33d St.

Newburgh, N. Y.

1835 R. WALLACE



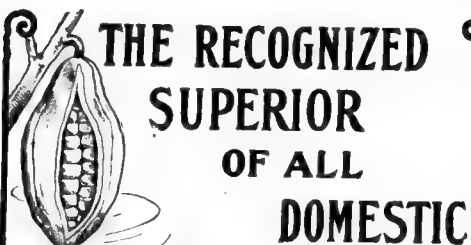
SILVER PLATE THAT
RESISTS WEAR

FLORAL
PATTERN

AN addition to one's table-service is always appreciated. A gift of silver gives keen and lasting pleasure — really lasting if the article is "1835 R. WALLACE", the silver plate that resists wear. This is the plated ware of distinctively beautiful designs, of strength, of character—the plated ware for people of fastidious taste. Ask your dealer.

We publish a delightful little book on the care of silver. It will be sent free to any woman who is particular about the appearance of her table.

R. WALLACE & SONS Mfg. Co., Box 25 WALLINGFORD, CONN.



**THE RECOGNIZED
SUPERIOR
OF ALL
DOMESTIC
AND
IMPORTED
COCOAS**

**FROM BEAN TO CUP
WITHOUT
ADULTERATION**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



Mayor Johnson

started this institution as a bank for all the people and at his suggestion we adopted the now famous

Bank Money Order

Plan of Banking By Mail

which gives the depositor advantages he never had before. By this unique plan your money begins to draw

4% Interest

the moment it reaches us and you receive not the ordinary, clumsy, unsafe pass book but a Money Order which shows on its face the amount of principal and interest and is a certified check

Cashable Anywhere—At Any Time

By our method your money is always on deposit, yet always in your possession ready for instant use when needed.

Write for Booklet No. 52

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

Tom L. Johnson, President
CLEVELAND, OHIO





A "MYOPIA"
TOWN AND COUNTRY SHIRT possessing the
merit of being unusual without being freakish. It is a

Cluett
SHIRT

creation of more than usual merit,
\$2.00. Other styles \$1.50 and up.

Made under the CLUETT Label only. Send for "Proper Dress."
CLUETT, PEABODY & Co., Makers, 447 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Pilling & Madeley Socks

Two kinds of Guarantee

You want more than wear in a sock for service; you want fine yarn, perfect fit, fast colors, and lasting beauty. Our forty years' reputation is a guarantee that you'll get them in Pilling & Madeley Socks.

Three styles: absolutely guaranteed—6 pairs to wear 6 months without holes, or a new pair sent to you free, prepaid, for any that fail.

No. 703. This is our medium weight, fine combed yarn sock; high spliced heel and double sole; fits like a glove, easy to the most delicate feet. Black, tan, gray and navy; all sizes—Six pairs for **\$1.25.**

No. 600. A heavy sock designed to withstand the hardest kind of wear, and at the same time is easy and comforting to the feet. Black and tan—Six pairs for **\$1.50.**

No. 803. Extra fine silk lisle, looks and feels like silk and wears better. Black, tan and fancy colors—Six pairs for **\$2.50.**

Look for Pilling & Madeley on the foot of every pair.

We sell through dealers only. Ask *your* dealer for Pilling & Madeley Socks. If he can't supply you write us his name and we'll tell you where you can get them, but **do not send us money.**

Write for our booklet
"The Sock for Service."

Pilling & Madeley

Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Established 1865

Look for
Pilling & Madeley
on the foot of every pair



Knotair

Merry Christmas Papa
Are your Hose
as sheer as
this,

YULETIDE is the TIME

To make those around YOU—HAPPY.
What BETTER or more SUBSTANTIAL present
can you give than a box of "Knotair"
GUARANTEED Lisle-like hose?

The kind that won't break through, GUAR-
ANTEED to wear and remain whole for SIX
MONTHS or NEW ONES—FREE

Santa Claus will send a box of "Knotair" Men's
or Women's any size or color to any address in the
United States, enclosing a handsome Xmas card with
your name and the Season's Greetings, upon receipt of
\$2.00 (Silk Lisle \$3.00). Remit in any convenient way.

More Comfort—Less Darning: That's the password
for the coming year.

Begin right—from the feet up.

Pull on a pair of "Knotair" hose.

You'll be in it—Heels and Toes.

For a half a year or more.

Or better still—make it a year.

Buy a dozen pairs—You can't go wrong.

Because we'll make it right.

A year's supply of fine, strong, sheer hose, Black, Tan
or Slate, half in Men's Cashmere if you want them—No
other combination like "Knotair."

And the dye never runs, fades or cracks—Because we
have our own peculiar method—You'll say so too when
you become acquainted with "Knotair."

We spin the yarn, knit the hose, dye to color, and sell
it to you with a GUARANTEE—

That's just as good as the hose we make—

You can prove this for \$2.00.

A trial box will prove this—Your Wife, Mother or Sister
will attest it. Can we say more? It's up to you—Say when
At exclusive agencies everywhere, or if not represented
in your town, Write direct to Mill, ask for booklet
"Knotair Kinks." It's free

Representative dealers wanted in
every town—Write now.

Men's Hose in Black, Tan and Slate, fine lisle-like
quality, sizes 8½ to 12; packed one size, six pairs in a
box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$2.00 the box.
Guaranteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE

Women's Hosiery in Black and Tan, fine lisle-
like quality, "interlaced garter splicing," sizes 8 to 10½;
packed one size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if
desired). Price \$2.00 the box. Guaranteed to wear
SIX MONTHS or MORE

Men's Cashmere Hose, fine-combed Australian
Wool, in Black and Natural, sizes 8½ to 12, packed one
size, six pairs in a box. Price \$2.00 the box. Guar-
anteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE

Men's Pure Silk Lisle Hose, made in Black,
Tan, Gray, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Heliotrope,
all fashionable shades, sizes 8½ to 12, packed one
size, six pairs in a box (assorted colors if desired).
Price \$3.00 the box. Guaranteed to wear SIX
MONTHS or MORE

Women's Pure Silk Lisle Hosiery, made in
Black, White, Tan, Ox-blood, Copenhagen, Heliotrope,
Purple, Pink, Sky Blue, all fashionable
shades, sizes 8 to 10½, packed one size, six pairs in a
box (assorted colors if desired). Price \$3.00 the box. Guar-
anteed to wear SIX MONTHS or MORE

HOSTERY COMPANY

5305 West Philadelphia Ave. West Philadelphia, Pa.

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRADE MARK
EVERSTICK
 PAT. AUG. 11TH & NOV. 24TH 1903
 INVISIBLE RUBBER



EVERSTICK

Invisible Rubbers

are different from all other rubbers. They are light, invisible and while protecting the sole from cold and damp, keeping the feet warm, they permit of free circulation of air, allowing the feet to breathe.

They can be worn to advantage in either wet or cold dry weather, without any of the discomforts or annoyances caused by the ordinary rubber, and need not be removed in Cars, Office or Theatre, as they do not interfere with the appearance or comfort of the well fitted foot.

Men's Eversticks \$1.00
 Women's \$1.00

Women's Everstick Foothold, Black .75
 White or Tan \$1.00

Everstick Invisible Rubbers The only rubbers recommended by physicians. Accept No Substitute
 Are always for sale where good shoes are sold.

THE ADAMS & FORD CO., CLEVELAND

FOWLER-SIMPSON

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Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1/4 SIZES ONLY IN REGAL SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Perfect Fit, Comfort and Economy

The Regal system of quarter-sizes—the only quarter-size system in the world—is the most perfect shoe-fitting plan ever devised.

It insures an *exact* fit for every normal foot. The best that most people can get in the ordinary full and half sizes is a "near-fit."

Sign of
REGAL

In addition to the regular full and half sizes, Regals are made in the one-quarter and three-quarter sizes *in between*. This means that you no longer have to wear a shoe that's a little too tight or too loose—you can get a Regal that's *just right* every time and without trouble.

Regal Shoes have for sixteen years been celebrated for their custom-made style and standard quality. They give absolute comfort from the start, and retain their shape till worn out.

Regal Shoes are sold directly from the factory to *you*, with all intermediate profits eliminated. Nowhere else in the world can you obtain equal shoe value at anywhere near Regal prices.

\$3.50

Specials,
\$4 and \$5

Largest retail shoe business in the world. 487 Stores and Agencies in the United States and 24 foreign countries.

If you don't live near one of the 487 Regal Stores and Agencies, order from the Regal Mail Order Department. If the shoes are not exactly as ordered, we will cheerfully exchange, or refund your money if desired.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY. Mail Order Dept.: 419 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.

Mail-Order Sub-Stations { Factory, Whitman, Mass. Box 914, San Francisco, Cal., 791 Market St.
London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.



RECTOR
\$3.50

Delivered prepaid, \$3.75
Style F636—As illustrated, button shoe, made of King Patent leather.

FALL STYLE BOOK:

Illustrates the correct models for both men and women. It's an acknowledged authority on styles. Magazine size. Handsome cover in colors. Free on request.



Collectors and Makers of Fine Furs

PLYMOUTH FURS

Choice Furs the Richest of Gifts

Among the practical Christmas gifts, choice furs alone rank in richness with precious stones and rare laces. The natural lustre and elegance of Furs makes them peculiarly adapted for refined gifts for personal adornment. "Plymouth Furs" are both practical and elegant and are so designed that they retain the natural lustre and exquisite richness of the pelt in the finished garment.

Write for Our Style Book G

It tells about furs. It tells how, situated in the centre of the great fur bearing district of America, the "Plymouth Fur Company" is enabled to secure the choicest pelts.

It tells of the great care exercised during every process of construction in the making of these pelts into practical, comfortable and fashionable garments. It explains the great saving that results from your dealing direct with the maker, be your expenditure \$5 or \$5000. A superbly illustrated 64-page Style Book sent free on request.

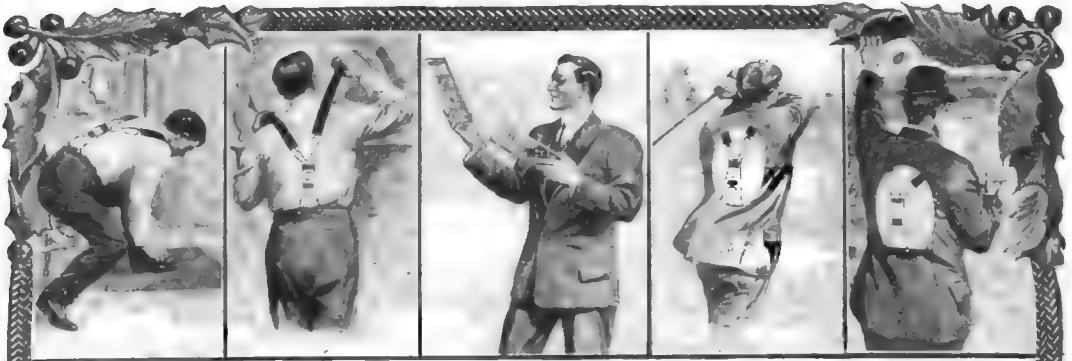
Automobile Furs. *In a special department, we make modish fur Automobile garments for Men and Women. These garments are exclusive in the extreme, rigidly adhering to the most recent European styles.*

Men's Furs. *Fur Coats for Street, Automobile and Driving Wear. Fur lined man-tailored Coats—Chauffeur's Coats. Fur Caps and Gauntlets.*

Women's Furs. *Fur Coats, Jackets, Neck-pieces, Muffs and Fur lined Coats in a vast variety of styles.*

PLYMOUTH FUR CO., Dept. G, Minneapolis, Minn.

—Established 1882—



HOLIDAY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

The best, most attractive, most sensible Christmas Gift you could give any man is a pair of "President" Suspenders in a beautiful holiday box.

If he has never worn "Presidents" your gift will be doubly appreciated for you'll acquaint him with the finest, most comfortable, most durable suspenders ever designed.

Be sure you get "Presidents." Other suspenders are offered in fancy boxes, but they are not "Presidents," not so comfortable as "Presidents"—and every man knows it.



1909 ART CALENDAR

is a masterpiece. It consists of four panels, three of them reproducing in eight colors the exquisite work of celebrated French Artists, together with an artistic cover panel on which the calendar is printed. There is no printing or advertising on any of the art panels, they are worthy of frames or suitable for decorating any room. *Ready Now.*

Order at once, as the demand is heavy and the supply limited. Sent post-paid on receipt of 25c.

**PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS**

50c

**IN HOLIDAY
BOXES**

Sold by all dealers, or sent prepaid to any address on receipt of price. Different weights and lengths to suit all requirements. Buy today as many pairs as you need for your Christmas giving.

Maker's Guarantee—Satisfaction, new pair, or money back.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. COMPANY

703 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.



A Man Wants Something Useful

You'll make a man happier by giving him something he needs and would sometime have to buy himself.

Hosiery is something every man needs, every day. Whether he is brother, father, husband, friend—hosiery will please him; and if it bear the IRON CLAD trade mark his appreciation will be doubled by the knowledge that you have been thoughtful enough to give him the best.

For Christmas use, we have especially prepared two fine assortments of IRON CLAD half hose—either would make an inexpensive but most acceptable gift to any man:

Cotton Assortment

One pair each of:
 No. 189—Black, 2 Ply Combed Sea-Island, Mercerized.
 No. 188—C. B. Blue.
 No. 388—T. Tan, 3 Ply Combed Egyptian.
 No. 398—M. Mode, 4 Ply Heels and Toes, Mercerized.
 No. 405—Black, with White Sole, Mercerized.
 No. 488—Black, 5 Ply Heels and Toes.

Wool Assortment

One pair each of:
 No. 114—Natural, Fine Worsted.
 No. 119—Black, Worsted, Blue Mercerized Heels and Toes.
 No. 404—Black, Worsted, Gray Split Sole.

They are packed in a beautiful, holly-decorated box, tied with dainty silk ribbon, and a handsome, illuminated card for your Christmas Greeting is enclosed with each box. A more appropriate or pleasing remembrance could not be thought of.

You can secure either of these assortments at your dealer's or we will send to you direct, postpaid, on receipt of \$1.50 P. O. Money Order. Send your order today and be sure to state size wanted.

Our handsome new catalogue, showing these and many other IRON CLADS in natural colors, is just off the press. It is the handsomest guide to hosiery economy for the whole family ever published. Write for free copy today.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY

208 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Michigan

Iron Clad





Hosiery for Xmas

A gift that is sensible, useful and durable. A gift that is always acceptable. A box of "Holeproof" Hosiery will give its recipient a new idea of how *good* hose can be.



Six pairs in a box are *guaranteed to wear six months*. This is what the guarantee says: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free." That means that six pairs will last the recipient at least half of the time until next Xmas.

Are Your Hose Insured?

In other words, are you wearing "Holeproofs"? This is the original Guaranteed Hosiery—the sort that is soft and comfortable—the sort that hugs the feet closely.

"Holeproof" Hosiery is made of yarn that costs us on an average of

73 Cents per Pound

Our yarn is made from only the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton. We could buy yarn for 35c—less than half what we pay—but the hose would not be soft and fine. Then, we could use 2-ply yarn, as

others do. But we use 3-ply instead. And we double the 3-ply in knitting the toes and heels. So don't judge "Holeproof" by the other hosiery—even though the other is guaranteed. "Holeproof" Hosiery is just as soft and comfortable as the best unguaranteed hose. This extra soft yarn makes our hose last without the discomfort of being stiff or thick.

Our children's stockings have *knee*, heel and toe reinforced. Because of this fact, all children's stockings are \$3.00 for a box of six pairs. But they more than save their cost in six months. *They're really an economy.*

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

You need but try this hosiery once. You'll wear it always thereafter. The whole family will wear it. Try it and see what you save.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Hose, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Remit in any convenient way and we will ship you the hose and prepay transportation charges. Use coupon.

Holeproof Hose for Men—6 pairs, \$2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Lustre-Hose for Men—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11. Six-ply heels and toes.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11. Six-ply heels and toes.

Children's Stockings—Boys' sizes, 5 to 11, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Six-ply reinforced knee, heel and toe. Six pairs, \$3.

CUT OUT COUPON AS A MEMO.

Men's
Women's
Boys'
Misses'

☐
☐
☐
☐

Pat check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.,
209 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed \$ _____ Please send me _____

boxes of Holeproof _____ Size _____ Weight _____

Colors _____

Name _____

Address _____



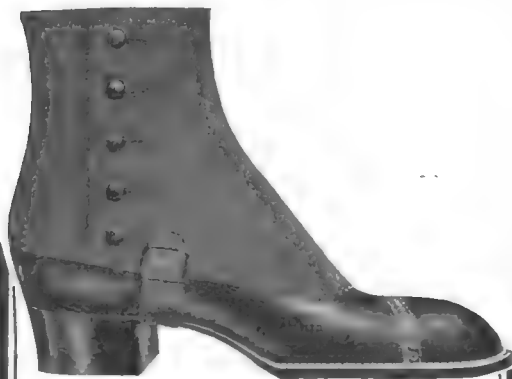
Reg. U. S. Pat.

Office, 1904.

This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.



Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."



"STANDARD"
OVERGAITERS
AND LEGGINS

combine distinctive style with perfect protection and form the ideal ankle covering for cool and wintry days. **"Standard"** Overgaiters and Leggings are made in various styles and lengths in all suitable materials

For Men, Women and Children

"Standard" Cravenette

Overgaiters and Leggings are the best for wet and stormy days. The cravenetting process, as applied to Leggings and Overgaiters, is controlled by us exclusively.

Ask your dealer for the **"Standard."** Don't accept a substitute for the **best.** Every pair trade marked **"Standard."**

S. RAUH & CO.
 310 Sixth Ave., - New York



The Mark of
 Good Clothes
 as well as
 Good Luck



Good judgment points to **"The Ultra" Overcoat**—an exceedingly smart looking garment, not foolish in its frills.

If not carried by your local dealer, send us your name and address and we will see that your wants are filled.

Handsome Memorandum Book sent FREE OF CHARGE

David Marks & Sons
Makers of "Horse Shoe" Clothes
Broadway ∴ New York

A Christmas Box

of

Shawknit

TRADE MARK.

Socks

Just the correct Christmas present for father, husband, or son.

"SHAWKNIT Socks" have been known to you a great many years. They are sold almost everywhere.

When you present "SHAWKNIT Socks" you are making a gift of the best that are made, plus the assurance that they will please the man who gets them, and a realization that your present will last for a long time and give great comfort and pleasure.

"SHAWKNIT Socks" are the best wearing socks. Every pair guaranteed by us. Our Shawknit trademark is plainly stamped on the toes.

For more than 30 years "SHAWKNIT Socks" have been the most popular American-made goods. They are free from seams — properly shaped in the process of knitting — fit comfortably — colors absolutely fast and pure.

This Beautiful Christmas Box contains six pairs of "SHAWKNIT" Cotton Socks — two of black, two of tan, and two of navy — all the same popular medium light weight for only \$1.50.

Ask your dealer for style 19'938 — the style number of this special assortment.

Try Your Dealer First

If he does not have them in stock his jobber will supply him. Otherwise please mail \$1.50 to us and we will send this beautiful Christmas Box of socks to you, transportation charges prepaid by us, to any address in the United States.

These "SHAWKNIT Socks" are made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive. Please mention size wanted when ordering.

Our Beautiful Colored Catalog will be sent free to any address. Write for it.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY, 72 Shaw Street, LOWELL, MASS.



The
World's
Standard

Putman Boots.

Go on like a glove and fit all over.

We have made boots for Sportsmen, Prospectors, Civil and Mining Engineers &c. longer than any other boot makers and KNOW HOW. Putman Boots sell all over the world and have justly earned the slogan, "The World's Standard". Where not sold by dealers we ship the Genuine Putman Boots direct to you. Catalog of over 50 styles of boots at all prices, and self measurement blanks sent free. Also Indian Tanned Moosehide Moccasins. Cut shows a 14 inch boot, hand sewed, water-proofed, black or brown color, made to your measure and delivered in the U. S., Canada or Mexico for..... **\$8.00**

H. J. PUTMAN & CO.

21 HENNEPIN AVE.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Pat. June
9, 1908

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Packed in handsome holiday boxes, a PHOENIX MUFFLER is a gift of compelling appropriateness. There is not a name on your giving list that cannot be checked off with the presentation of a PHOENIX MUFFLER as a holiday gift.

Ask your dealer for
Phoenix Silk-finish
Soc. 3 pair \$1.
Guaranteed 3 mos.
All fast, no fading
colors.



50¢

For Real
Cold Weather Protection:

PHOENIX MUFFLERS

Wherever protection for throat and lungs is needed, a Phoenix Muffler *affords just the protection demanded*—and yet imparts a note of smart style to the appearance. The Phoenix is a radically new departure—snugs up close about the throat by means of a patented fastener in front and fits into the collar without "bundling up" behind. There is not the least suggestion of the old style sweater-like clumsiness in the Phoenix Muffler—yet it is the surest safeguard against the damp, cold days of Fall and Winter. For every outdoor use—sleighbing, coasting, skating, driving, motoring, shopping, calling—a Phoenix Muffler is a fashionable, stylish necessity.



Pat. June
9, 1908

MADE IN EVERY SIZE AND COLOR

Phoenix Mufflers are knit from the finest silk-finished yarns, pure silk and wool—in all collar sizes and colors, for men, women and children. They are sold in handsome, individual boxes at 50c each, by all dry goods and department stores, and haberdashers. Be sure you get the genuine, patented PHOENIX MUFFLER with the name on the box and muffler. If your dealer does not supply you, send us his name, enclosing 50c for each muffler wanted, stating collar size, color and style (silk-finish or wool).

Phoenix Knitting Works
216 E Broadway
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



SIGN OF GOOD CLOTHES
GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO.

No Matter Where You Live

¶ The Great Western Tailoring System is at your service. It is the best clothes-making system ever devised, the modern logical way that insures distinct individuality and the particular kind of fit and style desired by each customer.

¶ We offer men in smaller cities and towns an unlimited variety of the latest styles in woolens to select from, and the benefit of the best tailoring brains in the world.

¶ Personal experience and skilled workmen enable us to make clothes in our Big Merchant Tailor Shops that please the individual tastes of discriminating men in every locality.

¶ Our enormous patronage, combined with remarkable facilities for economical production, permits us to quote uniformly moderate prices in every range—suits and overcoats from \$18.00 to \$40.00.

¶ There is an experienced dealer in every town who shows our samples and takes correct measures. The name of the local dealer will be sent, together with new style plates, upon request.

Great Western Tailoring Co.
W. D. SCHMIDT, Pres., Chicago

The Acme of
Comfort
Elegance
and
Ease



Women's - \$1.50
Misses' (Spring Heels. Red and Gray) - \$1.25
Men's (Black only, no fur) - \$2.00
DELIVERED

Felt Romeos

Made of fine, pure "Comfy Felt," richly fur bound. Soles of noiseless belting leather. Colors: Black, Red, Brown, Dark Green, Navy Blue, Gray, Wine and Purple. Send for catalogue No. 35, showing many new styles.

Daniel Green Felt Shoe Co.
American Felt Co. Building
114-116 East 13th Street New York



LOOK about you—the hats you see are either stylish and becoming—or the contrary; there's no "middle ground." Besides setting the style every season

KNOX HATS

give full value in comfort and extreme durability... the Knox trade mark has been an adequate guarantee of these qualities for over three generations.



"THEY FIT ROYALLY"

Emperor
Shirts, \$1.00 and up

ROOMINESS is just as important in a Shirt as in a Coat. A well-fitting shirt must be cut full, so as to adjust itself naturally and symmetrically to the wearer's figure.

The "drawing" or wrinkling across the bosom, characteristic of most shirts, is caused by unscientific drafting and by trying to save material in the cutting. These faults are fatal to fit. No shirt cut on narrow, niggardly patterns can possibly fit.



The Princely
Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

"EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" Shirts are cut generously full. They are exact in size, accurate in balance, and true in drape. That's why "they fit royally." Every detail of fashion, fabric and finish is unerringly correct.

Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive designs to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" Shirts, and look carefully for either of the labels shown above. None genuine without them. Beautiful Style-Panorama "P" in colors sent free. Write for it.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, 502-504 Broadway, New York

Also Makers of "Jack-Rabbit" Work Shirts

Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States. Established 1862



The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

The Chic

Dull Velvet Button Boot,
Cuban Heel, Medium Sole



One of many neat and attractive styles in the Florsheim line—every one of them distinguished by the Florsheim Quality.

Florsheim Shoes are all made on "natural shaped" lasts that prevent cramping or distortion because they allow the foot to lie naturally in the shoe.

Most styles are \$5 and \$6. Write for style book.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

IF IT'S Shibboleth Neckwear

"You're better Satisfied"
AN EXCEPTIONAL HOLIDAY GIFT

One half dozen assorted

Solid Color Silk Barathra Scarfs:

HARVARD—A Reversible four-in-hand, Black, Garnet, Navy, Brown, Green, White.

One half dozen assorted colors and patterns

Shibboleth Fancy Silk Neckwear:

WISCONSIN—A Reversible four-in-hand.

State colors you wear and whether stripe or figure is desired.

Or any one half dozen assortment of either or both of the above that you may select.

Each half dozen specially packed in a HANDSOME BOX, with lithographed cover in colors.

AT \$2.00 THE HALF DOZEN, POSTPAID

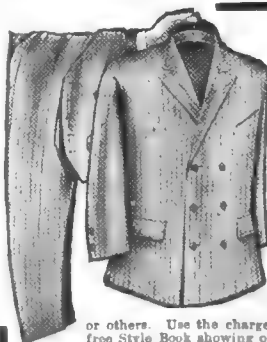
Guaranteed \$5.00 and \$7.75 value. Money back if dissatisfied.

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.

469 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Send check, post office order or two-cent stamps.

Catalogue H, showing our complete line of styles, sent on request.



YOUR CLOTHES ON CREDIT

Finely tailored, stylish and better garments for less money than obtainable elsewhere. Your choice of large variety of fabrics and patterns fashioned by expert cutters and a perfect fit guaranteed.

\$20 UP

Remember, we deal with YOU. Your credit is good with us.

No questions asked of employers

or others. Use the charge privilege if you wish. Write for free Style Book showing our elegant designs and styles.

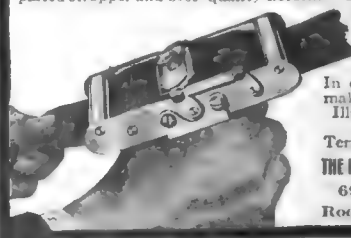
E. R. BRADLEY, Pres.,

Bell Tailoring Co., 133 E. Madison Street, Chicago

Strop Your Double-Edged Blades with The Rundel Automatic Stropper

Makes old, double-edged razor blades better than new. Improves new blades and insures a perfect shave.

Absolutely automatic and cannot cut strep. Nickel-plated stropper and best quality horsehide strop, postpaid for \$1.00.



Money back in fifteen days if not satisfactory.

In ordering, state make of razor.

Illustrated folder free.

Terms to dealers.

THE RUNDL SALES CO.

69 State Street

Rochester, N. Y.

Reputation gained by results is exemplified in the 30 years of success of the

CELEBRATED STAR SAFETY RAZOR

the mechanically perfect device which is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Buy no other until you have carefully inspected this razor, which is on sale by all dealers in cutlery and other stores.

Price, \$1.50 and up

KAMPFE BROTHERS, 10 Reade Street, New York City

50¢



Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

IN HANDSOME SINGLE BOXES MAKE USEFUL GIFTS

More rubber, better webs, and stronger parts enable us to positively guarantee that

BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

Outwear Three Ordinary Kinds

Money back if not entirely satisfactory

A gift of these useful, handsome, inexpensive suspenders in attractive, single-pair boxes, will be remembered by every man and boy, long after the occasion is forgot

Made in light weight for the gentleman and in heavy weight for the strenuous user Extra long, in either weight, if desired

STRETCH A BULL DOG—superior elasticity, which means more wear and comfort, is instantly noticed

50 CENTS, AT YOUR DEALER

or by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Write for our instructive free booklet, "Style, or How to Dress Correctly," which contains valuable gift suggestions. For 10 cents postage we will send our useful BULL DOG comb and case.

Brighton

FLAT CLASP

GARTERS.



THE wear upon a garter is in the web. BRIGHTON Flat Clasp Garters are pure silk of exceptional strength and durability. The metal parts, being brass nickel-plated, cannot rust. No other garter has the famous *patented* Flat Clasp.

From now until the holidays ask for BRIGHTON Flat Clasp Garters in handsome CHRISTMAS BOXES expressly decorated and prepared for the gift season. No extra charge for these special boxes which form "the gift ideal" for any man.

"BRIGHTON" FLAT CLASP GARTERS are to be had in all standard colors, also in fancy striped and figured effects.

PRICE, 25 CENTS A PAIR

at your dealer's, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY 718 Market St., Dept. "E" PHILADELPHIA
Makers of "BRIGHTON" GARTERS, "PIONEER" SUSPENDERS and "PIONEER" BELTS.

Western Electric Motors

For Manufacturer and Merchant



Western Electric Motors are made in over 200 different powers, speeds and voltages, from 1-12 H. P. up.

OPERATE:

Manufacturing Machinery of all kinds.
Machine Tools of all kinds.
Bottlers' Machinery.
Printers' Machinery.
Elevating and Conveying Machinery.
Air, Vacuum and Water Pumps.

Ventilating and Exhaust Fans and Blowers.
Refrigerating Machines.
Meat Cutters and Butchers' Machines.
Coffee Grinders and Roasters.
Adding, Addressing and Office Printing Machines, etc., etc.

Western Electric Motors

Save 25 to 40 Per Cent.

of power expense over old-style belt and shafting transmission. They do away with waste of power through operating shafting, loose wheels and idle machinery, and from the slipping of belts on pulleys. They also eliminate the dangers of accident attendant upon the use of shafts and belts. They permit quick and accurate speed variation by the operator of a machine, adapting the speed to the particular requirements of the job in work, and maintain the speed desired. Western Electric Motor Drive means increased production with decreased operating expense.

Send for our booklet No. 6005, "Save 25-40 per cent. of Your Power Expense," and No. 6718, "How to Increase Your Factory Productiveness"—sent free on request.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

261 S. Clinton St., Chicago

465 West St., New York



Residence at Lake Forest, Ill.
(Sheathed with NEPONSET)
Howard Shaw, Architect.



OUR FREE BOOK

"Comfortable Homes"

Shows a score or more of attractive, comfortable homes that are sheathed with NEPONSET.

Our book demonstrates how others have kept in the heat and shut out the cold with NEPONSET, saving a good many dollars each year. If you are planning to build a house you should have this book. It is free. Write for it now. Address Dept. F

F. W. BIRD & SON

(Established 1817.)

Building?

CONSIDER the cost of keeping your house warm in winter—NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER makes every ton of your coal last longer because it keeps the heat inside and shuts out cold and dampness. No drafts can get through the walls—heat cannot escape.

You will easily save yearly a large part of your fuel bill if NEPONSET is used in your house—some have saved one third.

NEPONSET

BUILDING PAPER

Keeps Houses Warm

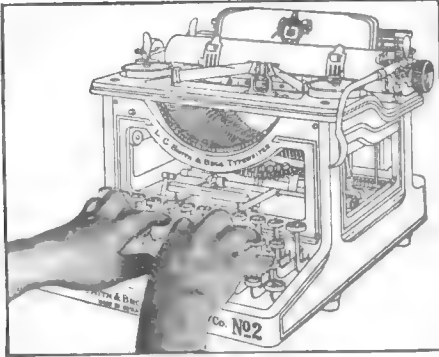
It is water-proof, strong, thick and durable.

No matter what you're building — a residence, stable, poultry-house or a barn, you should know about NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER, FLORIAN SOUND - DEADENING FELT or PARIOD, the money-back Roofing.

We have at least one book you need. Write for it today.

EAST WALPOLE, MASS., and Hamilton, Ont.

What's Under Your Hand?



—Every typist knows that instant of confusion—brief, but mightily annoying—on hastily returning the hands to operating position after being obliged to remove them.

With the NEW MODEL

L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

every operating device is
under the operator's hand.

—Shift-key, shift-lock, space-bar, tabulator spacer and margin release—all—right on duty in the places where most needed when quickly wanted.

—Even the line space lever is operated without leaving position.

—How is it with you?

—Look under *YOUR* hand!

Send for Descriptive Book.

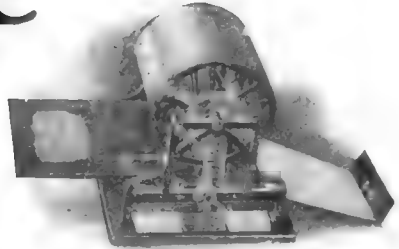
L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co.
SYRACUSE N. Y., U. S. A.

Head
Office for
Europe,
Asia and
Africa:
49 Queen
Victoria
Street,
London
E. C.



ALL
the
writing
ALWAYS
in sight

The Rotary Neostyle



quickest and most economical

for

Duplicating Letters, etc.

Your original is written like an ordinary letter on our composite stencil paper which is put up with backing sheet, etc., all ready to write on.

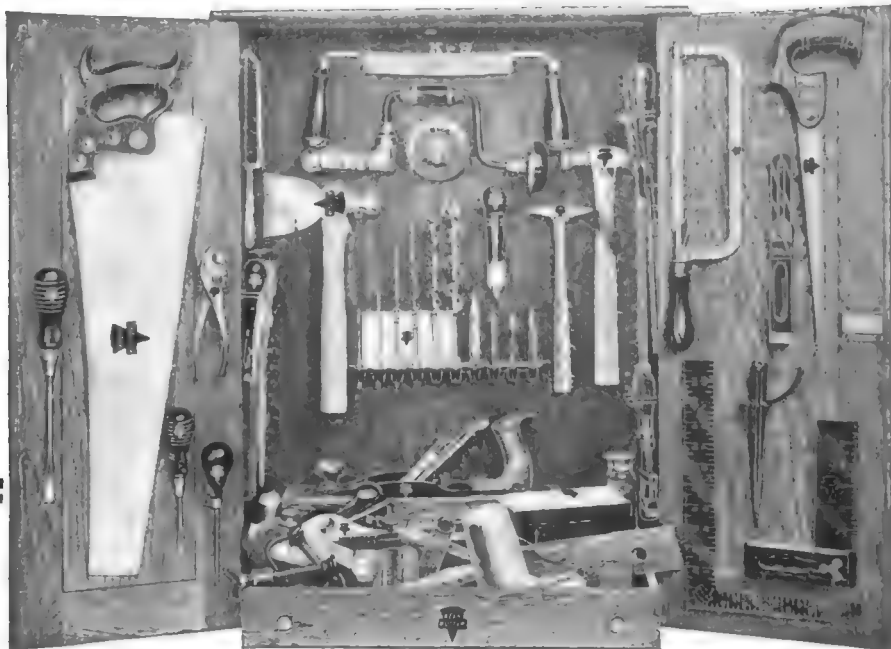
From this the Neostyle turns out neat, clear copies, all exact duplicates, at rate of 60 to 100 a minute, without fuss and without delay.

The work is merely turning the crank and feeding the paper—the rotation of the drum brings the printing surface of the stencil to the paper and the ink supply is automatic.

Will you give us your address for our booklet?

Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago



No. K. 9

Price, \$35.00

KEEN KUTTER

Tool Cabinets



Everyone knows that to buy a complete set of tools, or any tools for any work, and be sure of satisfaction, all you have to do is to ask for Keen Kutter Tools.

To save the trouble of collecting a useful set, and to provide a place sufficiently good for the proper care of fine tools, the Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets have been designed. Small and large assortments, but every tool a Keen Kutter, every tool guaranteed.

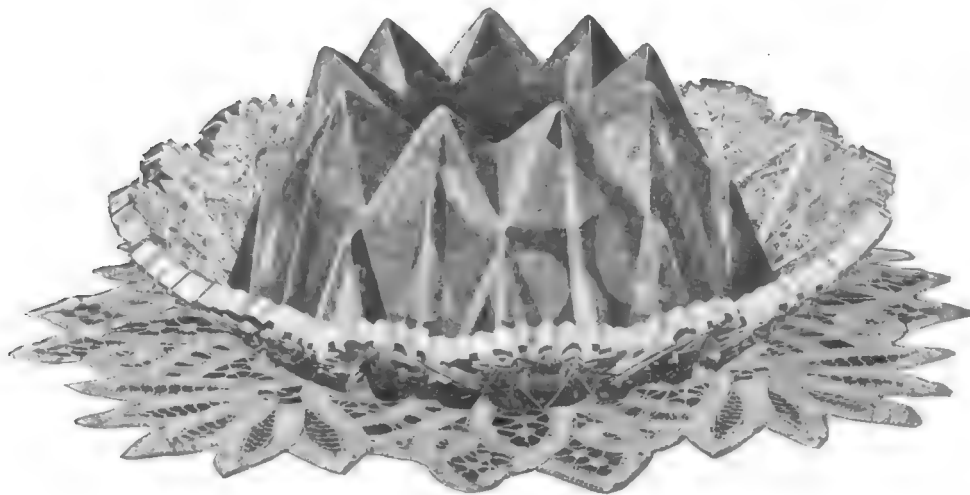
The only tool cabinets made containing a set of guaranteed tools under one name and trade-mark.

Cabinets are beautifully finished—fitted with racks and hooks for every tool. Drawers are supplied with numberless accessories, such as screws, nails, wire, glue, clamps, sand paper, etc.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are made in different sizes and range in price from \$8.50 to \$125.00, according to the assortment of tools.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.),
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



JELL-O Fruit Salad.

This delicious and beautiful dish is one of the simple and quickly-made desserts that have made JELL-O famous.

Stir Lemon, Raspberry, Orange or Strawberry JELL-O into a pint of boiling water. When it is partially hardened stir sliced oranges, bananas, or other fruit into it and set away to harden.

Nut meats or marshmallows may take the place of the fruit, and whipped cream or any good pudding sauce may be added, but nothing of the kind is necessary. Everything but

JELL-O

may be omitted, and owing to its exquisite flavor it will be so delightful that the absence of trimmings will not be noticed.

There are so many different ways of making up JELL-O desserts that they always furnish an agreeable surprise for the diner.

As a relish with meat, and especially with turkey and other fowl, Lemon JELL-O is delightfully refreshing and appetizing, with just the right flavor and the touch of piquancy that makes a perfect relish.

It can be made in a minute.

The JELL-O Recipe Book tells how to make many JELL-O desserts. Sent to all who ask for it.

Seven JELL-O flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Peach, Orange, Lemon, Chocolate, Cherry.

10 cents a package at all good grocers.

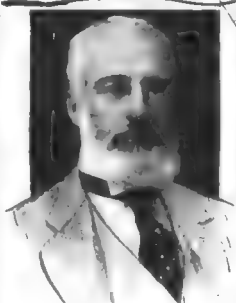
Highest award gold medals at St. Louis, Portland and Jamestown Expositions.

The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.



RAILWAY
PACIFIC
&
TEXAS

I Must Absolutely Prove That 10 Acres of this Irrigated Land Can be Made to Earn Over \$100.00 A Month For You



Geo. E. Barstow
President
Pecos Valley Land &
Irrigation Co.

OF BARSTOW TEXAS

Land, all under cultivation, income property from the very beginning, if you can save \$3.00 a week. You can go and live on it—absolutely assured of an independent living from it alone.

Or arrangements will be made to have it cultivated for you for a small share of the crops.

Now I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write to me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your Texas Irrigated Land can be made to produce an income of from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

New Safe Land Plan

I will deliver at once to the Citizen's State Bank of Barstow, Texas, a Warranty Deed to ten acres of the land of the Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company as per the subdivision of the Company's property made by John Wilson and filed for record with the County Clerk of Ward County, Texas.

I will deliver at once to you, one of our Secured Land Contracts for the Warranty Deed at the Bank—on the contract appears a certificate signed by an Officer of the Bank and certifying that the Bank has your deed and will deliver it to you according to the terms of your Secured Land Contract. The Bank acts as an independent agent for both of us—to guarantee fair play.

You must pay \$3.00 a week, or at the rate of \$3.00 a week in monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments.

Or you can pay as much faster as you like.

At the end of each year—if you take more than a year to complete your payments—you will be credited with 5 per cent per annum on the amount you have paid.

\$15 down and \$3 a week paid regularly, and the interest credits, will mature your Contract in a little over two and three-fourths years.

But you can mature your Contract by paying the same total amount, \$483, in a day, a month, six months, a year, or in any less time than 2½ years, and whenever your regular receipts and your interest allowance credit receipts total \$483, all you have to do to get your land is to take or send your receipts and your contract to the Citizen's State Bank at Barstow, Texas, together with twenty-eight vendor lien notes each for \$39, payable one every three months for seven years.

The Bank will then give you your Warranty Deed to the land, which, according to the Contract and the Deed, must be fully irrigated and all under cultivation.

Remember this is ten acres of land which I must first prove is capable of producing an income of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year.

Can be
Made to
Earn Over

\$100.00

A Month

For You

I Will Sell it to You for \$3.00 a Week

Any one who is familiar with the results from Texas Irrigated Land will tell you that the safest, surest way to gain a large and permanent income from a small outlay is to get hold of a few acres of Texas Irrigated Land.

But, heretofore, it has required some capital—at least a few hundred dollars—and it has been necessary for the purchaser to go and live on the land and develop it.

Now, my company makes it possible for you to get ten acres of the finest kind of Texas Irrigated

You get this land for \$483, which you can pay in less than three years—\$15 down and \$3 a week—and you then have only four \$39 notes each year for seven years to pay out of your income.

Can you hope in any other way, so safe and sure as this, to have so large an independent income in so short a time?

I believe the purchase of Texas Irrigated Land to be the best way for a man of small means to make himself independent. And I believe I am qualified to pass judgment as I have been interested in irrigation matters locally and nationally for 15 years.

The results are simply astounding to those who are unfamiliar with the great subject of irrigation.

And I believe the happiest man these days is the man with the little ten acre irrigated farm—(President Roosevelt says, "Even 5 acres is enough to support a family and keep it busy").

The owner of a Ten Acre Irrigated Farm doesn't have to "knuckle to the boss," nor strain his conscience in the struggle of the intense commercialism of the day.

His income is practically untouched by "financial depression." His living and peace of mind are not dependent upon the whim of any man.

He is king in his own little domain.

He can make his little ten acres earn as much as a quarter section (160 acres) unirrigated, would produce—as much as between twenty and eighty thousand dollars in cash would bring, loaned out at 6 per cent.

He has his close neighbors, his telephone, good roads, schools and churches—in fact, all the comforts and conveniences of life that come with the prosperous close-knit community, though they pass by the great isolated farm.

The land I want you to buy is all good rich soil, irrigated from (Canals and Ditches already constructed in the most approved modern fashion and carrying an abundant supply of water taken from the ever-flowing Pecos River.

It is within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos City, Texas, (the two towns are only 6½ miles apart—the land lies between the towns and a little to the north) and served by the Texas & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa Fe System.

With rich soil, a splendid climate and the uncertain quantity—moisture—eliminated, agriculture and horticulture can here be scientifically carried on to the splendid profit of the land owner.

The abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hay, grains, cotton, vegetables and fruits are equalled in only a very few favored spots.

The justly celebrated Barstow Grapes are considered by many to be even better—variety for variety—than those raised in Southern California,—and we are 1,500 miles nearer the great Eastern market. But all this is the merest outline of what I desire to show you in detail. I am only attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured

attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured possibility save \$3 a week.

I have promised to submit the proof. All you have to do is write for it. Will you do that today, even if you can't commence right away? I want the address of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this community. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President
Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company, of Barstow, Texas.
831 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Safeguarded

The Bank will deliver your deed direct to you when your \$3.00 a week and interest credits total \$483.00
It Doesn't Take Long

ATKINS SAWS

Perfection Handle
Note Its Hang



"Finest on Earth"

High Class Workmanship
Most Practical Design
Finest Material

Silver-Steel Blade

The Four Hundred
SILVER-STEEL
Best of the Best Saws
UNEQUALLED IN
IN MATERIAL WORKMANSHIP & FINISH
E.C. ATKINS & CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. U.S.A.

Made for Good Mechanics
Who Want the Best Tools

Do YOU want the BEST?

More than half a century of growth
has made this the greatest SAW
plant in the world, because it pro-
duces the best saws in the world.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.

Home Office and Factory: INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

Branches: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle, San Francisco, New
Orleans, Memphis, Atlanta and Hamilton (Canada).

English Agent: John Shaw & Sons, Wolverhampton.

Australasian Dept.: Melbourne

Why realize only 4½% or less
on your investments when

6% AND MORE

has been realized for a quarter of a century on **New York City Property**, through good and bad times, panics and all?

Trust Companies and Savings Banks confess that such investments are surest and safest and would rather lend money on them than any other kind of securities. For not only are rents sure in "the fastest growing city in the world" but the value of

NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

has been *steadily* increasing since tax books were opened—and will continue to increase more and more.

Only one thing better than lending money on such property—*viz.*, owning it.

YOU CAN OWN IT

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Cleans all the clothes, thick heavy pieces, bath rugs, blankets, bed spreads, real dirty pieces, overalls, working jackets or aprons and delicate pieces like lace curtains, fine linen, light dainty children's dresses. The only way to wash flannels or blankets without making them hard.

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The Flood City Washer Co., Ltd.
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Shipping, showing and selling furniture in the ordinary way more than doubles the cost. Freight on assembled, finished pieces is high; store rent is high; salesmen's commissions, clerks' wages and dealers' profits must all be added. You pay them at the retailer's—You save them by buying of us. Here is an object lesson.

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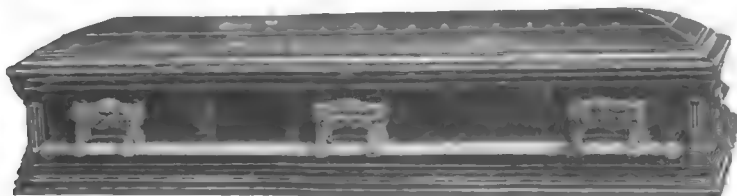
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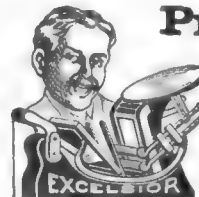
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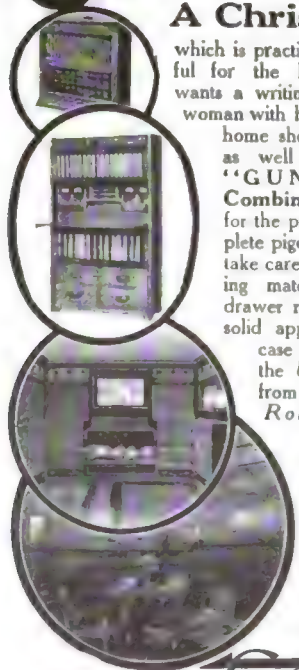


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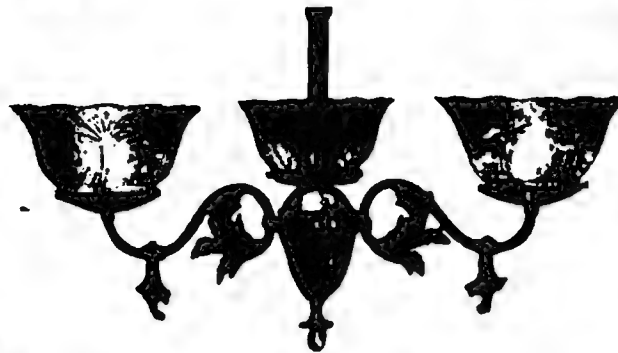
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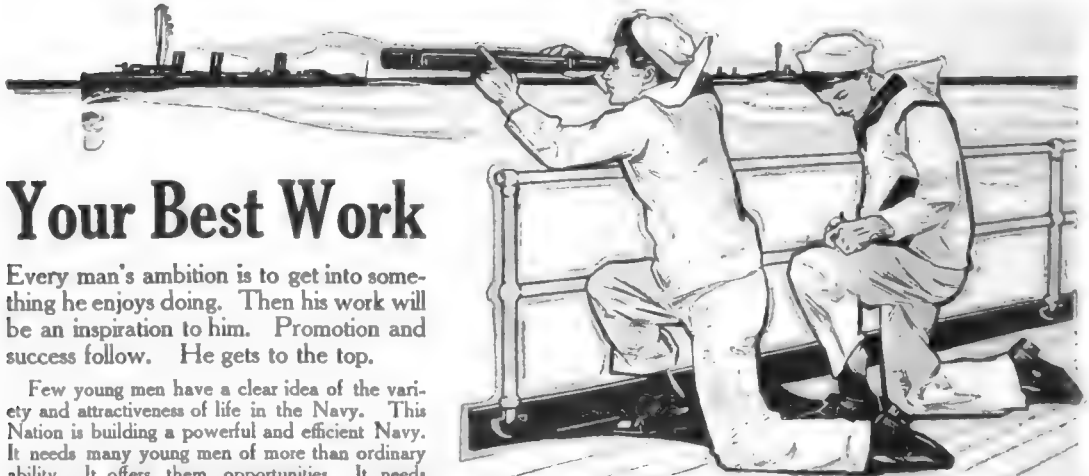
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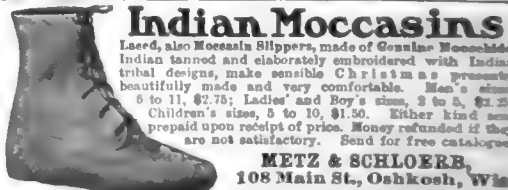
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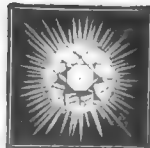
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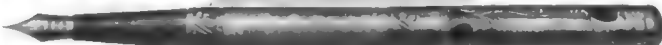


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PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS



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The Cap with the Colored Crown

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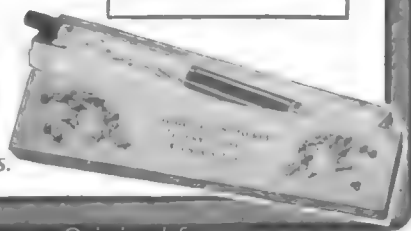
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Use Ruberoid Roofing first"



RUBEROID ROOFING

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE.

will give you better and longer service than any other roofing on the market.

It is the most economical and attractive roofing made, the only one that combines rich and permanent colors with extreme durability. It

Has Proved Its Merit

by 17 years' satisfactory service in every quarter of the globe.

WATER-PROOF—WEATHER-PROOF
ACID-PROOF and FIRE-RESISTING

Made in

Red, Brown, Green, & Slate Color

For further particulars
Write for Booklet No. 14

The Standard Paint Company

100 William Street, New York

Chicago — St. Louis — Kansas City — Boston
Philadelphia — New Orleans

San Francisco Office, 1021 Merchant's Exchange Building.

The Standard Paint Co., of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., London, England



BURROWES BILLIARD and POOL TABLES

\$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

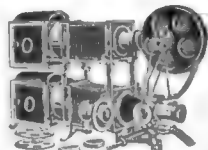
The E. T. Burrowes Co.

11 A Street, Portland, Maine

We make BURROWES RUSTLESS SCREENS. See R.R. Signs.

IT PAYS BIG
To Amuse The
Public With

Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate **Five Cent Theatres** in store rooms.

Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free. **Amusement Supply Co.** 85A Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 1038A Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco

A SHINE FOR A CENT



If you have a little capital and want to establish yourself in a profitable, permanent and substantial business, write us at once about our

Electric Automatic Shoe Polisher

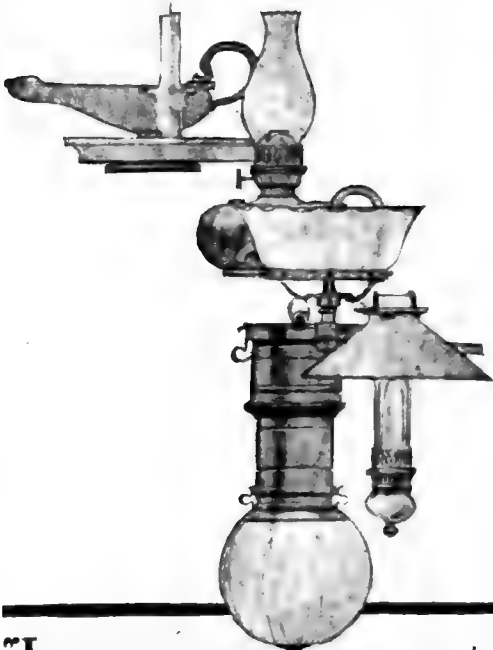
A practical, effective coin operating shoe cleaner and polisher. Can be installed in stores, depots, public places, in fact anywhere. Unsurpassed money-maker. Draws trade wherever installed.

Cost of Operating, 1c per 100 Shines

Not a cheap penny-slot machine, but a practical necessity in a class by itself.

Organizers and Agents Wanted with some capital for local operation. **Big Profits.**

ACT QUICKLY. WRITE US TO-DAY
ELECTRIC SHOE POLISHER CO.
1407 Great Northern Building, Chicago.



"Improvement
is the order of
the age"

This is not only the motto,
it is also the *record* of the
**Smith Premier
Typewriter**



**New Model No. 10
Visible Writing
Send for Information**

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., (Inc.)
Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

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NAME-ON

The Gift Umbrella

The **NAME-ON** is new, different, unique. In every **NAME-ON** Umbrella, we weave the owner's name and address—weave it right into the fabric, and it can't be gotten out. The **NAME-ON** can be loaned, forgotten or mislaid, but it comes back to its owner. Any name will be woven in any color silk desired.

After eighty years of umbrella making, this is our latest and best. Made on the Beehler extra close rolling steel frame, rubber enameled so it can't rust. The fabric, rich lustre, weather-proof, strong and durable. Raised or lowered with our patent slide.—can't slip or pinch the fingers. A year's guarantee with every umbrella.

Here is a chance to make a fine Christmas gift. The **NAME-ON** is so different and so much better than ordinary umbrellas that it will make your gift stand out and be remembered.

Two special Christmas offers in **NAME-ON** Umbrellas, 1000 in each lot, all ready to weave the name in and ship the same day your order is received.

No. 206.
A stylish, serviceable, handsome umbrella. Handle individually selected, genuine West Indian box-wood, sterling silver tip. Any name and address woven in without charge.
26 inch. \$2; 28 inch. \$2.50. Sent express prepaid.

No. 1828—
Light as a feather, extra close roll. The most stylish umbrella made. Beautiful silver handle, guaranteed sterling, or 14 carat gold plate with rich mother-of-pearl inlaid. Satin de Chine woven silk, guaranteed not to crack or split. This umbrella is a beauty. Any size, \$5.00. Sent express prepaid.

Illustrations of other handles free on request.

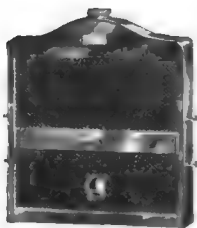
Remember these umbrellas are guaranteed for a year. The only guaranteed umbrella. Only 1000 in each lot, ready for immediate shipment. Any name and address woven without charge, and your money back, if you're not satisfied.

The oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828.

WM. H. BEEHLER
230 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

-these Maxwells



You see them everywhere—the car with the brass band across the radiator.

Moderate in cost, yes—but price alone could never cause such popularity. There must be *something* worth your attention in this matter of the Maxwells.

Four years ago the first Maxwell "took the road"—*it's going yet.*

The factory at Tarrytown turned out but a few hundred that first year. But every owner *talked*—became a human Maxwell advertisement. And now—*three* immense plants within four years—Tarrytown, Pawtucket and our crowning proof of success—New Castle.

Over twelve acres of floor space, over one million dollars worth of equipment, nearly five thousand employees.

This season, the making of 9,000 Maxwells will keep these three big plants humming with enthusiasm.

For the first time in our history, we hope to keep within working distance of the demand.

Such success has a meaning. There is more than varnish and good salesmanship behind these Maxwell cars. There's the power of "*making good*"—of having met the requirements of the average American motorist with a car that exactly suits American road conditions, at a price that is *right*.

We have ready for you, Mr. Prospective Motorist, a concrete realization of *your* ideal as to what a motor car should be.

Every argument for any car, if carried to a conclusion, leads logically to the Maxwell.

This is because all cars are sold on practically the same *promised* qualities.

Whether it be a foreign aristocrat at a fancy price or an assembled "*wonder*" at "*a dollar a pound*", the maker's *promise* is about the same.

Serviceability, durability, simplicity, low cost of up-keep, etc., are the promises. The difference lies in the *fulfilment*.

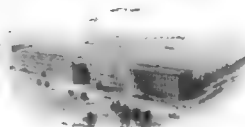
The Maxwell promises you these qualities, too, but for the promise of each quality there is an argument based on accepted *truth*—not theory.

You need not take a course in mechanical engineering to understand and appreciate the beautiful simplicity of the Maxwell "*Doctrine*" of construction.

The cold, clear-headed truth behind each clause needs only *common sense* to understand.

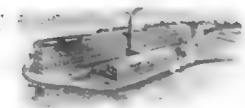
The principles of unit construction (engine and transmission case in one casting—not bolted together) of *three*-point suspension, of the multiple disc-clutch, of the shaft-drive, of thermosiphon cooling (no pump) are not fads or "*discoveries*," but accepted advantages in automobile construction.

Cars in the \$5,000 class have some of these advantages, but *not* a car in any class, has all of them—except the Maxwell.



**Plant at
New Castle, Indiana**

Contains 345,000 sq. feet of floor space. Employs 3000 hands. Tools and equipment valued at \$600,000. Will build 5,000 cars in 1909 at a value of \$4,000,000.



**Plant at
Tarrytown, New York**

Contains 174,000 sq. feet of floor space. Employs 1000 hands. Tools and equipment valued at \$600,000. Will build 1,500 cars in 1909 at a value of \$2,500,000.



**Plant at
Pawtucket, Rhode Island**

Contains 111,400 sq. feet of floor space. Employs 600 hands. Tools and equipment valued at \$500,000. Will build 1,250 cars in 1909 at a value of \$1,500,000.

Every detail of Maxwell mechanism is made in the Maxwell factories. Not a penny of profit goes to an outsider.

You pay just one profit above factory cost, and that cost is an established fact, not a matter of fluctuating markets.

We are not asking the public to pay in profit per car for our three big plants or for our superb equipment in tools and dies. It is gross sales rather than big profits per car that pay the "over-head charge".

The car itself is figured on its cost to *make* and that cost is *higher* than any other moderate priced car.

For instance, Maxwell four-cylinder motors are made with five bearings to the crank shaft, costing \$50 to the motor. Others use two or three bearings at a cost of \$15. That means that we pay \$35 per car to get absolutely dependable engine alignment.

Again: Where *average* cylinders are cast in blocks of two to four, Maxwell cylinders are cast *separately*. This means a difference in construction cost of about \$25 per motor. Added dependability and economy in replacement is the result.

Wood bodies warp, crack and open up. They cost \$48 each. Maxwell bodies are made of metal, unbreakable, unshrinkable, everlasting. Our touring bodies cost us \$176 each.

And so it goes throughout each detail of a Maxwell car. Nothing is skimped. The car is "thoroughbred" at every point.

They cost *us* more to make and they cost *you* less to buy than any other within speaking distance of their class.

We have made promises and given arguments for more than eight thousand Maxwells within the last four years. And every one of them has given splendid fulfilment of each promise.

There are Maxwell owners in your neighborhood. Ask *them* what they know about the Maxwell.

A Letter from the President

GENTLEMEN:

Supposing this "ad" had told *all* I know about the Maxwell. Supposing it had all been told in finer type than this and that it had been written with the idea of *convincing* you by "paper salesmanship" *alone* that the Maxwell was the car for you—*would you have read it?*

If you would, if you are sorry that I didn't give more Maxwell details and less Maxwell generalities—then please give me the opportunity of making amends.

Your name and address puts me within post office reach of you.

It makes it possible for me to send you *all* the facts, all the statistics, all the *proofs*, about this Maxwell proposition of ours.

It also makes it possible for me to send you the names of people right in your neighborhood who own Maxwells and whose "Maxwell story" you will probably be interested in.

Fill in that convenient coupon and mail it to me *now*.

Yours very truly,

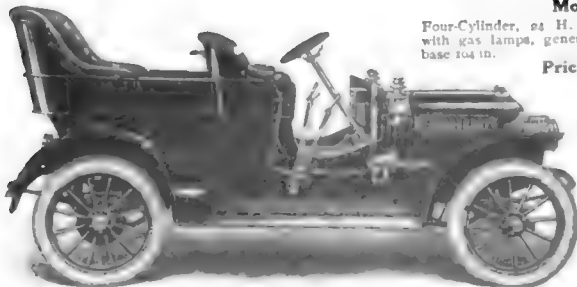
Benj Briscoe President

MAXWELL-BRISCOE MOTOR CO.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

New Castle, Ind.

Pawtucket, R. I.

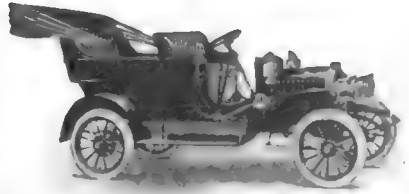


Model DA.

Four-Cylinder, 24 H. P. Touring Car. Equipped with gas lamps, generator and magneto. Wheel base 104 in.

Price \$1750.

Will exhibit in New York only at Grand Central Palace Automobile Show opening New Year's Eve.

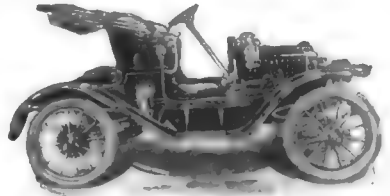


Model HD.

Two-Cylinder 20 H. P. Touring Car. Equipped with top, gas lamps, generator and magneto. Seats five. Wheel base 96 in.

Price \$1450.

Without top, magneto and gas lamps, Price \$1250. Also the "Doctor" Maxwell with same chassis but runabout body, fully equipped with top, gas lamps, generator and magneto. Price, \$1350



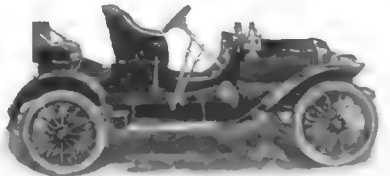
Model LD.

Two-Cylinder 14 H. P. Runabout. Equipped with top, gas lamps, generator and magneto. Wheel base 84 in.

Price \$825.

Also our "Junior" Runabout at \$500.

20 H. P. Two-Cylinder. Equipped with lamps, horn, tools and tool-box and ironed for top.



Model KA.

Four-Cylinder 24-28 H. P. Gentlemen's Roadster. Equipped with gas lamps, generator and magneto. Wheel base 104 in. Furnished with double folding rear seats. Option of single rumble or double surrey rear seats.

Price \$1750.

E

BENJAMIN

BRISCOE,

Tarrytown, N. Y.

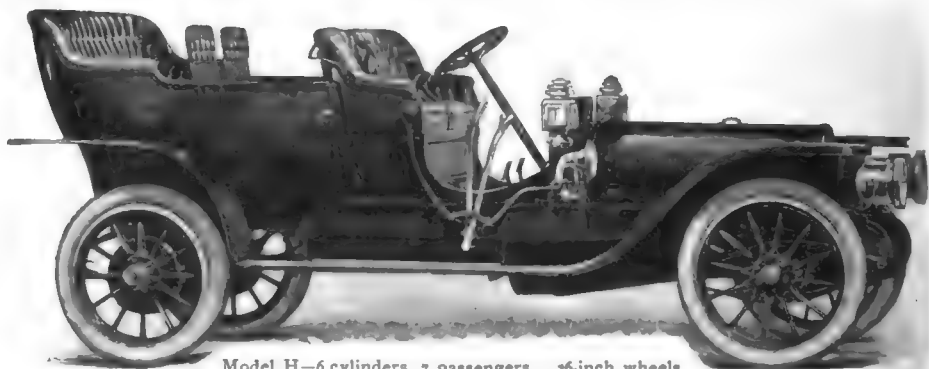
Dear Sir:

Please send me all literature concerning the Maxwell cars. Also place my name on complimentary subscription list for your magazine "The Co-Operator"

Name _____

Address _____

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES



Model H—6 cylinders, 7 passengers. 36-inch wheels.
127-inch wheel base. 2500 pounds. \$3750 f.o.b. Syracuse.

The only high-grade light-weight large automobile. No other automobile combines such extreme refinement and flexibility of power with simplicity and great strength. No other will carry its passengers so far in a day with comfort on American roads; nor do so much on so low an operating cost.

Quality, not pounds, makes an automobile high-grade and strong and safe.

Strength is not a question of weight. It is a question of materials and their proper distribution. This is where skillful engineering comes in.

The Franklin laminated wood frame—the highest grade construction—is both stronger and lighter than the ordinary steel frame. The Franklin tubular axle is stronger and lighter than the solid I-beam axle commonly used. And so, all through the automobile.

Weight is what wears out tires. The light-weight of Franklin automobiles makes their tires last longer than those on any other automobile, no matter what it costs.

The Franklin air-cooled motor is neither big nor heavy, but it is the most efficient and effective of automobile engines. Its production of usable power for its size is unparalleled. It does away with the weight and complication of water-cooling apparatus and allows the whole automobile to be refined, simple and unsurpassably strong.

Water-cooled automobiles with not a particle more strength nor carrying ability weigh a third to a half as much more, with all the chronic tire troubles and other worries involved; beside the unreasonable operating expense.

The 1909 Franklin won perfect scores in the Glidden Tour and in the Bretton Woods, the Chicago and the Cleveland Endurance Runs—the four severest reliability contests in automobile history. The tire troubles, overheating, leaking, broken axles and broken frames were none of them on the light-weight air-cooled Franklins.

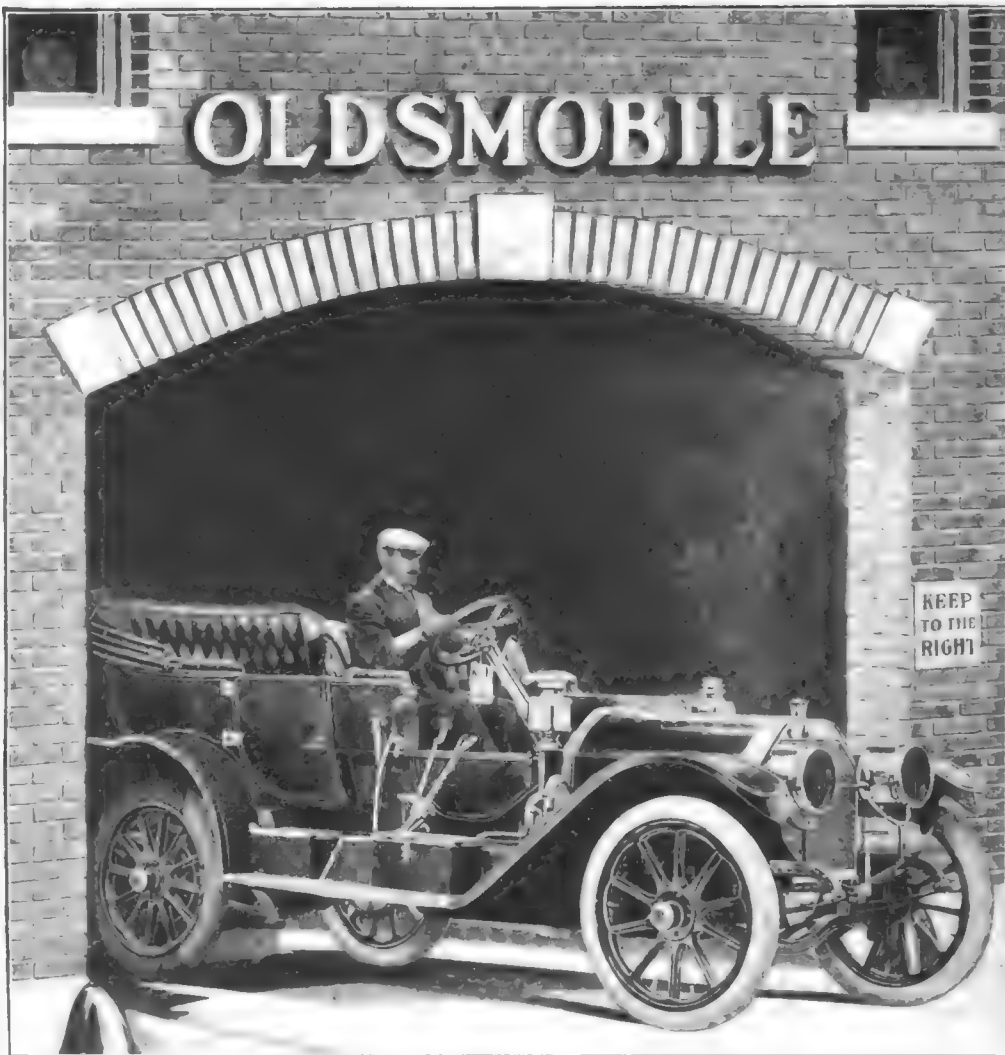
Before you buy trouble and useless weight, look into the facts.

Write for the catalogue of Franklin Models.

G 18 H.P. touring-car \$1850.	Runabout with single or double rumble seat \$1800.
D 26 H.P. touring-car \$2800.	Runabout with single or double rumble seat \$2700.
H 42 H.P. touring-car \$3750.	Runabout with single or double rumble seat \$3600.

Broughams, Landaulets, Limousines, Town Cars. Prices f.o.b. Syracuse.

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y



THE first "1909" Oldsmobile out of the factory represents a good deal more than a year's advance in engineering and designing:—it has ten successful years of motor car building behind it. Analyzed, this statement means a good deal to the purchaser of a car; it is a fairly adequate assurance of sound materials, un-theoretical construction and perfect performance. This year, more than ever, the Oldsmobile is "the logical car at the logical price."

Touring Car, fully equipped, \$2750.

Details of this and other 1909 models sent on request.

Member Association
Licensed Automobile
Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Lansing, Michigan

Oldsmobile Co. of
Canada, 80 King St., E.
Toronto, Ont.



The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD PNEUMATIC TIRE FOR AUTOMOBILES

"Kelly-Springfield" is not a new name in tires. It is a new name in pneumatics, but the experience in making rubber composition for the most successful solid carriage tire is well utilized in making Kelly-Springfield Pneumatic Tires for Automobiles.

CONSOLIDATED RUBBER TIRE COMPANY
20 Vesey Street, New York, and Akron, Ohio



B-r-r-r-r-r-r, it's cold!

Zero morning and the furnace not working—after going like a steam engine all night. So cold that you have to *force* yourself out of bed—with the "cheerful" prospect of getting the fire started.

A JEWELL TEMPERATURE CONTROLLER with Time Clock Attachment in the house means an end of such discomfort. Costs little. Keeps the temperature down through the night, and automatically brings the heat back to "comfort" point *before* you open your eyes *next morning* and keeps it there all day. Maintains a uniform heat at any degree you wish, for as long as you wish.

All this means health, economy, no loss of time, no trouble looking after furnace or boiler. The JEWELL TEMPERATURE CONTROLLER takes full charge. All you do is to put on the coal—and not so much of that. The faithful time clock never fails—turns the heat on at any predetermined hour.

Small—compact—ornamental. It will pay you to have one. Write for descriptive booklet "The House Comfortable" and free trial offer.

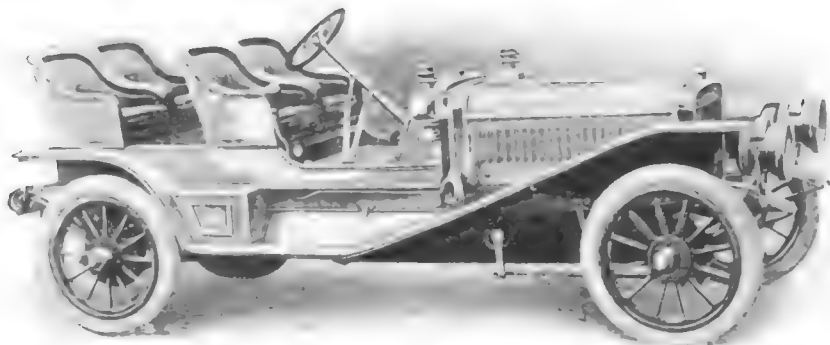
JEWELL MFG. CO., 45 N. Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

These are Six Cylinder Times

Be it ever so good, no other type of motor car reaches the excellence of the six-cylinder.

Nor is this a matter of individual opinion.

It is a mechanical truth that can be demonstrated absolutely. We prove it every day to open-minded inquirers with the self-starting, sweet-running



WINTON SIX

Goes the Route Like Coasting Down Hill.

Designed with the skill of pioneer and long-continued experience. Embodies the best tested materials. Manufactured with extreme care in a single mammoth plant, equipped with the most improved machinery. Represents all the quality any maker can put into his car, all the special advantages of six-cylinder construction, and these exclusive Winton advantages:

Starts from the seat without cranking. No starting crank in front.

Inflates its own tires without hand labor.

Bearings flooded with oil by the Winton circulating system at no more expense for lubricant than on cars which save oil and waste bearings.

The Winton Six does everything that you looked for in fours—and didn't find.

So quiet that you doubt it's running.

Goes through traffic and up the hills on high, seldom requiring gear changing.

Silent as to exhaust.

Motor vibration eliminated.

Saves gasoline, tires and upkeep. Sworn statements of ten prominent business men in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, prove how ten Winton Sixes ran more than twice the distance around the world (65,687.4 miles) on an average upkeep expense of \$1 for each 4343 miles. That ought to interest every man who has ever paid a repair bill. We send the affidavits upon request.

Beautiful body designs. The illustration shows the \$3000 roadster. We have touring car, limousine, landaulet and other bodies. The Carriage Monthly says we "are at the top" in body making.

Our 48 horse-power, five-passenger Six sells at \$3000, and our 60 horse-power, seven-passenger Six at \$4500. If you pay a higher price for equal or less power you pay an unwarranted premium.

Our catalog (48 pages) doesn't mince words. You'll appreciate it, if you like facts. Booklets tell of our \$2500 prize plan to benefit owners, and expose the light-weight fallacy.

Write for literature today.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.,

Member Association Licensed Auto Mfrs.

89 Berea Road,

Cleveland, Ohio

Winton Branch Houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. Winton agencies in all important places.

Atlas

TWO MOTOR CARS CYCLE



TOWN CAR, 22 H. P., \$2500.00

Just The Car For YOU

Because you are once and for all relieved of the unnecessary expense and annoyance incidental to motoring.

If you buy an Atlas car, you buy it to enjoy it. The chances for its being hung up for repairs are reduced to a minimum. This because of the two-cycle principle of the Atlas engine—five moving parts only.

Think what that means. No complicated valves, no bother, no disappointment, no delay.

Then the wonderful ease of control permitting of from less than four miles per hour to maximum speed on high speed without change of gears is another superior and unexcelled feature, particularly when you are picking your way through crowded city streets.

But there are many other points you should know about before you purchase a car.

See your agent or write us for catalog of valuable automobile information.

ATLAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Members A. M. C. M. A.

70 Birnie Ave.,

Springfield, Mass.



6,293 Miles Without A Puncture

Isn't that a record to make you envious—Mr. Motorist? No more punctures; no more blowouts; go and come as you please, day after day, month in and month out. Is it worth while to you?

Read this letter from Mr. Mason:

"I am returning to you today one of your Tire Protectors for your inspection after a run of 6293 miles, which, in the writer's opinion, is very little the worse for wear. During the time I have used the protectors I have not had one puncture on any of the four wheels, and my casings are apparently as good today as when I put them on. The Protectors are simply a wonder in regard to doing away with tire troubles." Very truly yours, A. MASON, Supt. Buick Motor Co.

The experience of Mr. Mason isn't at all exceptional. It's only that of every user of

Standard Tire Protectors

If you are tired of the worry and drudgery of punctures, delays and annoyance, and the everlasting bills of the repairman, *Standard Tire Protectors* will solve the whole trouble and solve it to stay solved. The Protectors fit over the tread surface of the tire and are held in place by just the natural inflation pressure of the tire. No mechanical fastenings; dirt or water cannot get in. They positively will not creep or come off, yields readily to the working of the tire and adds to instead of detracting from its resiliency. Made for any size tire or wheel. Anti-skid or standard tread. Send to us today for descriptive circular, prices, and let us prove to you that "Standard Protectors do protect."

Standard Tire Protector Co.

Dept. 10

Saginaw, Mich.



Do you own a car that cost more than \$1,400? If so, this announcement is addressed by the *Cadillac* Company, first to you; and, second, to the man who has hitherto felt that he could not afford any automobile.



It may be accepted as an automobile maxim—a fundamental fact, fixed and final—that an assembled car is an unsound car in principle and practice.

And as a corollary to this, you may set down a second motor maxim, to-wit:—That it is mechanically and financially impossible to build a really high-class, high-powered car on an assembling basis to sell at a popular price.

Ask first, therefore, of any car which aspires to be a candidate for comparison with the *Cadillac*

“Is it an assembled or a manufactured car?”

If it is in any sense an assembled car—cross it off your list without a moment's hesitation, because it is unworthy to be considered with the world's best.

The reason a car runs well; the reason it does not get out of tune and out of repair; is that each part is perfect, and that all the parts co-ordinate.

Under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club, of London, England, this Summer in the most remarkable standardization test ever conducted anywhere in the world, three *Cadillac* cars were torn down; the parts thrown into a conglomerate heap; certain parts cast

aside and new parts substituted; and the three cars built up again piece by piece out of the pile of parts—to run perfectly without hitch, skip, looseness or break in the 500 mile race on the Brooklands Track in which the average speed per hour was 31 miles.

In the *Cadillac* every part—even those of the most infinitesimal importance—is manufactured by micrometer measurement in relation to every other part.

Any one of the half million or more parts which will constitute the ten thousand cars turned out of the *Cadillac* plant, would fit into its peculiar place in the ten thousandth *Cadillac* Thirty as in the first.

Can you conceive such perfect synchronization in a car built up from parts made in a dozen different plants by a dozen different sets of machines and a dozen different corps of mechanics?

Get it firmly fixed in your mind that the *Cadillac* Thirty calls for comparison, not with any other automobile of approximate price, but with those few distinguished cars which command much more money.

Verify this statement of value in your own town through your own *Cadillac* dealer.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Member American Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

PENNSYLVANIA

THIS FOR ABILITY

The Pennsylvania is the fastest and most powerful **small car built in America**, a broad statement but easily verified by trying it against any small car you know. You will also be surprised to find it has greater all around ability than many cars of standard make selling at double its price.

THIS FOR POPULARITY

The output of Pennsylvania cars in the famine year of 1908 increased more than one hundred and fifty per cent. over the output of 1907.

THIS FOR QUALITY AND REFINEMENT

In competition with America's best, and after the most rigid tests and exhaustive examinations, Quinby & Company, the famous body builders of Newark, N. J., who have had large experience in marketing high-grade cars, pronounced the Pennsylvania the best car built in America, and will sell them in New York and New Jersey. Think it over.



Type D 25 (A L. A. M. Rating 29)
Runabout \$2000. Baby Tonneau or Touring Car \$2100

Type C 50	Type E \$3800
as heretofore \$3000	Luxurious 7 Passenger
unchanged	Quinby Equipment
All models equipped with magneto and gas tanks	

Pennsylvania Auto Motor Company
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

On the Road

you find it practically impossible to keep a linen collar presentable. There's just one way to solve the problem of a fresh, stylish appearance all the while—that is by wearing

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

They are a boon to the traveling man, in fact, to everyone who is careful of his personal appearance. In no other collar can you find so perfect a combination of style, good taste and economy.

Challenge Collars are made in all the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit, dull finish and dressy look of the best linen collars. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You can't tell them from linen.

Sold by first-class haberdashers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry Challenge Brand Collars and Cuffs send us 25 cts., stating size and style of collar you desire, and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our new booklet gives valuable pointers about New York customs—what to wear and when to wear it. Let us send it to you.

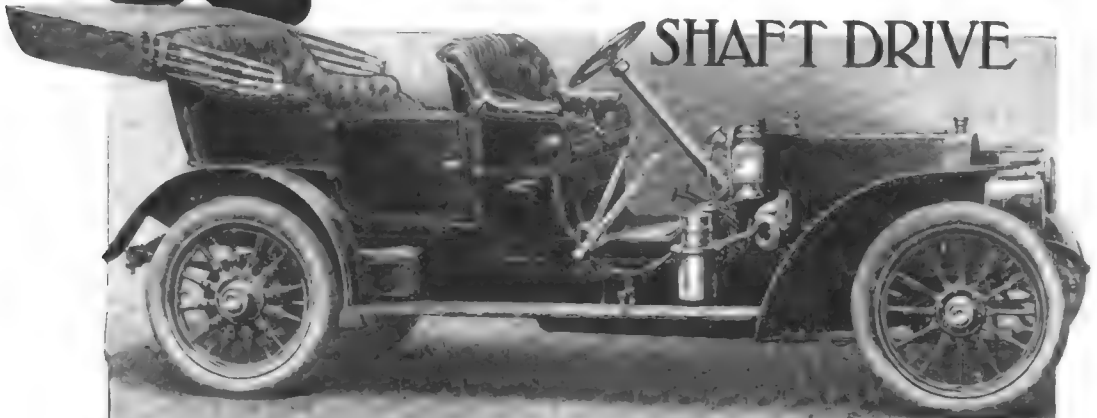
THE ARLINGTON COMPANY

Dept. B. 725-727 Broadway, New York

BOSTON, 85 Bedford St.	PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, 161 Market St.	SAN FRANCISCO, 718 Mission St.
ST. LOUIS, Mills Bldg.	DETROIT, 117 Jefferson Ave.
TORONTO, 58-64 Fraser Ave.	



"30" Locomobile



**The
New
"30"**

A shaft drive model as strong, durable, and safe as our famous chain cars. Powerful—silent—easily handled—and, above all, *easy riding*. No torsional stress on rear axle; flexible drive; no power passes through springs; a unique combination of good features thoroughly developed and fully tested. Motor, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, 38 h.p., actual. Wheels, 34 in. Price, \$3,500 (top and speedometer extra).

**The
"40"**

The "40" Locomobile is the logical choice of those who want a high powered seven-passenger car. Also Runabout or Baby Tonneau. Closed cars. Price, \$4,500.

The Locomobile won the *Vanderbilt International Cup Race*, the first American car to achieve this supreme triumph. A "40" Locomobile won the Philadelphia Founders' Week Stock Chassis Race, the most important event of its kind ever held in America.

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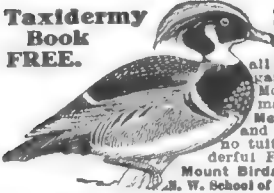
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First and Original Motor Buggy \$250 "SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE

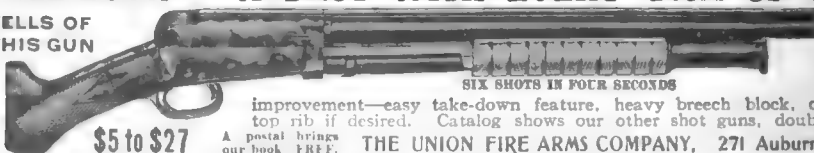
Practical, durable, economical and absolutely safe. A light, strong, steel-tired Auto-Buggy. Suitable for city or country use. Speed from 4 to 40 miles an hour. Our 1908 Model has an extra powerful engine, patent ball-bearing wheels; price \$275. Also 10 h.p. \$400. Rubber Tires, \$25.00 extra. Write for descriptive literature. Address



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Here's the Reason

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along, jarring brain and spinal column shoes a pair of **Feel-Fine Air Heels** absorbed by the "air channels," solid rubber heels as pneumatic almost no space and conform to cannot supply you, we will mail and size of shoe.

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Say the Word and I'll Send a **Fox** Typewriter

Please get me right. I don't mean **sell** it to you. I mean send it for Free Trial and examination.

I want the Fox Typewriter to give you actual office-proof of what it will do, compared with any other machine.

I invented the Fox Typewriter and



manufacture it today. I know that it's a better typewriter than any other, because I studied every other machine and avoided their faults and flaws.

Besides this, I added many new features which no other typewriter possesses.

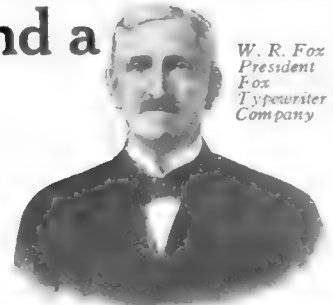
It's the only perfect visible writer—without a weak point—especially built to stand every strain through long years of wear.

Remember, please, the Fox isn't sold in the trust way. It's not a trust machine. My company is independent. No trust dictates at what price the Fox Typewriter shall be sold, or what allowance I can make for your second-hand machine—that's a question for you and me. The large business of my company has been built up by these methods. My machine **has to be better** than others (not simply as good) to stand a chance in competition.

It is better and it is introduced in a **different, a square-deal** way. I want to prove these things to you. I want to show you how different the Fox is from trust machines—from any other machine.

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HOLDS 20,000 LETTERS AND HOLDS THEM RIGHT

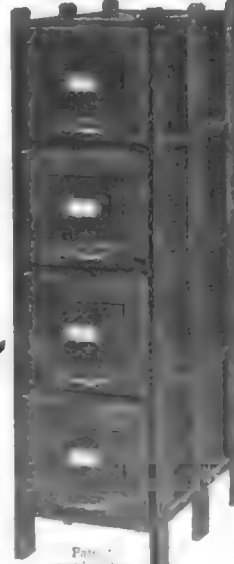
If you know all the advantages of Vertical Filing, you need only look at the PRICE and QUALITY of WEIS Filing Cabinets. But if you still hesitate between this modern system and other methods, consider the economy of space, of time and of labor this offers. Each large drawer holds 5,000 letters in most convenient, accessible shape. Only one place to look instead of a dozen. Instant reference to any correspondence COMPLETE—letters you receive with your reply to each.



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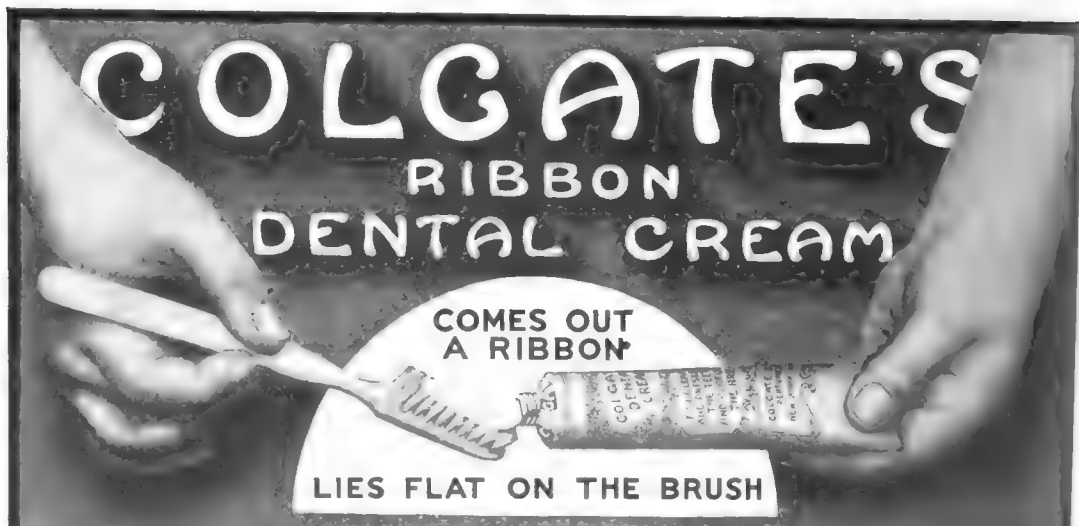
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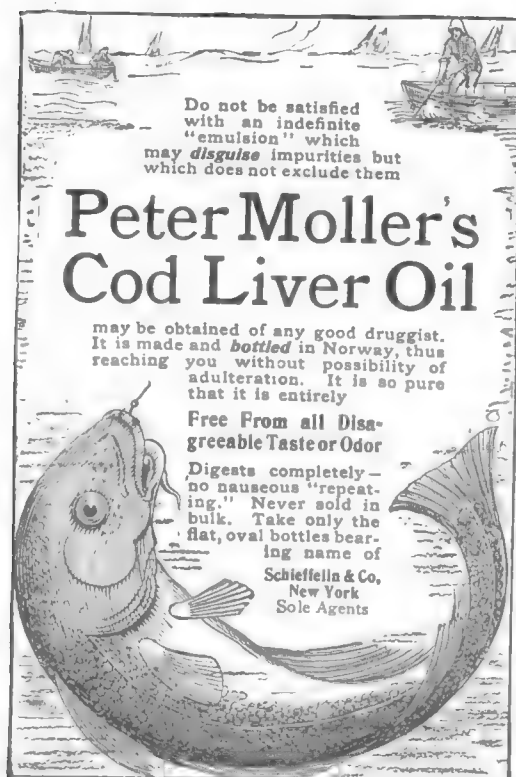
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The Best Christmas Gift For Men \$1.00 postpaid

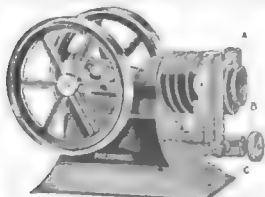
SANITARY PIPE CO., 121 Cutler Building, Rochester, N. Y.

PARADOX GAS ENGINE

A real gas engine for \$2.50; delivered prepaid in U. S. or Canada \$3.00. Attach rubber tube to ordinary gas burner and light at D. Not for natural gas.

A GREAT TOY

Ask toy dealers, or send for circular to PARADOX GAS ENGINE CO., HARTFORD, CONN.



If you wear thin stockings

you need a pair of *Togards* to keep the toes from kicking through.

Togards

are made from soft, strong yarn, and fit snugly over the fore part of the bare feet. They take up practically no room, do away with darning and are always entirely comfortable.

Togards absorb all moisture and keep the stockings and lining of shoes perfectly dry.

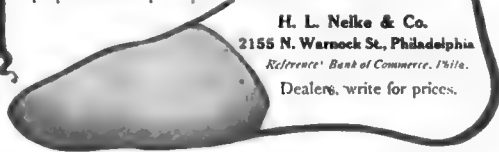
Natural color—not dyed. Light, sanitary, washable.

Sizes for men, women and children.

10c a pair; 3 pairs 25c; 12 pairs \$1. Sold only in sealed wax envelopes.

If your dealer hasn't *Togards*, we will send them to you prepaid on receipt of price, and size of shoe.

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2155 N. Warnock St., Philadelphia
Reference: Bank of Commerce, Phila.
Dealers, write for prices.



Long Term First Mortgage Bonds



provide a positively sure and steady income for yourself or your estate.

Interest rate is fixed for a term of years, payable semi-annually, guaranteeing the investor against any unexpected reduction of income.

Amount Invested	Annual Income	Prin. and Income
\$1000	\$ 50	\$2,500
2000	100	5,000
3000	150	7,500
4000	200	10,000
5000	250	12,500

We offer choice Western Penna. thirty-year first mortgage coal bonds yielding 5 per cent., secured by extensive coal deposits and operating mines, undeveloped holdings alone consist of 19,000 acres surface coal lands in the finest coking coal regions of Western Pennsylvania and conservative estimates place the amount of high-grade coal in these deposits at over 120 million tons.

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These bonds will interest the most conservative investor and should prove especially attractive to any who desire to invest savings where they are positively secure and where the income is liberal.

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OUR 25 FT. "SPECIAL"

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where our boats were already in use
and had made a reputation.

Is it possible to offer any stronger evi-
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Send for catalogue of boats and engines.

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A Bank Book FOR Christmas 4%

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT
opened with One Dollar or more
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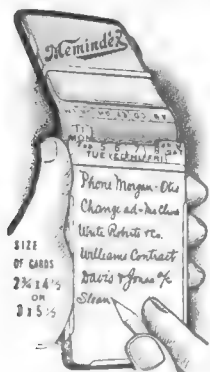
CHRISTMAS GIFT
to children, relatives or friends.
We especially solicit small ac-
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Cards for the rest of 1908 free with each outfit for 1909.

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Cowhide Seal Leather Case, hardwood tray and cards . . .	\$2.00	\$2.75
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Sundays extra, 35c, 50c. Future Year's Cards, \$1.00, \$1.25.		

Your outfit shipped the same day
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Price in Canada, 20 per
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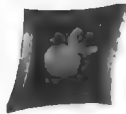
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and enameled the Astral color that governs your
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1909
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THE MUSIC MASTER WOOD HORNS are made from finest selected solid oak, mahogany and imported spruce, finished with a beautiful French polish.

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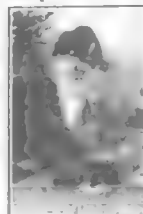
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POST CARDS

20 for 25c



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GERMANIA POST CARD CO.

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No one need remain deaf now

for I have invented and perfected a device which fits into the ear without a bit of discomfort.

It is to the ear what glasses are to the eyes—but when worn it can't be seen.

So small you don't know you are wearing it—yet so effective you would miss it instantly.



This device of mine is so constructed that it magnifies the sound waves—then this magnified sound wave is concentrated to the center of the eardrum.

It does what ear trumpets are supposed to do—but it is invisible. You even forget it yourself.

You see, years ago I was deaf myself—people had to shout at me. It was so embarrassing that I was avoided.

I doctored for two years—but with no avail. So in sheer desperation I resolved to help myself.

Day and night I experimented with an artificial ear. After years of tedious toil I succeeded.

My efforts were more than repaid, for when I perfected my device so I could wear it myself my hearing came back. People no longer shunned me. It was marvelous—I could hear as well as anybody.

What I did for myself I have since done for 200,000 others—and

I can make you hear again

Yet what it cost me in years of struggle I let you have for five dollars.

Don't send me the money now—I want you first to read my book. It goes into detail about this wonderful device.

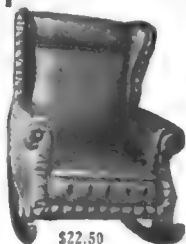
The whole result of my successful experiment—and how you can have your hearing restored, is yours for the price of a postal and a minute to send it.

Write to me personally, Geo. H. Wilson, care of Wilson Ear Drum Co., 74 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky., and ask for my book.

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is especially appropriate and pleasing for

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buys this Luxurious Genuine Leather Colonial Rocker No. 4762, worth \$40.00. Turkish spring seat and back. An ornament and gem of Luxury and Comfort in any home.



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buys this Large Quartered Oak Leather Upholstered Rocker, No. 1113, worth \$18 in stock. Quality and comfort cannot be equalled.



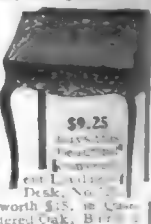
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buys this Colonial Library Table, No. 1382, worth \$22.00. Made of selected Quartered Oak or Mahogany. Top 36 x 42 in. Has large drawer. For Mahogany add \$1.75.



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buys this handsome Music Cabinet, No. 744, worth \$18.00, in Quartered Oak. Hand carved door and adjustable shelves. For Mahogany add \$2.50.



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buys this beautiful Desk, No. 1113, worth \$15, in Quartered Oak, Bird's Eye Maple or Mahogany finish. Worth \$10.00.

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We prepare and ship when and where you instruct. Those who want to save money on Fine Furniture send 10 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing our 176 page catalogue of Home and Office Furniture together with Art Book of Mission Furniture.

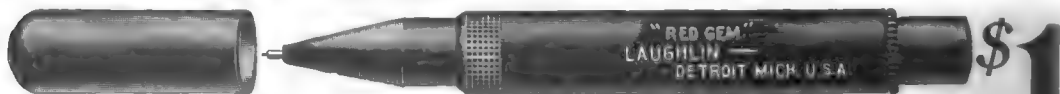
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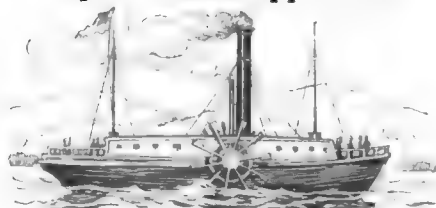
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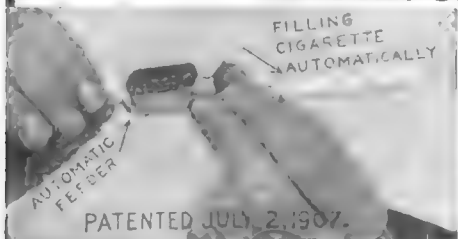
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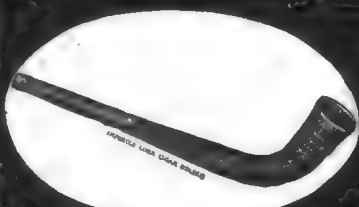
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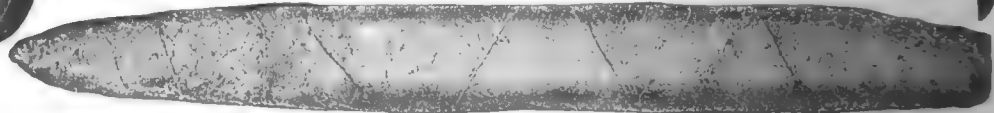


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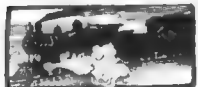
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LIST YOUR NAME IN THE POST CARD UNION Magazine, 50c, including exchanging outfit and year's subscription. Post cards from all over the world. Post Card Union, 1020 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GREATEST VALUES IN POST CARDS. Floral, Birthday, Christmas, New Year's, Comic, etc. 25 assorted for 25 cents. The Carlile Co., Box 4023, Philadelphia, Pa.

SET OF SIX most beautiful Christmas Post Cards hand somely designed and artistically executed in Silk & Colors sent on receipt of 15c. Money returned if not satisfactory. International Supply Co., Jersey City.

POST CARDS: from your own photographs or films, of local views, churches, your children, residence, etc. 150 for \$1.75; 250 for \$2.25; 500 for \$3.00. Fine for Xmas. Samples for stamp. Suffolk Co., 591 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

10 CHRISTMAS POST CARDS, 10 cents, extraordinary value, beautiful silk finish, deeply embossed, exquisite colors, finest art work. Big catalogue free. Star Post Card Co., Mfrs. & Importers, 107 So. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EIGHT FINEST SILK AND GOLD EMBOSSED Christmas Post Cards, new and lovely designs. In exquisitely beautiful colors, and trial subscription to popular magazine all for 10 cents. 24 cards all different, and one year's subscription, 25 cents. Household, 870 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas.

WIVES OF BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HIMSELF, and 11 other interesting post cards, for 25c. in stamps. Thousands of western views. Special rates in quantities. List free with first order. F. H. Lebl, Brooks Arcade, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ORIENTAL POST CARDS—Views of Forbidden City and wonders of China or Japan. 12 superb cards beautifully hand colored by natives, sent direct from Orient on receipt of money order for 50 cents—the quality cards of the world. Address Orient Supply Company, Post Card Dept. "E," Yokohama, Japan.

10 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS POST CARDS, 10 cents, new more finish, highly colored, deeply embossed, Floral, Birthday, Greetings, etc., Illustrated Catalogue free. Lester Publishing Co., 215 Sansom St., Philadelphia.



FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER, PHOTOGRAPHS—PICTURES



\$1.50 POSTPAID. A Framed 10x12 Sepia enlargement from your own Kodak negative. Beautiful. Artistic. Most appropriate Xmas gift. Satisfaction or money refunded. Dr. Homer Howry, Kodak Finishing by Mail, Los Angeles, Cal.

"CAMERA CRAFT," A live and original photographic magazine. Carries the most advertising. A sample copy on request. A dollar's worth of photographic information for a post card. 725 Call Building, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR CAMERA USERS. Make your own enlargements—a few more \$15 Enlarging Cameras at \$5 each—less than first cost. Send for Kodak Enlargements 8x10, 10x12, 11x14, 12x16, 14x17, 16x20, 18x24, 20x28, 22x30, 24x32, 28x36, 30x40, 32x44, 36x48, 40x56, 44x60, 48x64, 56x76, 60x80, 64x84, 72x96, 80x100, 84x112, 96x120, 100x125, 112x144, 125x156, 144x176, 156x192, 176x216, 192x240, 216x270, 240x300, 270x336, 300x375, 336x420, 375x468, 420x525, 468x576, 525x648, 576x720, 648x810, 720x900, 810x1008, 900x1125, 1008x1260, 1125x1400, 1260x1575, 1400x1750, 1575x1960, 1750x2184, 1960x2450, 2184x2736, 2450x3036, 2736x3360, 3036x3780, 3360x4200, 3780x4680, 4200x5250, 4680x5850, 5250x6480, 5850x7280, 6480x8100, 7280x9000, 8100x10080, 9000x11250, 10080x12600, 11250x14000, 12600x15750, 14000x17500, 15750x19600, 17500x21840, 19600x24500, 21840x27360, 24500x30360, 27360x33600, 30360x37800, 33600x42000, 37800x46800, 42000x52500, 46800x58500, 52500x64800, 58500x72800, 64800x81000, 72800x90000, 81000x100800, 90000x112500, 100800x126000, 112500x140000, 126000x157500, 140000x175000, 157500x196000, 175000x218400, 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FOR MEN



"REGNO" CIGARS. Hand Made. Long Havana Filler. Sumatra Wrapper. Straight shape. 5 inches long, full size. Direct from factory. \$2.00 per 50, delivered. Joseph H. Hugg, 137 Market St., Blairsville, Pa., Established 1843.

ALL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES RESHARPENED, sterilized, better than new. 2c each and return postage. Send your address for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keenedge Co., 807 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago.

SIX MONTHS SOX, HALF YEAR'S WEAR GUARANTEED, or will replace with new ones every pair that goes into holes within six months from first day's wear. Send \$1 for box of six pairs prepaid. Money returned if not satisfactory. Reference, Phila. Natl. Bank, Dun & Bradstreet's. Viking Hosiery Mills, Dent, Mo., 333 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



MISCELLANEOUS



IWAN POST HOLE AUGER—Digs a 3-ft. hole in 3 minutes, any kind of ground. Made on a new principle. It's wonderful. Ask your dealer about it or write Iwan Bros., Dept. 102, Sreator, Ill.

PATENTED ARTICLES MANUFACTURED TO CONTRACT. If you have patent for good article don't let it lie idle. We will put it in shape, and turn it out ready for market. Why not write now? Southern Stamping & Mfg. Co., Nashville, Tenn.

KEEP WARM AND COMFORTABLE on all cold weather drives, with a Clark foot warmer. Only 90c. for good one. Guaranteed. 20 styles. Send for catalogue. Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., 90 LaSalle Ave., Chicago.

MINERAL COLLECTIONS. Learn to recognize the valuable minerals. Instructive and interesting hardwood cabinet, containing selected specimens of Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Mercury, Tin, and many other ores, all neatly arranged and labeled, sent securely packed on receipt of One Dollar, express or postoffice order. Mt. Shasta Mineral Works, Box 338, Redding, Cal.

DEAF? Invisible Ear Pellicets, lately patented, will relieve Deafness and Head Noises, if relief possible. Superior to anything offered yet. Moderate price. Write for Booklet. The Pellicet Co., 17 Grant Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get Big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. Write to-day and get details. Address Circulation Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

MOVING PICTURES

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES, Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides and similar Wonders For Sale. Catalogue Free. We also buy Magic Picture Machines, Films, Slides, etc. Harbach & Co., 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

DON'T BE MISLED BY CLEVERLY WORDED advertisements into believing that you can buy a typewriter worth anything for a few dollars. You can't get something for nothing. Ask us why. We will tell you, and we will also explain what a rebuilt typewriter really is and how it differs from one second-hand or merely glossed over. And at the same time we will tell you how you can get a good typewriter and still save a lot of money on your investment. Rebuilt Typewriter Co., 31 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDING

ART IN HOMES, Portfolio No. 3, 29 designs with floor plans for one and 1-1/2 story bungalows and cottages. Portfolio No. 4, 24 designs for 2 story residences and one and two story double houses. Each 50c., both 75c., cash or stamps. T. R. Wiegler, Architect, 626-14th St., Denver, Colo.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!!! The Inner-Bond Steel Bar for Concrete Reinforcement is the best. Exclusive selling rights granted to proper parties in all large cities. State your facilities, and locality desired, to Arthur Priddle, Patentee, 185 Stevenson St., San Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

IF YOU WANT AN UP-TO-DATE BUNGALOW HOME, send \$1.00 for handsome book containing 100 worth of building ideas. Or 10c. in stamps for literature. Ye Planry, Dept., A., Los Angeles, California.

MANTELS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue containing 67 cuts and price list of Carved Brick Mantel Fireplaces. Phila. & Boston Gas Brick Co., Dept., 165 N. 3rd St., Boston, Mass.

EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE on his key ring a tag with name and address, so if keys are lost they can be returned. Upon receipt of 30 cts. we will mail you steel tag with name and address on. Star Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 234, Phila., Pa.

SAFETY RAZOR BLADES: dull blades rehoned, sterilized, like new. Six 15 cents. Dozen 20 cents. Returned prepaid in two days. Stamps accepted. Eaton's, Dept. E., 1344 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.

RAZORS—AN IMPORTED AND UNRIVALLED razor of \$2.00 value I will send you by mail for \$1.00. An Ideal Gift. Absolutely guaranteed as represented or price refunded. Geo. Sutton, 294 E. 134th Street, New York City.

WHY PAY \$5 for a safety razor? The Imperial shaves as well. Silver Plated with 7 blades, 50 cents prepaid. Agents wanted. Write for full particulars. Imperial Sales Company, 324 7th Avenue, New York.

LITERARY—BOOKS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE—Great big beautifully illustrated monthly magazine all about the Golden West. Contains fiction, illustrated articles on development, facts for homeseekers, stories of successful men and women, special articles on Philippines, Mexico, etc. Yearly subscription \$1. Sample copy ten cents. Send to-day. California Magazine, 906 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, California.

BEST BOOKS FOR BOYS. No boy's Christmas complete without a book by Edward Stratemeyer. For sale everywhere. Handsomely illustrated catalogue free. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Publishers, Boston.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF FAMOUS PERSONS bought and sold. Send for price lists. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. "The Collector." \$1 a year.

LITERARY Assistance addresses, essays, lectures, club papers. Material collected. Programs. Research. Translations. Revision. criticism, disposal of Manuscripts. Booklet O. Author's Revision Bureau, 58 Morningside Ave., New York.

VENTILATORS

PEERLESS NO-DRAFT WINDOW VENTILATOR. Pure air and proper ventilation in the coldest weather, an hygienic necessity; make living and sleeping-rooms healthier; self-adjusting and in great demand for Office Buildings, Schools, Churches, Hotels, Meeting Rooms and Residences generally. Recommended by leading physicians, and endorsed by architects; do not permit direct drafts, causing coughs and colds. Moderate in cost; immense field. Representatives wanted; County, town and city rights to live men and women. Sample ventilator, full instructions sent to one agent in each territory upon receipt of \$1.00. Write now. Peerless Specialty Co., Suite No. 1—52 Union Sq., E., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, BOTH SEXES, EARN BIG MONEY selling our Swiss embroidered shirt waist patterns, Mexican Drawn Work, waists and other novelties. Catalogue free. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Desk E, 699 Broadway, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FILMS DEVELOPED. 10 cents per roll. All sizes; Velox prints, Brownies, 3c.; 3 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3 1/2 x 4 1/2, 4 x 5, 3A 5c. Send us two negatives and we will print them without charge as a sample of our work; we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had. Cole & Co., Asbury Park, N. J.

BUY FROM THE FACTORY and secure fresh perfect papers and post cards at factory prices. Express prepaid. Send 10c. for trial dozen of new Velvet Yunit 4x5, catalog and a beautiful print. Yunit Co., 14 Ave. Y., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR CORPORATIONS

FOR NEW AND OLD CORPORATIONS—Stock Certificates—100 Complete with Seal, \$5.00—Lithographed on Best Bond Paper—Best Work—Price Lowest, because largest manufacturers in U. S. Samples Free. Our International Corporation Record best work ever published. Booklet Free. Southern Stamp & Stationery Co., Richmond, Va.

TRANSLATIONS

OUR SPANISH DEPT. is well known in many states. Native translators. References. Prices in accord with high class work. Mail your catalog for estimate. Warman & Bloom, Exporters, 80 Griswold St., Detroit.

STAMPS—COINS

CERTAIN COINS WANTED. I pay \$1 to \$600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps, and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated catalog, get posted and make money quickly. Vonherzen the Coin Dealer, Dept. E, Boston, Mass.

Will You

An Open Letter to a Lot of Men Who Might Advertise with Profit

You control, perhaps, some article which you have thought of advertising to the Magazine public.

Let us talk about it, and help you decide.

First, what is it, and what is it like? Turn back to our Index to advertisements, pages 3 and 4, and see, under the appropriate classification, what propositions similar to yours are there. Read those particular advertisements carefully, and calculate where you might come in.

Would you sell by mail-order entirely? Or would you fill mail-orders with the chief aim of getting dealers to stock up? Or is it an article which dealers already handle, but for which you would increase the popular demand? Those are three distinct aims in advertising, and your problem depends on which you are ready for.

Write to me about your problem, and I will give you straight counsel. Sometimes, I have to tell a man not to advertise at all; sometimes, to defer advertising till he is more ready; sometimes, to begin advertising immediately; sometimes, to take larger space in a few mediums, or smaller space in more mediums. The advice has to fit each individual problem.

Set it down in your mind *that we don't want you to buy advertising space unless we believe that thereby you will make more money for yourself.* To make

Advertise?

more money for the advertiser is the only motive in advertising which EVERYBODY'S recognizes.

That's why I don't say, "Here are wide-open pages for you—come in and fill them," but rather always, "Tell me what your special problem is, and I will tell you whether or not we can help you make more money."

EVERYBODY'S is an ideal place for almost all kinds of legitimate advertising. Half a million circulation among the most alert and intelligent families in this country—families of more than average income—families who love this magazine as an institution, and regard its advertising pages as an essential and sanctioned part of it,—that is the kind of publicity we can offer to every advertiser of an unobjectionable article. For it must be right to be in this magazine.

Does EVERYBODY'S publicity pay the advertisers? Well, just look at the number of them, and the class of them. Their being here, and staying here, is the best answer.

There are many, many more who, if they would, could make good money out of EVERYBODY'S for their trade-marked goods or their mail-order article.

Write, and let's talk it over.

Robert Frothingham
Advertising Manager.

RELIABILITY
JUST RETURN
REALIZABILITY

REALIZABILITY
JUST RETURN
RELIABILITY

Cardinal Points of an Ideal 6% Investment

YOU, and every other man and woman, are investors. Sometimes your working capital is the money of commerce; more often, perhaps, brains—hands—industry—courage. Each in its kind is a power—a great power when applied at the right point. The rule of wise investment is *making the best of the best opportunity.*

THE safest and best investment opportunity, time-tried, and panic-tested, is the ownership of New York real estate. The small investor can participate in this ownership by investment in the Six Per Cent. Bonds of the **AMERICAN REAL ESTATE COMPANY**, combining in the fullest sense the cardinal points of a good investment—

Reliability, Realizability, Just Return

A-R-E SIX'S are based upon the ownership of nearly Ten Millions of selected New York real estate. A-R-E Six's have never shrunk a dollar in value. In twenty years nearly \$4,000,000 has been paid at due date to thousands of investors.

THE just earning power of your money safely invested in business is 6%. If it is earning only 3% or 4%, you should increase its power to 6% by investment in Six Per Cent. Bonds of the following forms:

6% Coupon Bonds

For Income Earning—sold at par in denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000, or any other desired amount in multiples of even hundreds; paying 6% interest semi-annually by coupons attached and carrying the privilege of surrender for cash.

6% Accumulative Bonds

For Income Saving—purchasable by instalment payments covering terms of 10, 15 or 20 years; payments and interest payable in cash at maturity. The yearly payment rates per \$1000 Bond are: 10-year term, \$71.57; 15-year term, \$40.53; 20-year term, \$25.05.

WE seek opportunities to present the fullest information regarding A-R-E Six's to those who have money to invest and money to save, and invite the closest investigation of every detail of our business. Write today for map of New York City, showing location of the valuable properties upon which these bonds are based. Address

American Real Estate Company

Founded 1888

Assets, \$10,558,500.41

501 Night and Day Bank Bldg., 527 Fifth Ave., New York

DIRECTORS

EDWARD B. BOYNTON
President
DYER B. HOLMES
Vice-President

HAROLD ROBERTS
2d Vice-President
WILLIAM B. HINCKEY
3d Vice-President

FRANCIS H. SISSON, Secretary

ARE
SIX'S

THE BEST
SECURITY
ON EARTH
IS
EARTH ITSELF



THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOR ninety-nine years the Hartford has insured against loss by fire, and in that time has built up the largest fire insurance business in America. It has not only promptly paid every individual loss, but has given safety and satisfaction to its policyholders in all the conflagrations of American history.

The Hartford stands to-day with large assets and ample financial resources, the leader among fire companies. But its proudest asset is its reputation for commercial honor and good faith. It will sell you honest and safe insurance. Losses paid "Cash Without Discount." Is not this the Company you want?

**INSURE IN THE HARTFORD
AGENTS EVERYWHERE**

FIVE YEARS OLD

¶ The first number of the Associated Sunday Magazines appeared December 6th, 1903. Four newspapers issued it as a part of their Sunday editions. It had a circulation of 467,500.



Issued every week co-operatively and simultaneously as a part of the Sunday editions of

Chicago Record-Herald
St. Louis Republic
Philadelphia Press
Pittsburgh Post
New-York Tribune
Boston Post
Washington Star
Minneapolis Journal
Rocky Mountain News
and Denver Times

THE
ASSOCIATED
SUNDAY
MAGAZINES

1 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK
309 Record-Herald Bldg.
CHICAGO

¶ The first year it printed 58,877 lines of advertising at an average rate of \$1.29 a line.

¶ Today the circulation of the Associated Sunday Magazines is more than a million copies a week, and is issued by nine different newspapers. In this fiscal year, ending November 29th, 1908, it will have published 158,335 lines of advertising at \$3.00 a line.

¶ During this trying year of 1908, which has caused nearly every commercial activity to suffer, the advertising of the Associated Sunday Magazines showed a net gain of 15% over 1907.

¶ Advertisements of liquor, "get rich quick" schemes, alleged "cure alls," frauds, and shams (the easiest of all advertising to secure) are not taken in its columns.

¶ The reason for this gain,—the stride from \$76,143.41 to \$475,000 worth of advertising in four years?

¶ Because the advertiser can cover the northern, eastern, central, and middle western states better and for less cost by using space in the Associated Sunday Magazines than in any other magazine in the country.

¶ One million circulation, \$3.00 a line.

"The Story of the Associated Sunday Magazines" will be mailed on request.

"The Adventures of Melissa"**RUDYARD
KIPLING**

The most biting and trenchant thing out of Kipling's brain within the last half dozen years is "The Adventures of Melissa." He tells how a hive is ruined by the silent visit of a wax-moth—the stock weakened, the honey ruined.

Mr. Kipling is deeply worried these days about the future of England and of the world. He sees a rising tide of humanitarianism and Socialism inundating civilization, so he lifts his lonely voice in protest. It is interesting that under the same parable of bees with which Maeterlinck (in his "Life of the Bee") made his great plea for Socialism, Kipling should vent a bitter and brilliant attack on Socialism. It is a story that will stir up angry controversy. He speaks of "drones with workers' stomachs." After the evil work of the wax-moth has been burned out with sulphur fire, a wax-moth flutters down and says: "There has been a miscalculation about the new day, my dears," and goes on to speak of the "enormous upheaval." It is fair to take for granted that these stabs at the communistic propaganda will be parried by G. B. Shaw in some equally brilliant tract. The fight is on. The Socialists will not allow this clever parable to pass unnoticed.

"The Bride's Dead"**GOUVERNEUR
MORRIS**

A woman and three men are shipwrecked. Two of the men are men of birth and wealth, but physical and moral weaklings. One of them is the husband of the woman. The third man is a rough sailor, but easily the master of the party. He guides them and orders them about, and treats the other men as children. The story culminates in a murder. The plot has all the fascination of Barrie's play of "The Admirable Crichton," but is set in a more tragic key.

"In the Musee"**HARVEY J.
O'HIGGINS**

For the last fifty years the Bowery in New York City has had a kind of uncanny fascination for pretty much of the civilized world. It makes the stranger think of freak shows, brass-lunged music, panhandlers, thieves, and all the rest of the stock material that songs and melodramas have popularized. In all this vivid blare, we are apt to forget that life is just as human on the Bowery as in a Scotch manse, and that the picturesque people who swear in dialect live their life of friendship and family, just like other folk. Mr. O'Higgins takes three Bowery characters—typical, loaded with temperament—and uncovers their human qualities. The "Professor," and Professor's "wife," and the yelling "Kid" are picturesque Bowery characters, but they are also flesh and blood.

**These three extraordinary stories
complete in the December Fiction
Number, issued November 28th**



Collier's
The National Weekly





About Fairy Soap

The N. K. Fairbank Company—makers of Fairy Soap—tell a story in their advertising which they say “is different from that of any other soap maker.”

They say that “Fairy Soap contains no free alkali, rosin or dyes, but is just soap—pure soap—and nothing but soap, of the very best kind.”

They say that “the materials in Fairy Soap are the purest that money can buy—and so perfectly combined that they will not irritate nor stop up your pores as do soaps made from cheap materials.”

They also say that “Fairy Soap cleanses the skin thoroughly, smoothes and softens it, and imparts the glow of health which makes every nerve tingle with renewed vitality.”

Again they say that “the oval cakes of Fairy Soap are the most convenient shape for you to handle.”

But—that users of toilet soap may be induced to prefer Fairy Soap to all others—this story must be seen and read by people likely to be impressed.

And—this is the way the N. K. Fairbank Company handles the matter :

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY,

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir :—Mr. Vernam, of “The Popular Trio,” declared today that at 74 cents per page, per thousand, our Fairy Soap advertisement would secure the lowest cost distribution for Magazine circulation in publications costing the readers from \$1.50 to \$1.80 per year.



“Have you a little Fairy
in your home?”

We are interested in this statement and would be pleased to have your verification of Mr. Vernam's statement and also your recommendation as to the suitability of the enclosed advertisement which Mr. Vernam selected as being specially suited to influence the readers of “The Popular Trio.”

As you know, it is not our intention in any way to restrict our expenditure for advertising to which we give credit for making household necessities of “Gold Dust Washing Powder” and “Fairy Soap” but we feel that in these times of readjustment we want to carefully scrutinize circulations and values, and confine our expenditures to mediums that have in no way lost favor with their readers, or that did not secure their readers in the past as the result of artificial booming which in these times may have been discontinued.

Very truly yours,

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.



What Influenced The N. K. Fairbank Company

The N. K. Fairbank Company placed a six-page order for Fairy Soap in AINSLEE'S, THE POPULAR and SMITH'S commencing with the December magazines. They found that AINSLEE'S proved best for the Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co., New York City, as per following letter:

"MESSRS. AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE,
79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

New York, Oct. 12, 1908.

Gentlemen:—It may interest you to learn that of all the different magazines, papers, etc., we advertise in, your magazine is mentioned more often in letters of inquiry than all the rest together. I have, therefore, recommended Messrs. Palmer & Singer to continue using your medium for advertising purposes, as I am sure we will receive excellent results from same.

I can trace direct sales to numerous customers through Ainslee's. A Mr. Stewart of St. Louis, while on his way from St. Louis to New York, enroute for Europe, saw our advertisement in your magazine, and came into our office upon his arrival in New York and purchased a car.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) WM. BOTTO,

General Sales Manager, Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co."

This proves that AINSLEE'S is read by men and women of refinement (and men and women use Fairy Soap).

They also found that for J. M. Lyon & Company (Diamond Importers, 71 Nassau St., New York City) the cost of THE POPULAR MAGAZINE on a year's advertising—from September, 1907, to 1908—was but $5\frac{1}{3}\%$ of the amount of money it brought them. This is almost twice as good as its nearest competitors.

This proves that THE POPULAR readers buy advertised goods (and the N. K. Fairbank Company are anxious to reach such readers for Fairy Soap).

SMITH'S proved best for an advertiser of toilet articles.

This proves that SMITH'S is read by women (and Fairy Soap is used by women).

Thus, these facts, and many others similar, proved to the N. K. Fairbank Company that the very people for whom Fairy Soap is made also buy and read the magazines of THE POPULAR TRIO, the circulation of which is:

Ainslee's	.	.	250,000	copies per month
Popular	.	.	330,000	copies per month
Smith's	.	.	150,000	copies per month
Total	.	.	730,000	copies per month

At \$540 per page (the combined advertising rate of these magazines), or 74 cents per page per thousand of circulation, THE POPULAR TRIO reaches the greatest number of buyers of advertised goods at the lowest comparative cost.

Do these facts interest you—for your advertising? We believe now is the time to be governed by actual values—cost—and results in selecting your advertising mediums. Shall we send you all the facts about our magazines—THE POPULAR TRIO?

General Manager

7th Avenue and 15th Street, New York City



The Fashion Authority of the World

In Paris the **FRENCH EDITION** of **THE DELINEATOR** has the largest circulation of any magazine of its kind. This is the tribute of Paris to **BUTTERICK FASHIONS**.

In America **THE DELINEATOR** is the one style authority. It is made so by its association with the great fashion autocrats of Paris and the creators of style in this country, and by its own unsurpassed staff of fashion artists.

"What You Ought To Know About Your Baby" is one of the important articles just beginning in **THE DELINEATOR**, being a series of papers by an eminent physician. Every mother should read them.

F. Marion Crawford's new serial **"STRADELLA"** now running in **THE DELINEATOR**, is a masterpiece of spirited writing. Good stories may always be found in its pages.

\$1.00 per year **Single copy 15 cents**

Subscribe at any merchant carrying Butterick Patterns or any newsdealer or direct

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO., Butterick Bldg., New York

7751

Some glove suggestions:

For street wear avoid a very light weight, tight-fitting glove. In putting on your gloves, pull them from the wrist at the back, instead of the front. Then — insist on getting

FOWNES GLOVES

and you will experience greater comfort, longer wear and finer appearance.

Made in all styles, weights and shades. Every pair so good it is a pleasure to wear them.



Sold by good dealers everywhere—
never under any other name than
FOWNES



The "Cado" Fountain-Pencil 10 Cents



Requires no sharpening, has no metal parts and nothing to get out of order. The lead is adjustable in a neat fountain-pen like holder. Ask your stationer for it or send us 10c for the pencil with a box of refills. Plain or copying leads. **CUSHMAN & DENISON MFG. CO., 242 W. 23rd St., New York**



Hotel Oglethorpe

Brunswick, Georgia

Reconstructed

Ideal Climate

Refurnished

Finest Fishing

Hunting

Elegantly Appointed

Golf

Delightful Excursions by Boat to Historic St. Simon's, Cumberland and Jekyll Islands

Illustrated booklet upon application.

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Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(?) WHERE-TO-GO Bureau 3 BEACON ST. BOSTON.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Rennett. E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical Southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Hotel Statler. "The Complete Hotel." 300 Rooms—300 Baths—Circulating Ice Water. Operated by Owner. E. P. \$1.50 up.

LONG BEACH, CAL.

LONG BEACH SANITARIUM. Battle Creek Sanitarium Methods. Finest and best equipped of its kind west of Battle Creek. Best climate and beach in the world. Illustrated Booklet FREE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Hotel Denechaud. New Orleans. La. Centrally located, every modern convenience, all outside rooms. (Eu. Plan.) Address Justin F. Denechaud.

NEW YORK

Hotel Empire. Broadway and 63d St. A delightful hotel, beautifully situated. Most excellent cuisine and service. Large rooms \$1.50 per day; with bath \$2 per day. Suites \$3.50 up. * Free Guide. W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

PALM BEACH, FLA.

PALM BEACH HOTEL. FLA. Accom. 400. A. F. Select. Secure accom. in advance. Special weekly rates. Booklet. Address "Prop."

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

WORLD'S RENOWNED KNEIPP SANITARIUM. San Diego, Kneipp treatments that cure without drugs or operation. Est. on same plan as Famous Kneipp Sanitarium in Germany. Booklet.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fairmont Hotel. Most superbly situated. Overlooks San Francisco Bay & city h'dq'trs Army and Navy, social center of city. E. P. \$2.50 up. Every room has bath.

Hotel St. Francis. In heart of city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops, theatres. Every comfort. Finest hotel in West. \$2 up E. P. Booklet free.

SEATTLE, WASH.

The Perry absolutely fireproof. Every modern convenience. Centrally located, commanding a splendid marine and mountain view. The highest grade. European Plan. *

Savoy Hotel. "12 stories of solid comfort," concrete, steel & marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 135 Baths. English grill. \$1 up.

(A.) American Plan; (E.) European Plan; * Write for further information.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

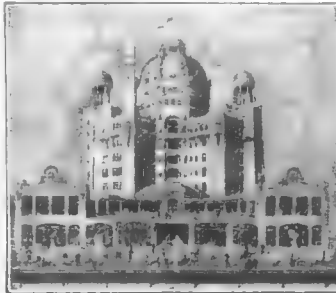


Hotel Driscoll

Facing U. S. Capitol and park. New and modern. Convenient to points of interest. Excellent cuisine. Free baths. A. and E. plan. Booklet mailed.

The Shoreham. Am. & European plans. Located in most fashionable section, five minutes' walk to White House, U. S. Treasury, State, War & Navy Departments. John T. Devine, Prop. *

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM. Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Fall sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Son, Proprietors and Directors.

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

Travel

THE MARVELS OF EGYPT and adjacent lands—seen at the best time and in the best way.

H. W. DUNNING & CO., 14 B Beacon St., Boston

Plan; (E.) European Plan; * Write for further information.

MARSTERS High-Class Tours

EGYPT, HOLY LAND, ITALY and THE RIVIERA. Personally Conducted—Exclusive Features—Best Steamers—Restricted Membership. Send for Itineraries. GEO. B. MARSTERS, 298 Washington St., Boston, 31 W. 10th St., New York



AROUND PORTO RICO

The Ideal Winter Sail on Summer Seas

The steamer is your hotel during the entire trip. With every modern convenience. Fine cuisine. All outside staterooms. Wireless telegraphy. Write for illustrated booklet.

THE NEW YORK & PORTO RICO STEAMSHIP CO.

12 Broadway, New York

Or Raymond & Whitcomb—all principal cities.

ORIENTAL

Sailing January 5, 1909

Strictly First-Class Limited Membership

BOOKLETS FREE BY MAIL

Individual Passage Tickets, by all Lines

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia

Intelligent and profitable travel can be had only under expert and scholarly guidance. Let us write you of our leaders and of our itineraries. Bureau of University Travel 19 Trinity Place, Boston

Intelligent European Travel Demands expert cultured leadership, leisurely itineraries, first class, every expense, every care. The Chautauque Tours, APPLETON, WIS.: New York, 100 Broadway; Chicago, 858 Hamilton St. *

EGYPT Party of six sails January 7. The Nile, Sicily, Italy, the Riviera, Paris. Four months, \$1,650. First class. Experienced management. Mrs. L. C. Ware, 59 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* Write for further information.

WINTER BATHING SCENE

A VIEW FROM THE SANITARIUM

THE LONG BEACH SANITARIUM

LONG BEACH SANITARIUM

LONG BEACH, CAL.

The New and Strictly Modern MEDICAL and SURGICAL SANITARIUM. By-the-Sea. Near Los Angeles. Pressed brick building, elegantly furnished throughout. Three stories of solid comfort. Battle Creek Sanitarium methods. The finest and best equipped of its kind west of Battle Creek. Graduate Nurses only. Spacious and up-to-date treatment rooms and electrical departments. Broad verandas, Sun Parlor, Roof Garden with common law view of the Ocean, and Catalina Island. Tennis and other outdoor amusements. Choicest cuisine. A delightful place to spend the winter. Summer resort. Illustrated booklet FREE.



GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL, Gulfport, Miss.

On the Gulf of Mexico. Arrive and get to bed in winter. Hotel the finest on the entire Gulf Coast. Equipped with all modern conveniences. Hot and cold running water, electric lights and long distance telephone in every room. Cuisine unsurpassed. Delectable fare. Fishing, boating, hunting, beautiful drives, and numerous other attractions. For rates and further particulars, address

F. B. WASHINGTON, General Manager.



THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM METHOD OF HEALTH TRAINING

The first step is to determine accurately, the status of each case. To this end, thorough examinations and laboratory tests are made, if desired. Having fixed definitely upon the condition and its causes, the second step is an endeavor to give immediate relief through physiological methods which include 200 or more kinds of baths, indoor swimming pools, gymnasium, electricity, massage, manual Swedish movements, mechanical vibration, The Sanitarium Health diet system, etc.

The third step is the directing of the patient along lines of diet, exercise and physiological treatment with the aim of gradually building up health upon a permanent, solid foundation. This program includes the correcting of erroneous habits of eating, drinking and living, the breaking down of false notions of diet, the establishing and the proving of correct principles and habits of living. The education of the patient along these lines is aided by interesting lectures, addresses, exhibitions and exercises—indeed this phase of the Battle Creek Sanitarium opens up a new world to the minds of those who have thought little on these things.

In connection with this method, the appointments of the Sanitarium for the comfort and well-being of its patrons are of the finest, modern, hygienic type. A great indoor palm garden, spacious parlors, quiet rest foyers, promenade porches, cheerful dining rooms with beautiful landscape views, and everything else designed to add to the enjoyment and health building of the guests. The main building has seven acres or so of indoors, under perfect hygienic control in an ideal climate for true health training, so that the guest obtains the health building of the tonic Michigan climate with the enjoyment of the ideal Florida climate indoors. Here one meets interesting guests from almost every state and country. As a place of rest and recuperation for the worn-out, the nervous, the tired and the sick, the Battle Creek Sanitarium is known all over the world for the results which it accomplishes.

The Rates are Moderate. Board and room, including baths, services of bath attendants and necessary medical attention, cost less at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, than board and room alone at many first-class winter-resort hotels.

An illustrated catalogue which conveys a partial conception of the magnitude and some of the distinctive features of this great health resort, will be mailed upon request to readers of *EVERYBODY'S* provided the attached coupon is sent. Address Box 89

THE SANITARIUM, - Battle Creek, Mich.



THE
SANITARIUM.
Box 89,
Battle Creek,
Mich.

MAIL--THIS--COUPON--

Invincible



"INVINCIBLE"—because he has at his "finger tips" the expert advice of a corps of practical Civil Engineers.

Not a subject in the whole field of Civil Engineering and its allied branches that this complete and valuable reference work does not cover fully.

You can become "invincible" if you will. You can get just the knowledge you require to raise you to that high and mighty pinnacle of fame—by using your practical knowledge and work in connection with the advice and instruction contained in the New Eight Volume

CYCLOPEDIA OF CIVIL ENGINEERING

Just off the press—a great reference work and Home Study instructor of nearly 4,000, 7 x 10 inch pages; 3,000 illustrations, diagrams, plates, formulas, etc., supplemented with a series of practical test questions and carefully indexed for ready reference—handsomely bound in half red morocco.

This Cyclopedia is the only complete, comprehensive and authoritative work published, covering the entire field of Civil Engineering and all branches connected with it. It thoroughly covers every detail from plane surveying, plotting and topography to the theory, design and construction of bridges.

The Student will find this work an aid in his studies as it gives detailed descriptions of the latest applications of new and advanced ideas. The Civil Engineer will find it a reference work of exceptional value as it tells him the easiest, best and latest methods of handling difficult problems that arise daily in his work. Take the first step towards becoming "invincible"—simply fill in and mail the coupon today for our

FREE FIVE DAY OFFER

Without deposit—on receipt of the Coupon, we will send you, express prepaid, for five days' FREE examination a set of wonderful Books. Examine them carefully—show them to your friends. If you wish to keep the books pay \$2.00 within 5 days and \$2.00 a month until you have paid the special \$24.00 price; otherwise notify us to send for them at our expense. Regular price is \$48.00.

Order promptly and we will include FREE, for one year, as a monthly supplement, the

TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE

A popular magazine with a technical turn containing the latest discussions on timely topics in Science, Invention, Discovery and Industry, also the best Fiction, Biography, Travel and Humor, in fact, the best of everything. Illustrated with scores of interesting photographs.

BRIEF LIST OF CONTENTS

Plane Surveying—Mechanical Drawing—Plotting and Topography—Railroad Engineering—Statics—Strength of Materials—Roof Trusses and Mill Building Construction—Cost Analysis in Relation to Engineering—Masonry and Reinforced Concrete—Steel Construction—Practical Problems in Construction—Bridge Engineering—Highway Construction—Hydraulics—Water Supply—Irrigation Engineering—Water Power Development—Sewers and Drains—House Drainage and Sanitation—River and Harbor Improvements.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Chicago, U. S. A.

FREE OFFER COUPON

Fill in and mail today

American School of Correspondence:

Please send set Cyclopedia of Civil Engineering for 5 days' free examination. Also T. W. for 1 year. I will send \$2 within five days and \$2 a month until I have paid \$24.00; otherwise I will notify you and hold the books subject to your order. Title not to pass until fully paid.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
OCCUPATION.....
EMPLOYER.....

Everybody's 12, '08

CUTLER MAIL CHUTES



are just as important relatively to the tenants of a four or five story building in a small town as they are to those in the Singer Building or Metropolitan Tower in New York. But the cost is less, being in proportion to the size of the building.

*They add many times
their cost to the
value of the building.*

Every owner of a Hotel, Apartment House or Business Building should write us for Facts.

CUTLER MAIL CHUTES

are the kind that are *safe* to install. No chance of your having to pay damages for patent infringement, for we own all the important patents on mail chutes, from the earliest to the nine issued this year, and are suing all other mail chute companies.

Our MODEL F combines the perfection of finish for which we have always been noted, with a price lower than we ever before could offer.

Let Us Figure on Your Building

CUTLER MFG. CO.

200 CUTLER BLDGS., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Aristocrat of Breakfast Fruits

Atwood Grape Fruit

No other fruit at breakfast time is so thoroughly appetizing, so keenly enjoyable or so highly healthful as a luscious, juice-filled ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT.

You have already eaten grape fruits of indifferent kinds—the rough, thick-skinned, bitter sort, or the little-better, half-dried, small-proportioned kind; but until you have been served at breakfast with a delicious ATWOOD Grape Fruit, filled with its cooling juice, you will never know how thoroughly refreshing or how delectable grape fruit can really be.

The ATWOOD Grove at Manavista, Fla., is the largest grape fruit grove in the world. Its 25,000 trees, if set in one row, would extend 80 miles. A quarter of a million dollars have been expended in producing a grape fruit superior in quality to any other grown.



The ATWOOD trade-mark is on the wrappers. This is your guarantee of the perfect product. Look for it when you buy.

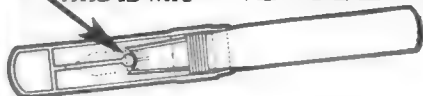
To serve—cut in cross sections, remove the core and serve with or without sugar. Grape Fruit is better when served without ice.

THE ATWOOD COMPANY

KIMBALL C. ATWOOD, President and Treasurer, 290 Broadway, NEW YORK

The Paul E. Wirt Safety Pen

CAN'T LEAK
THIS IS WHY



THE PEN FOR THE
"SPUR OF THE MOMENT"

This is the Latest Great Improvement in Fountain Pens.

A small handy perfect fountain pen that can be safely carried in a man's vest or coat pocket or in a ladies' purse without possibility of leaking.

The best pen for men of business and for ladies who appreciate a pen **they can carry in safety.**

The same qualities that have made the **Regular Wirt Pen** famous—which are

"ALWAYS READY—ALWAYS WRITE"

are found in these pens. Send for particulars and styles and prices on these and **100 other regular style Wirt Pens**

Sold by best dealers everywhere.

Address
Box G. 4

Bloomsburg, Pa.



PADDOCK WATER FILTERS

Filter Your Water Supply For Drinking, Washing or Industrial Use.

The best kind of raw water is liable to be impure. It is then disagreeable and dangerous to use and can be made clean and safe—in an economical way—only by filtration.

Some filters become more dangerous than raw water. The beds are germ breeders, because they are made of the wrong material and poorly designed.

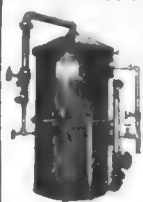
Perfect and rapid filtration of water is best accomplished by the **PADDOCK DOUBLE WATER FILTER**. It is the most scientific and practical filter made. It gives double filtration in one unit. The dirtiest waters become crystal clear, without the use of alum or other injurious chemicals, after passing through the two emery filter beds of the Paddock.

Installed in the basement of your home or connected with the main supply of your industrial plant or office building, all the water that enters the premises is purified before it reaches a faucet.

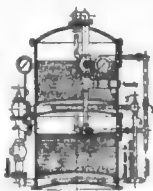
Send for our catalog at once and give us some idea of your requirements. The name of your plumber would be appreciated.

**The Atlantic
Filter Co.**

BUFFALO, N. Y.



PADDOCK



DOUBLE FILTER

Have an Even Heat All Winter

IT MEANS HEALTH
IT SAVES TIME AND WORRY

This Automatic Regulator will actually keep your house at an even heat whether the weather outside be at zero or above freezing. You, or anyone can easily attach it to any furnace, hot water or steam boiler, gas or steam valve. It does not mar the walls in any way.

When fixing the fire at night, you close the front damper, set the clock for any time you desire in the morning. It will then automatically open the damper so that the house will be warm at getting up time. The Thermostat will positively keep an even temperature without variation. All you have to do is to put the coal on and forget it. No getting up early in the morning to fix the fire to warm up.

Great Saving on Fuel Bills

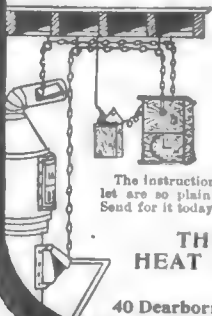
and will more than pay for itself in a short time. Prove this for yourself. We send it to you on 30 days' Free Trial so you can do this. If not perfectly satisfied—send it right back. If you keep it, pay us in 60 days or take advantage of discount for cash with order.

The instructions and illustrations in our free booklet are so plain that anyone can understand them. Send for it today if you keep house.

**THE "CHICAGO"
HEAT REGULATOR CO.**

Dept. E

40 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.



NEW Saxonia INCANDESCENT KEROSENE OIL LAMP BURNER



FITS ANY
STANDARD
LAMP

Lights same as any lamp and produces gas off the top of the wick, a fine white light on an imported mantle similar to the Welsbach but five times as strong. 85 candle power, burns only one-third oil of ordinary lamp; gives three times light. One-fifth cost of gas, one-tenth cost of electricity. Pays for itself. Cheap, simple, clean, safe. Burner fits any screw collar or standard lamp. Imported chimney and mantle of extra strength with burner, complete for \$3, express paid. Money refunded if not as represented. Booklet of facts free.

AGENTS WANTED.

U. S. AUTOMATIC LIGHT CO.
Springfield, Mass.

Manufacturers of System Oil Lighting Plants
Refer to Banks of the City, Hartford, or Dan.

Mated pair
hilling, or
kissing —
From Eggs
to squabs
in POUCH



SQUAB BOOK FREE

Send for our handsome 1909 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first; our birds are largest and outsell all others. Our methods made a new business of squab raising and are success of the 20th century in feathers.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.,

308 Howard Street
Melrose, Mass.



NATURO

The closet
with

the Slant. Sanitarily perfect and of the greatest importance, physiologically considered, because it compels the proper posture. Endorsed by Physicians. No Bathroom complete without it. Book M and testimonials free. When you can get the best without extra cost, WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

C. H. M. CLOSET CO.,

DETROIT, MICH.

VIOLIN of Smooth, Fine Tone

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremona Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations and why soloists everywhere gladly pay its price, which is \$100. The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price \$15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages. 1100 illustrations.

LYON & HEALY

92 Adams Street, CHICAGO



Buy Him this Beautiful Rocker

It will bring luxury and comfort to Library, Smoking Room—in fact, any part of the home.

It is one of the Leaders of

The Bronze

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.



Seal Line

BY MUELLER & SLACK CO.

When you know the relation the Bronze Seal bears to the Rocker—you'll buy the Rocker.

We had to make a PERFECT ROCKER before we dared put on the seal.

Every seal has a number—no two alike. This means a perfect Rocker.

Why? Because every operative knows his work is identified—from the designer to the man who delivers the Rocker to your home. For their own protection, all do their very best.

Rocker No. 2521, illustrated herewith, is our leader, and the greatest seller we make. The loose, removable seat is entirely stuffed with curled horse hair, and the removable back cushion is filled with silk floss. It is one of the most comfortable rockers ever made, and it will last a lifetime. Write today for

Our Free Style Book of the Bronze Seal Line

It contains much valuable information that will help you make your home more beautiful. We will also refer you to the nearest dealer where you can see and inspect the goods. Address

MUELLER & SLACK CO., Dept. II, Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIX PER CENT

If your money is drawing less than 6% you should write for information concerning the Certificates of Deposit, issued by this bank. Write for booklet "E."

FIRST TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
CAPITAL \$100,000⁰⁰ BILLINGS, MONT.

SHIPPED YOU FREE

For Inspection

The ITHACA HALL CLOCK

All Charges Prepaid

We ship this clock direct from our factory to you upon receipt of your request. We prepay charges. If it is not what you expected or as represented, ship it to us, charges collect. Use it 10 days and if satisfactory, remit us its price, \$29.50.

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

If you prefer to pay for this clock by installments, remit us \$8, and \$3 per month for eight months. This beautiful Colonial time-piece, exactly like photograph, cannot be duplicated elsewhere for several times the price we ask. We eliminate the profits of salesmen, jobbers and retailers, and give you the benefit of this saving. An appropriate birthday or wedding gift.

A hall clock is a treasure for any home. It lends a dignity to the home.

DESCRIPTION

Constructed of polished cherry, mahoganyized, or polished, selected oak.

Size—Height 7 1/2 feet.

Ornaments—Etruscan ornaments, Solid cast brass, polished. Top ornaments, brass and silver. Can be furnished without ornaments if desired.

Crystals—Doors, French beveled crystals.

Dial—12 1/2 in. square, black Arabic figures.

Movement—Eight day. Polished brass, visible pendulum. Strikes hours and half hours, on soft-toned gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. State if oak or mahoganyized cherry is wanted.

If you would consider the purchase of this clock, write immediately, requesting us to forward it to you free of all charges, for inspection, according to above terms.

THE ITHACA CALENDAR CLOCK COMPANY

Dept. 28. ITHACA, N. Y.

Established 1863

Makers of the world-renowned
Ithaca Calendar Clocks

If interested in calendar clock,
send for catalogue



AROUND THE WORLD BUT NEVER OUT OF INK

You feel safe
when writing a
Cheque with



Having no
air tube, will
not leak into
the pocket

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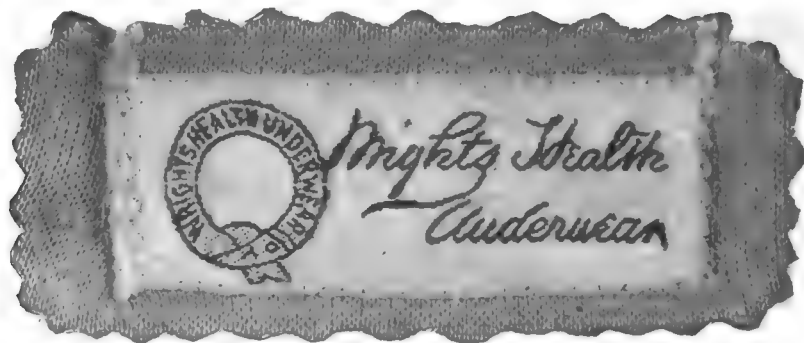


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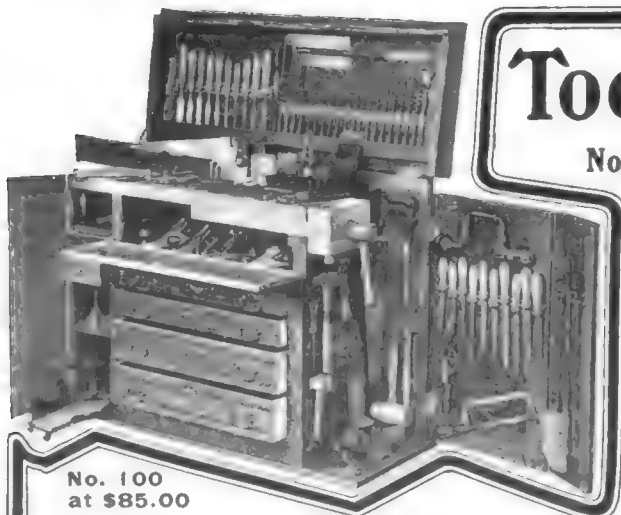
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HUMAN LIFE FOR OCTOBER, 1908 4.40 Problem of the Smoker.

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HUMAN LIFE readers will not get stuck if they order 100 of Mr. Edwin's cigars, and we recommend that they read his advertisement on our second inside cover page.

Send Mr. Edwin's advertisement on page 101.



Chafing Dish Cooking

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Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

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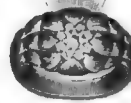
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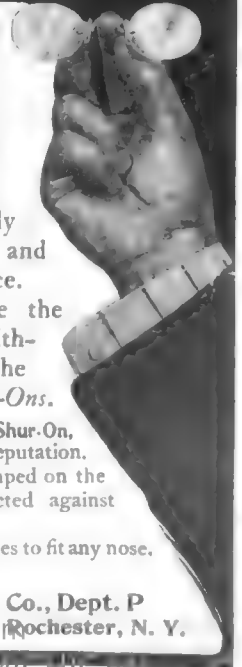
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The Sled that Steers



Wins every
Race

THE SURELY WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT

The fastest, safest, strongest, ever invented. A Boy's sled—the only one Girls can properly control. Steers easily around others without dragging the feet—runs away from them all—runs farthest. Easiest to pull up hill.

Saves its cost in shoes the first winter—prevents wet feet, colds and Doctor's bills. Built to last of special steel and second growth white ash, handsomely finished. Insist on a Flexible Flyer.

Look for the new Flexible Flyer Racer—long, low, narrow, speedy, moderate priced.

Send for Free Cardboard Model (showing just how it steers) and colored Christmas booklet with prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101 I, Philadelphia, Pa.

Patentees and Sole Manufacturers

Congress Cards.



Gold edges. 50c. per pack. 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

Bicycle Cards.



40 regulation backs. Most durable 25c. card made. More sold than all others combined.

200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," new edition revised; latest rules for all popular games. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle tuck boxes, or 15c. in stamps. The U. S. Playing Card Co. Dept. 18 Cincinnati, U. S. A.

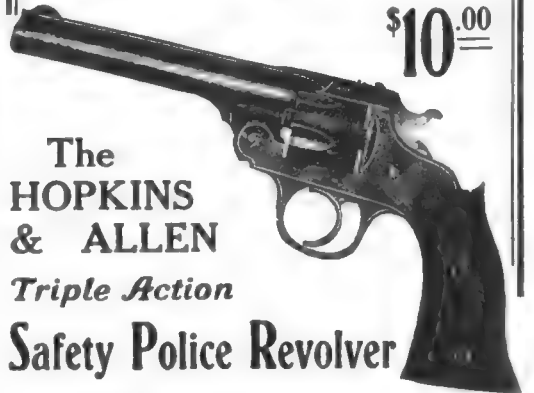
The One Gift for Every Man!

\$10⁰⁰

The
HOPKINS
& ALLEN

Triple Action

Safety Police Revolver



EVERY man should own a revolver. Every man wants and needs a good revolver. If you're undecided as to just what present to give to a man—if you're looking for a typical "man's gift" for Christmas—this revolver, the HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action Safety Police—is the one thing most sure to please and satisfy.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN Safety Police is known everywhere among experts, as the *one safety revolver*—absolutely the only weapon made whose construction is based on the *perfect safety principle*. The Safety Police is the *only triple action revolver made*. The triple action takes the hammer out of the danger zone directly after firing, thus eliminating all danger of accidental discharge. In this triple action revolver the hammer at rest is always against a wall of solid metal—never in line with the firing pin, as in all other revolvers.

*You can't buy a revolver any-
where near as good at this
price and you can't get a
better weapon at any price.*

The New Army Grip gives a good, strong hand-hold. This is an advantage that always appeals to the revolver enthusiast. 32 or 38 Cal., blued steel finish, 4 inch barrel.

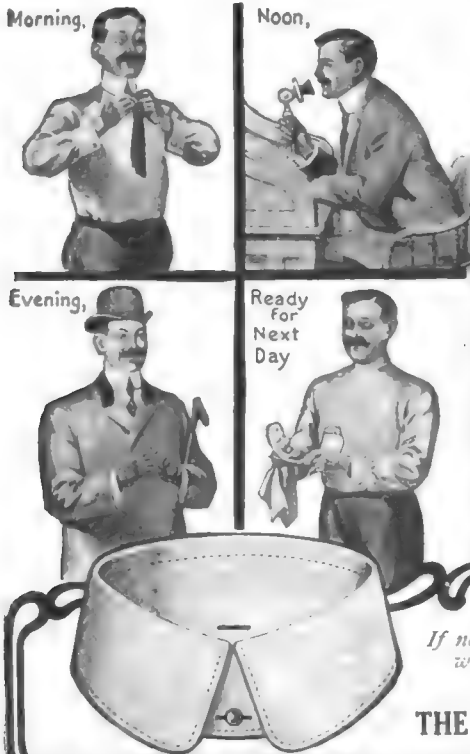
Most dealers sell the HOPKINS & ALLEN Triple Action Safety Police. Get it from your dealer if you can. If you can't, send us \$10 and we'll send you one direct, and guarantee safe delivery and absolute satisfaction.

OUR FREE GUN GUIDE AND CATALOG—is the most complete firearms book ever issued. It shows our entire line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns. Send for it. It's free.

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO.

13 Chestnut Street

Norwich, Conn.



STYLE
ECONOMY

WATERPROOFED LINEN
LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

FIT
COMFORT

The "Day of the Collar" is the test of its worth;
The "Collar of the Day" has proved its worth.

Imagine wearing the same collar and cuffs morning, noon and evening for 60 consecutive days, with no laundering, yet always clean! It is possible with **LITHOLIN** only. When soiled you wipe them white as new—on or off, with a damp cloth. They save expense daily, and are always neat and dressy, being cut in every up to date style, and in all sizes. Keep their shape, do not wilt, crack or fray, and being linen look linen.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Always sold from RED boxes. Avoid substitution.

*If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid.
Booklet of styles free on request.*

THE FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 16, 7 Waverly Place, New York

Postal Savings Accounts?

¶ Don't wait for the Government to establish postal savings banks paying 2% interest—deposit your money here at 4% interest, compounded semi-annually.

¶ Funds may be easily and safely banked with this institution through our convenient banking - by - mail system — the absolute safety of all deposits being fully assured by capital, surplus and profits of \$2,900,000 and the character and standing of the company's directorate.

Write for our free illustrated Booklet B giving full information.

Commonwealth Trust Co.
Commonwealth Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Jaeger
SANTALIN

ABSOLUTELY
**THE MOST COMFORTABLE
THE MOST DURABLE
THE MOST HEALTHFUL
OF UNDERWEARS.**

Perfect Protection for all Weathers
Explanatory Catalogue Free,
Also Samples.

Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
Phila.: 1516 Chestnut St.
Boston: 238 Bevilacqua St.
Chicago: 82 State St.
Agents in all Principal Cities

Albrecht Furs

NORTHERN-CAUGHT
"From Trapper to Wearer Direct"

Have been made for fifty-three years in Saint Paul Minnesota, the fur center of America. Thousands of people in every state wear Albrecht Furs. Their moderate price brings high-grade, guaranteed furs within the reach of all.

Illustration is Albrecht 1908 Model Russian Pony Motor Coat

In high favor Much liked in full length, and also in three-quarter garments

Albrecht Automobile Raglan (like illustration) genuine Russian Pony, \$67.50; in genuine Alaskan Seal, \$630.00; Albrecht Island Seal, \$121.50; Russian Lamb, \$35.00; Blended Sable Squirrel, \$135.00; Blended River Mink, \$90.00

Guaranteed perfect fitting, and exactly as represented, or money refunded. (When ordering send bust measure and waist length, height and weight.) Express prepaid when cash accompanies order

Catalog No. 28—68 pages of Garments, Neckwear and Muffs Sent for 4c in stamps

Most complete fur fashion book ever published. Shows 150 latest styles in garments; 534 models in neckwear; 140 styles of muffs. Full description of all furs.

E. ALBRECHT & SON
6th and Minnesota Streets, Station 5
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA



BECOME A NURSE



"I owe my success to the Chautauqua School of Nursing"

Mrs. Mary E. Tilton, King Ferry, N. Y.

"I have all the work I can do—receive \$25 a week." Mrs. Virginia Arena, 489 North Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"On my last case I received \$20 a week." Mrs. Elizabeth W. Sterck, 774 North 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We trained these women in their own homes to become professional nurses. We have trained thousands of others, beginners and practical nurses, to earn \$10 to \$30 a week.

If YOU want a larger sphere of influence, greater independence and worthier remuneration, send TODAY for 52 page Blue Book explaining our method; interesting stories of experience by our graduates and endorsement by physicians.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing. 391 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Silver de Luxe

For elegance, beauty and refinement, for design of definite historic inspiration, make your selections from the Colonial Group of designs in Towle Sterling, i.e., the Paul Revere, the

Benjamin Franklin, the Newbury, the Georgian and the Colonial.

Very distinctive is our pattern styled The Colonial. Highly acceptable for gift and souvenir occasions is the

Colonial Five O'clock Tea

Spoon. An exclusive feature is the highly polished faceting of the spoon bowls. A very attractive bit of silver to treasure among your keepsakes.

If you would like to add a bit of Colonial to your silver, send name and address on coupon below, and we will supply you, through your local jeweler, with a Colonial Five O'clock Teaspoon for \$1.00, and present you with a beautiful

Colonial Book —Free

Replete with interesting historic fact, charmingly written and freely illustrated with quaint pictures of Colonial scenes and characters.

Or, if you want to secure the Colonial Book and have a look at the Colonial Spoon, mail the coupon to

Towle Manufacturing Company
NEWBURYPORT MASSACHUSETTS

CUT OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON

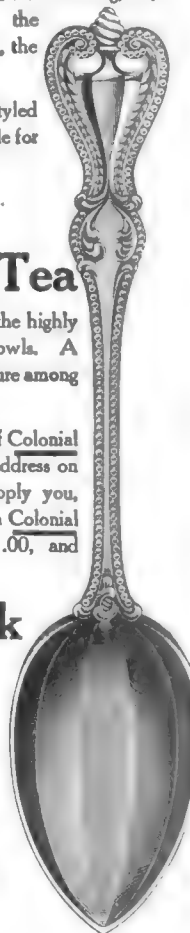
Towle Manufacturing Company:

Please give me name of Jeweler in my city through whom I can secure, free, a copy of the Colonial Book, as offered in your advertisement.

Name _____

Street Address _____

P.O. Address _____ ED



THE NEXT GREAT CITY

Deep water and 17 railroads make Houston, 500 miles nearer tidewater for one-fourth of the continental area than New York, the shipping, manufacturing, commercial and financial center of the Southwest, and the seagate of the American Northwest.

HOUSTON

is growing faster than any other city in the South. Within ten years she will be the largest city in the South, and ultimately she must become one of the nation's four first-class sea-and-rail depots. The great railroad systems are building terminals here on the same scale as in New York, Chicago, St. Louis. The greatest tide of immigration this country ever saw is flowing into Texas, with Houston the focal point. All roads make low round-trip rates. Come and see.

Ask for our illustrated *HOUSTON BOOK*

**THE HOUSTON BUSINESS LEAGUE
HOUSTON, TEXAS**

Let
Us
Tan
Your
Hide



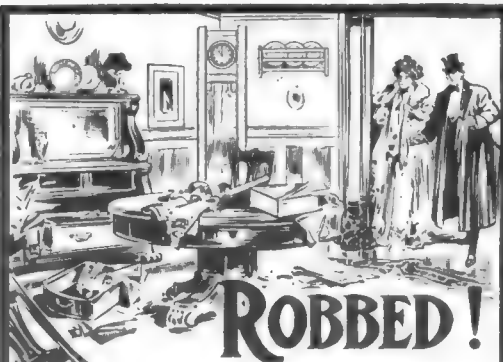
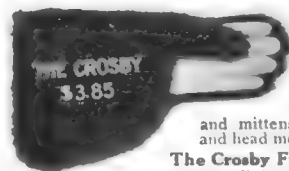
Whether Cow, Steer, Bull, or Horse Hide, Calf, Dog, Deer, or any kind of hide or skin with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof for robe, rug, coat or gloves, and make them up when so ordered.

But first get our illustrated catalog, with prices, shipping tags and instructions. We are the largest custom fur tan-

ners of large wild and domestic animal skins in the world.

We make fur coats to sell, fur outside and fur lined: fur robes, gloves and mittens; also do taxidermy and head mounting.

**The Crosby Furs and Fur Company
571 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.**



Returning home after spending a pleasant evening with your friends, you find everything in confusion.

**THAT SILVER PLATE
THOSE RINGS AND JEWELS
A WEDDING GIFT
A FAMILY RELIC** **ALL GONE**

Meilink's Home Safe

FIRE-PROOF DOCUMENTS SILVER THIEF-PROOF JEWELRY

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

The Only Small Safe Built that will not gather dampness inside and ruin silverware or jewelry. **Don't Wait!**

House Robberies have increased 40 per cent. during the year 1908. Fires are just as regular as ever. 50,000 Meilink Safes in use proves their value and their need. All styles House, Office and Wall Safes.

The Meilink Manufacturing Co.

122 Jackson St.

Toledo, O.

MIRA MUSIC

**The Sweetest, Most Pleasingly
Mellow Music Ever Produced
by a Self-Playing Instrument**

We are anxious to prove this to you by letting you hear Mira Music in your own home on free trial. You will love Mira Music because it is refined music, beautifully rich in tone and variety of musical expression. Its sweet mellowness and peculiarly sympathetic quality give to Mira Music a charm that will afford you genuine enjoyment year in and year out.

**Try MIRA MUSIC
In Your Home For
Ten Days—FREE**

Let us send you a Mira on approval to be returned at our expense if you decide not to keep it. No deposit is required.

Mira Music affords an almost endless variety of popular and classical selections, hymns, sacred music and the old-time melodies.

Indestructible, steel tune discs for nearly all popular and classic music cost only 20c. to 75c. each.

**\$5 down
\$1 a week**

will buy a Mira.

Prices are from

\$20 to \$250, and

payments of \$1

to \$2.50 a week

make it very

easy for you to

buy a Mira. You

take no risk—

your satisfaction

is guaranteed by

the free trial.

Send for Catalog "H" and Free trial coupon. You incur no obligation whatever.



**JACOT MUSIC CO. 292 Fifth Avenue.
NEW YORK 39 Union Square.**

Save $\frac{1}{4}$ on Coal Bills

Attach a Powers Heat Regulator to your furnace or boiler. Its action is automatic. It needs no attention—has no wires, no batteries.

Silently and surely—night and day—it regulates the draft so you don't waste an ounce of coal.

Keeps Your Rooms at 70 Degrees

No sudden changes—no variation whatever. Simply set the indicator at the temperature you want. The Regulator does all the rest.

Prevents the colds that result from varying heat.

Sent on 60 days' trial.



The Powers Thermostat

No cost if not satisfactory. Write today for our book—then judge what this invention means to you. Address Powers Regulator Co., 36 Dearborn Street, Chicago, or 117 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Powers Heat Regulator

Push the Button—and Rest

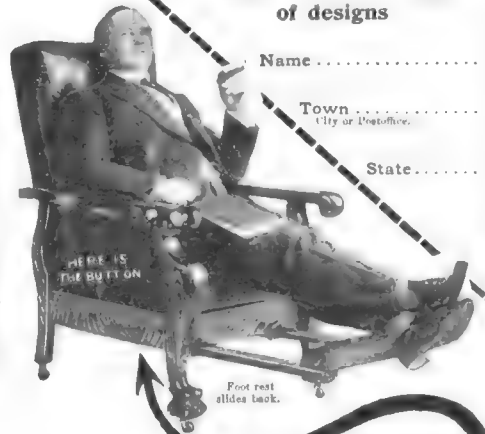
Send me free booklet of designs

Name

Town
City or Postoffice

State

200,000 now in use



Send for
FREE
Booklet,

"A Revelation in Comfort," containing 85 designs from \$9.00 to \$50.00, in oak and mahogany, that tells why there is no chair like the

"ROYAL" Morris Chair

"The Push Button Kind"

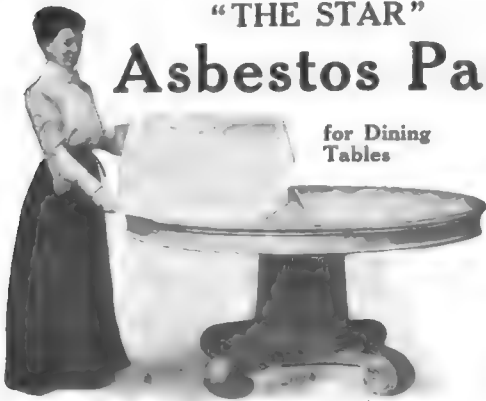
By simply pushing a button you can place the back at any of the nine comfortable inclinations. Made with or without foot rest.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will sell you direct. Send for booklet today.

ROYAL CHAIR CO., Dept. E, Sturgis, Mich.

"THE STAR" Asbestos Pad

for Dining
Tables



The original and patented Dining Table Pad.
Not an imitation.

The best Pad manufactured.

Made of a special grade of Asbestos of sufficient thickness and weight to assure protection from damage by heat and moisture, covered with double faced cotton flannel to make it soft and noiseless.

Pads and leaves made to fold to convenient size to lay away when not in use.

Doily, Chafing-dish and Platter Mats of same materials, size 5 to 18 inches, round, square or oval.

Ask your dealer to show you the STAR Pad.

All Pads and Mats bear our trade mark, "Star."

Write for descriptive booklet.

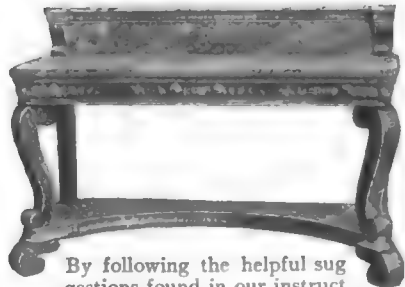
L. W. KERNEY & CO.

245 W. 62nd St.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MISTAKES AVOIDED

In Buying Good Furniture



By following the helpful suggestions found in our instructive booklet, "Furniture of Character" No advertisement can adequately tell the wondrous story of the remarkable

Berkey & Gay

reproductions of Period and Colonial furniture for the bedroom, dining room and library. This furniture charms by its solidity, grace and beauty because it is artistically designed, durably constructed and elegantly finished. The booklet will be sent for 16 cents in U. S. stamps to partly cover its cost. If not satisfactory, return it and stamps will be refunded.

Our integrity of fifty years standing and our guarantee shopmark is your safeguard in buying this furniture from the dealers.



BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. Estab. 1859
Please Address Dept. S Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Korrek Shape"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

DO YOU WANT COMFORTABLE SHOES? In these days of close attention to matters of health and hygiene, it is a good thing to know that half a century has been devoted by the old firm of Burt & Packard to making men's feet comfortable. "KORREKT SHAPE" shoes are made on lasts planned according to the normal, natural anatomy of the average foot. "KORREKT SHAPE" not only means good **STYLE**—it means a footwear model that is "nature-shaped" and therefore **SURE** to give absolute comfort. Send for Catalog.



MOREOVER, "KORREKT SHAPES" are the only shoes on earth made of the famous "BURROJAPS" guaranteed patent (and dull) leathers. We own and control this leather, and our confidence in its reliability is absolute. Therefore we guarantee it as follows:

If the "Burrojaps" patent (or dull) leather in the uppers of a pair of "KORREKT SHAPE" shoes breaks through before the first sole is worn through, the dealer from whom they were bought is authorized by us to give you a new pair **FREE**. Look for the "Burrojaps" label stitched securely into the lining.

5000 dealers sell "Korrek Shape" shoes for men. If you do not find a dealer near you, write for our Catalog showing 21 beautiful styles. Shoes sent prepaid.

Send for Catalog Today and
Mention Your Shoe Dealer

PRICE

\$
4

Custom Made

Trade Mark
Stamped on
Heel.\$
5

BROCKTON, MASS.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

Winter Festivities

intensify the necessity for a perfect complexion. Lablache protects from the rough, reddening winds. Refined women everywhere use Lablache, the wonderful beautifier.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c. for Sample Box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. 8, 125 Kingston St.,
Boston, Mass.



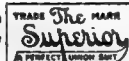
That Gives You a Guarantee of
Underwear Satisfaction

Superior Union Suits

Are in a class by themselves. They have the "lap without the gap" and the "crotch that covers." Be you sedate or athletic turn, **SUPERIOR Union Suits "stay put."** They fit almost as well as the skin, and often feel better. Made in all fabrics and sizes

for Men Only

Always
"Look for the
Label"



Every
Suit
Guaranteed

Satisfaction—
New Suits—
Or Money Back!

POPULAR PRICES—\$1.50 to \$5.00.

For sale at all the better stores everywhere.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Superior Underwear Company

Department C.

Mills: Piqua, O

A Clean Shave

The best steel cannot hold its edge without stropping. Why scrape your face with dull blades, or continue to throw away money for new ones, when the

GAYLOR AUTOMATIC STROPPER

will resharpen all your dull blades in a few moments, giving them a hair splitting edge better than new. The motion is automatic, no practice required, a child can use it. It is the only stropper in the world that successfully resharpen double-edge blades.

In case with barbers' genuine Horse Hide Strip, \$2.00

Order through your dealer. Or will send postpaid on receipt of price. Be sure to state for what make of Blade.

Money willingly refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular

L. B. GAYLOR, Allston, Mass.



PRICE
\$1.00

YOU CAN SEE WHY THE USONA SELF CLOSING TOBACCO POUCH



is so popular with pipe and cigarette smokers everywhere. Operated with one hand; opens by thumb pressure; closes automatically; prevents waste and annoyance; positively does not leak. An appropriate and acceptable

HOLIDAY GIFT

Small Imitation Leather—25c—Large Leather—50c—Special Xmas Styles: Grain Seal or Snake—\$1.00. Postpaid. At druggists or tobacconists. If yours does not handle send purchase price to

THE SELF CLOSING POUCH CO., 533 Culver Way, St. Louis, Mo.

SELF INDEXING LEDGERS

Kirtley-Stephens

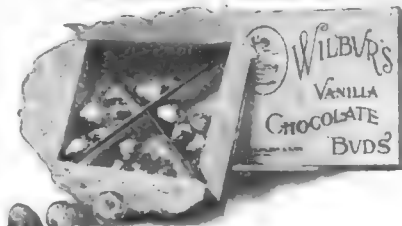
That annually save in labor 800% to 2000% of cost. Made in both loose leaf and bound. Samples free. Address, Dept. 2,

THE HUGH STEPHENS CO., Jefferson City, Mo.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 3.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BVDS

The only genuine.

Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth, melting quality and the delicious aroma. Buy of your confectioner or druggist or send us **one**

dollar for a pound box prepaid, or a sample box for 30cts if enclosed with your dealer's name and address.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS

237 North Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



SEND 75 CENTS FOR THIS BOX OF FRESNO RAISINS

MALTESE CROSS BRAND

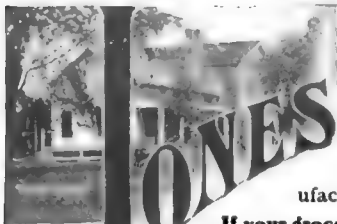
Direct from the grower to you. A big box of extra fancy selected cluster raisins—Fresno county's finest product—large, meaty raisins—California sun kissed and sugared by Nature—a rare treat for yourself or some friend—every cluster picked and packed under my personal supervision—cleanliness and goodness and purity guaranteed—packed in waxed paper wrappers which keep the raisins in fine condition. Send 75c. in stamps, P. O. or Express money order and I will send a box of these luscious raisins prepaid to any address in the United States. Do it to-day!

WILLIS PIKE

RAISIN GROWER AND PACKER

FRESNO

CALIFORNIA



DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

are as famous for the simple, old-fashioned farm method by which they are made as for their incomparable deliciousness.

I want to send you a little book telling about these sausages and how they came to be made—and why I have avoided modern manufacturing methods, sticking to the old-fashioned farm recipe which I have used for over forty years.

Besides my sausages, the Jones Dairy Farm book tells about the other things I produce here—hams, bacon, etc., and how to cook them fit for kings and clean-living, health-loving American citizens. Ask for it and I'll send it. Ask to-day. **MILLO C. JONES.**

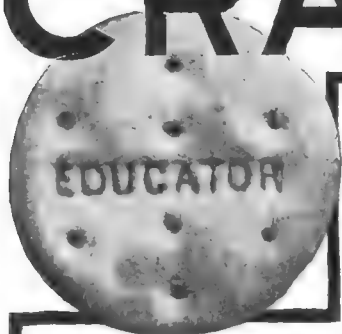
Jones Dairy Farm

P. O. Box 601

Fort Atkinson, Wis.

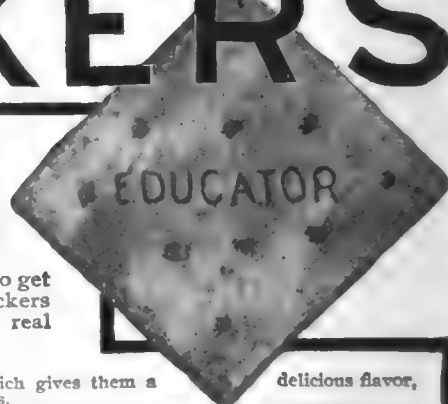
TRIAL OFFER:
4 Lbs. \$1.00 Express Prepaid
[(\$1.40 West of Kansas and South of Tennessee)]
Money back if not satisfied. Write to-day

EDUCATOR CRACKERS



**A BOX
FREE TO YOU**

If you'll ask for it, just to get you acquainted with crackers of real deliciousness and real food value.



EDUCATOR CRACKERS contain **ALL** of the grain, which gives them a delicious flavor, besides making them infinitely more nutritious than other crackers.

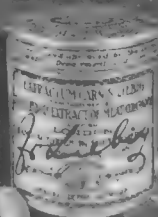
Educator Crackers are made in many varieties, several of the most popular of which are included in the sample box. No cracker you've ever tasted is like the *Educator Toasterville*. It's a fine entire wheat cracker, toasted, buttered and salted—absolutely unique. The *Fruited Educator*, made of entire wheat flour, Carabuna raisins and best creamery butter. The *Educator Butter Cracker*, a shortened entire wheat cracker, the ideal crackers-and-milk cracker for little and big folks.

Send for this box of assorted samples, and also send us your grocer's name, if you don't mind. Most good grocers have Educator Crackers. Order from yours, and if he doesn't or won't keep them, order from us.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO., 212 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

"Little and Good"

The outstanding feature of
LIEBIG
Company's Extract of Beef
is its high concentration. Such a
lot can be done with a small two ounce jar!



A NOVELTY KNIFE WILL MAKE A WELCOME XMAS GIFT

One of the many advantages is that it
Cuts and Holds Its Edge

Style 118 (like cut) 3½ inches long, 2 blades \$1.50, 2 blades \$1.60. Beneath indestructible transparent handles, your name, address, photo, emblems, etc. Guaranteed best quality razor steel and fully warranted. Your money refunded if dissatisfied.

Agents Earn \$75 to \$250 a Month

We show you how. Write quick for terms and great special offer to agents. Exclusive territory. Send for catalog.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 20 BAR ST., CANTON, O.

There Is a Beautiful



HARP

Catalogue of
Lyon & Healy
Harps. Any-
one interested

can get a copy free by writing for it.

New Double Action
Lyon & Healy Harp,
Mission Style, NOW

\$500

This is the finest Harp in the world, in a neat, light style; and at this heretofore unheard-of price will solve the music question at once for hundreds. **Easy Monthly Payments.**

LYON & HEALY, 33 Adams St., Chicago.

As an Ideal Food for Infants or for
General Household use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk

HAS NO EQUAL

Made With Scrupulous Care for
Those Who Demand the Best

Send for "My Biography"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 NEW YORK






BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

A natural spring water bottled at the springs. It has been before the public for thirty-five years and is offered upon its record of results accomplished. To those who have tested it there is no need to speak; to those who have not we would like to send medical testimony as to its merits in the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Inflammation of the Bladder and all Uric Acid Troubles. There is no "Tablet" or other concentrated form of this water—it is sold as it flows from the earth only. Like every article of merit, this water is counterfeited. Buy only of dealers who are above suspicion.

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA, SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Schlitz

Indian Girl Calendar

for 1909

Is in panel form seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long. It is beautifully lithographed in twelve printings and has the roughened finish like burlap. The dates are clearly pictured on tabs of birch bark.

The central figure is the beautiful Indian Girl typifying the goodness and purity of

Schlitz Malt Extract

a food, a digester and a tonic

It is richest in the food and tonic values of barley and hops.

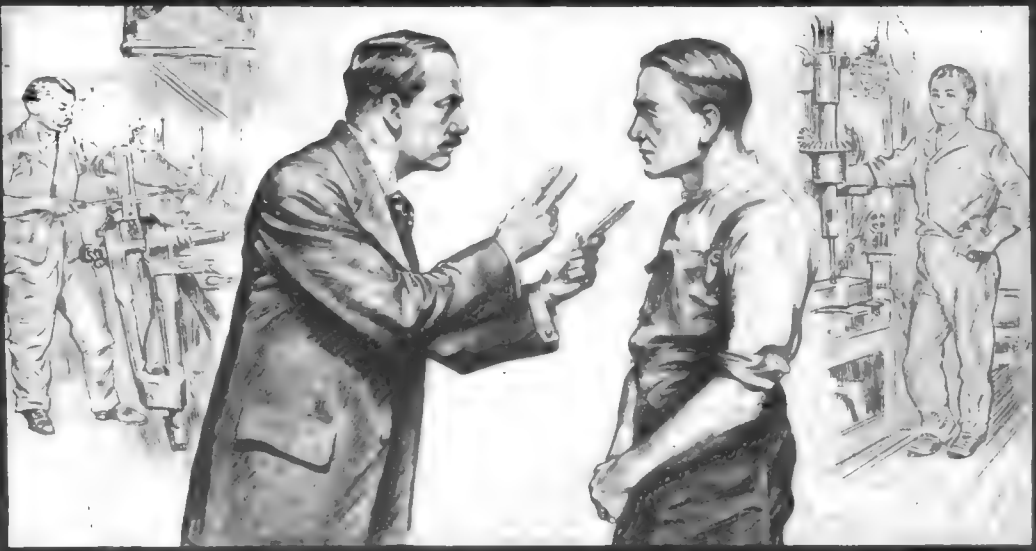
It is brewed in careful cleanliness. It is aged and sterilized to avoid biliousness and impurity.

Be sure next time to get Schlitz Malt Extract.



**This
beautiful
calendar
will be
mailed
upon
receipt of
10c in
stamps or
coin.**

**JOS. SCHLITZ
BREWING CO.
Dept. 22
Milwaukee, Wis.**



When Your Boss Talks Like This:

"You *MUST* do better work. Your lack of training is keeping YOU back and costing the house money. Too much rule-of-thumb about your methods. You've GOT to do better, or out you go."

It may not be altogether *your* fault when the boss talks like this. You may be working at the wrong job; or it may be the job is the right one but that you don't know enough about it to "make good."

In either case the International Correspondence Schools can help you. There's a way that fits your case exactly. To find out what it is, simply mark the attached coupon and mail it to-day. No charge for the information and advice it brings—no obligation.

The Business of the I. C. S. is to Raise Salaries by imparting to poorly-paid but ambitious men, *in their spare time*, the knowledge that fits them for their *natural line of work*. The proof of this is in the fact that every month an average of 300 men *voluntarily* report promotions and better salaries received as the direct result of I. C. S. training. During September the number was 228.

Nevermind how long your working hours are, where you live, how little schooling you have had, or how little you earn—**mark the coupon**. The I. C. S. *can* and *will* help you in your own home—without your having to lose a day's work.

MARK IT NOW!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1269, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked **X**

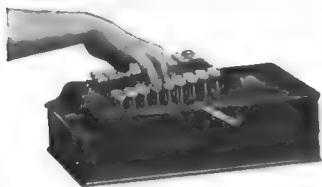
Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechan. Draughtsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mech. Engineer
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Stationary Engineer
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Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
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City _____ State _____



More Than an Assistant

The Comptometer increases the efficiency of your entire office force and gives you a quicker and better view of the daily progress of your business.

The Comptometer

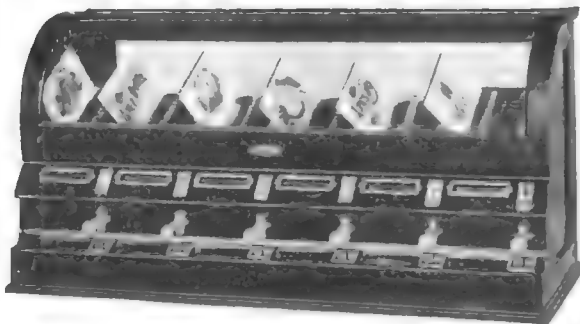
adds, multiplies and divides rapidly and with absolute accuracy. It has no complicated adjustments. No hand-lever to operate for each item added. A simple key-touch is the whole operation.

The Comptometer does away with the drudgery and renders you quick results.

Many business men who were skeptical at first about the claims of the Comptometer are now enthusiastic users. Let us show you by our Special Trial Offer. Write today for descriptive pamphlet. Comptometer sent, express prepaid, on trial to responsible parties in the U. S. or Canada.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 862 No. Paulina St., Chicago.

Over Nine Billion Cigars Sold Last Year in the United States



at a profit of \$135,000,000, or an average of 1 1/2c. a cigar. You can get a big slice of these profits. You can get a monopoly of the cigar business in your town or county and make a bigger profit on every cigar you sell than any retail storekeeper. With

International Cigar Vending Machines

selling the cigars for you you have no clerk hire, store rent, light or heat bills to pay—no free cigars to give away and no credit losses. Each of these wonderful and perfect working coin-in-the-slot machines is a complete cigar store in itself, besides being an automatic clerk and cashier that draws no salary, sells for cash only, never makes a mistake and is working for you 24 hours out of 24.

Think of Running Ten to a Thousand Cigar Stores, Each One Making a Clear Profit of \$1.00 to \$5.00 a Day.

That's just exactly what you can do by owning and operating a plant of International Cigar Vending Machines. One man or woman can look after a plant of one hundred machines by working only a short time each day—supply the cigars and take care of the cash. That's all there is to it. We will sell you a number of machines, give you the exclusive right to operate them in your choice of towns or counties if not already sold and protect you from competition for all time to come.

Quick Action Necessary.

Live investors everywhere are rapidly taking up desirable towns and counties. **WRITE TO-DAY** (before somebody else gets the territory you want) for full information, descriptive booklet and names and addresses of people now successfully operating our machines. State what territory you desire.

Ask Dun, Bradstreet or any St. Louis bank about our reliability and the capital back of our business.

We Will Pay Your R. R. Fare to St. Louis

and back home again if after you have made a thorough investigation here in St. Louis at our offices you find that our machines are not exactly what we represent them to be. We mean this—**every word**. We solicit your closest investigation and that of any expert machinist that you might want to employ to look for flaws or weaknesses.

INTERNATIONAL VENDING MACHINE CO.

219 Chestnut Street

St. Louis, Mo.

TO SMOKERS

Buy your cigars from International Cigar Vending Machines. Wherever you find these machines you are guaranteed a cigar delivered from the original box infallibly (it never fails of delivery) in perfect condition and sold under the cleanliest and most sanitary conditions. Not touched by any hand but yours. When you buy from an International you get a good cigar.

\$95 Hammond Typewriter \$35



Readers of Everybody's are given an opportunity to buy the above bargain because we want to introduce our goods in new localities. Live agents everywhere. Send us an order for one of these beautiful machines and sell it to any business man in your locality for \$70. We guarantee every machine sold. Write for special list giving agents' prices on all makes of writing machines.

STANDARD TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

23 Park Row,

New York City



Try It Yourself Five Days Free

This simple, practical, accurate computer costs only \$25.00—a fraction of the price of key machines—and does everything they do except print. The

Rapid Computer Adding Machine

does its work perfectly in any position—at any angle. You can rest it on any desk or on book page alongside column of figures you wish to add. It's a wonder as a saver of time and errors. Capacity, 9,999,999.99. Send for one on 5 days' free trial. If it doesn't do all you want it to do, send it back at our expense. Catalog Free upon request to

RAPID COMPUTER CO., 2015 Tribune Bldg., Chicago

Multigraph

Saves

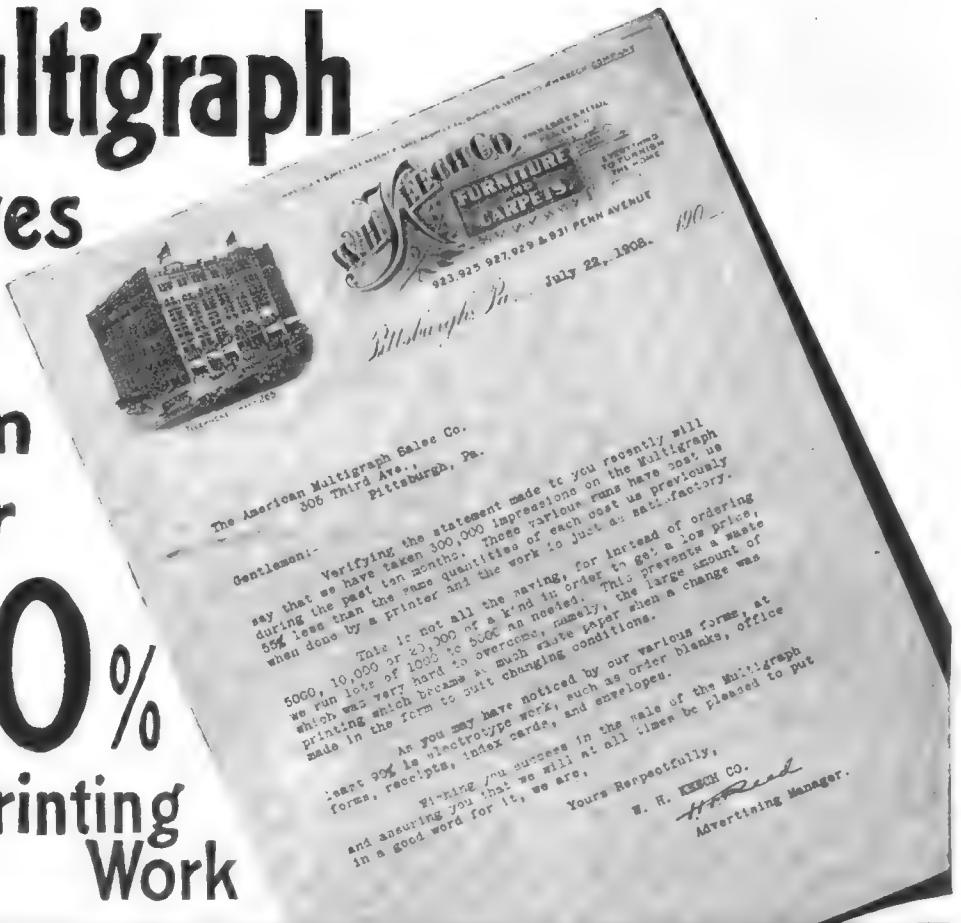
this

Firm

Over

50%

on Printing Work



The Gammeter Multigraph

Does Both Typewriting and Printing—on the One Machine

As an office printing machine alone the Gammeter Multigraph soon saves its cost. You don't have to do many jobs at a 50% saving before the machine is paid for. The Multigraph does all sorts of printing at practically the cost of only the paper and an office boy's time. It uses electrotypes for this work, so that additional quantities may be run off as required, at a moment's notice. Besides the money saving effected by Multigraph printing, it saves the printer's delays and red tape.

The Multigraph will print all sorts of office forms, card index supplies, postal cards, tabulated reports, quotations, etc., in any style of type desired, and in any size up to $8\frac{1}{2} \times 17$ inches. For regular printing work a direct inking attachment is supplied, as shown in the illustration.

For Typewriting Form Letters, Etc.

The regular Multigraph typewriter type is used, set and distributed by an automatic device, and the impressions are made through a typewriter ribbon, and against a rubber platen. This work is absolutely identical with the work of a first-class typewriter. In multiple typewriting or printing the speed of the Multigraph is 3,000 to 6,000 original copies per hour.

LET US SEND YOU SAMPLES

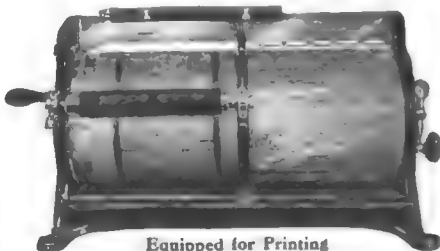
of forms printed on the Gammeter Multigraph, together with a Multigraphed typewritten letter addressed to you personally. Simply send us your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We will also send descriptive booklet or catalogue.

The American Multigraph Sales Co.

3946 Kelley Av., Cleveland, O.

Branch Offices Everywhere

European Selling Agents: The International Multigraph Co.
79 Queen Street, London, E. C.



Equipped for Printing

Imbedded in Solid Rubber

Every bristle imbedded in solid Rubber—
that's the secret of all

This
Name
Appears

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

on
Every
Brush

Shaving Brushes

That's why the bristles never fall out or work loose from the setting. The shape is always perfect—the bristles are always alive—the handles never crack—the brush improves with age until you wouldn't part with it for ten times its price—and yet it costs no more than the ordinary kind. *Every brush guaranteed.*

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6.00. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which you may order by mail.

To the average man we commend the \$1.00 brush.

Berset Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard instantly. Doesn't dry, doesn't smart. 25c a tube at all dealers' or direct by mail. Send 4c in stamps for sample worth 10c containing one month's supply.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY,

Sales Office: Main Office, Factory and Laboratory:
5212 METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK CITY. 81 FERRY ST., NEWARK, N. J.
BRANCH OFFICES: BOSTON, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, MONTREAL.



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



"Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing.

For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mennen's San Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor

Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper)

Specially prepared for the nurse. Sold only at stores.

No
Samples

No. 4711

A NUMBER
OF REASONS

WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP



HERE
ARE A FEW

of the many reasons why you should always say—"4711 White Rose" when you buy soap.

It is real, pure glycerine soap—not glycerine in name only—and you do not need to be told the soothing and beneficial effect of glycerine on the skin.

Its perfume has no equal and leaves behind a very delicate and refined odor.

FRED. MÜLHENS, Cologne a/R, Germany.

U. S. Branch,

MÜLHENS & KROPPF,

298 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Send 15 cts. in stamps for full size sample cake.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

No Stropping**No Honing**

Give Him a Gillette Safety Razor for Christmas

HE will use it, never fear! And thank you from his heart every time he shaves.

Over two million men are using the Gillette—any one of them will tell you he would not be without it for ten times its cost.

Shaving in the old way is the bane of a man's life. It means time wasted at the barber-shop—or tedious stropping and scraping with the old-fashioned razor, with the certainty of cuts and scratches if he is nervous or in a hurry. Besides, as you know, he is not always shaved when he ought to be.

The Gillette makes shaving easy.

Takes only five minutes for a smooth, satisfying shave, no matter how rough the beard or tender the skin.

No stropping, no honing. Any man can use it. It is the one razor that is safe—*cannot cut his face*—and it is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

A man is conservative. He takes to the Gillette like a duck to water once he gets acquainted—but, as with other improvements, it sometimes takes a woman to lead him to it.

The Gillette makes a beautiful gift, with its triple silver-plated handle, in velvet lined, full leather case.

Standard set as illustrated above, \$5.00.

Combination sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Send for illustrated booklet today.

The Gillette is on sale at all leading jewelry, drug, cutlery, hardware and sporting goods stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write to us.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

New York

202 Kimball Building, Boston

Chicago

Factories: Boston, London, Berlin, Paris, Montreal.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

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Original from

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOW TO "FIND OUT" COFFEE

COFFEE, you know, is a *flavor*. Many people think of Coffee as a food, a drink, a Stimulant, or a berry.

It is all of these and then Some.

But 95 people out of every hundred drink Coffee merely because they *like* it.

And they *like* it because a particular *flavor* of it pleases them.

A person may be very fond of Java Coffee flavor and detest Brazilian Coffee flavor.

In the South, for instance, "Black Coffee" is popular and in the West a lighter, smoother Coffee.

So that "Coffee" is a word of Many Meanings.

People who "*don't* like Coffee" have never yet found *the* particular *flavor* of Coffee which *would* have pleased them.

They can find it yet.

When they *do* find it they *won't* quit drinking it, and they *shouldn't* quit.

Because good Coffee, properly roasted, steel-cut, purified and packed in dust tight tins, is the most harmless of all good stimulants.

Music and applause are stimulants too, you know.

Coffee is quite as harmless as these, *if* it be *good* enough and properly made.

But how to find-out really *good* Coffee.

And how to find-out the precise *kind* of Coffee *flavor* which best pleases *your* palate.

There *is* a way.

For the first time in history you may *now* buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee.

This Find-out Package contains $\frac{1}{4}$ pound each (in separate cans) of the three flavors, Vigoro, Barrington Hall and Siesta.

Observe that the three distinct *flavors* in the "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee are not merely three *kinds* of Coffee, but three fixed and *unvarying* flavors of Coffee.

These *flavors* are built up by Coffee Experts from all the necessary and *varying* kinds of Coffee, each year, to a fixed *standard* of *flavor* and stimulation.

When therefore you buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee and find from it just *which* Coffee flavor best pleases your palate you can *then* feel sure of getting *that same identical flavor* year after year, under its given brand.

You can do *this* no matter *how* the flavor of Coffee grown in Brazil or Java may be affected from year to year by rain, drought, or indifferent roasting.

(Your Grocer, no matter how able or honest he be, *cannot* control these crop-variations in Coffee.)

Buy a "Find-out Package" of Bakerized Coffee *today*.

Settle the Coffee question for all time.

Send 30 cents in stamps or coin for this decisive Find-out Package (all charges prepaid).

We agree here and now to *refund* the money if you *say* you haven't had a dollar's worth of satisfaction and inside information from that package when you have made the Coffee test accompanying it.

Address—today—Baker Importing Co.—110 Hudson St., New York; or 228 Second St., N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Bakerized Coffees are all prepared by the same steel-cut process that has distinguished our celebrated

Barrington Hall The Steel-Cut Coffee

which for years has been a standard of excellence, a coffee of medium strength.

* * * *

Vigoro Bakerized Coffee

Is a robust, fuming, aromatic, stimulating Coffee—full of uplift, spicy odor and generous flavor.

It is a vigorous, "black" Southern Coffee which "touches the spot" and "puts you up on horseback."

* * * *

Barrington Hall Bakerized Coffee

Is deliciously smooth and fragrant, mellow, fine and satisfying, with a delightful lingering after-taste.

It is more nearly the standard flavor of right-good Coffee than any other we know of.

* * * *

Siesta Bakerized Coffee

Is of mild and dainty flavor, full of subtle delicacy and bouquet.

Pale in color, with a delicious winy effect, which delights the palate rather than stimulates the nervous system.

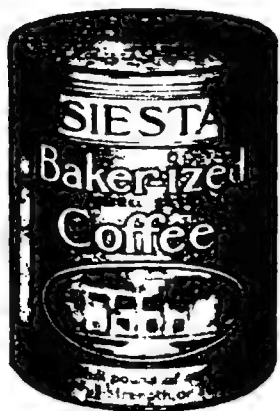
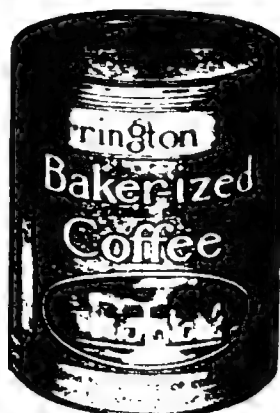
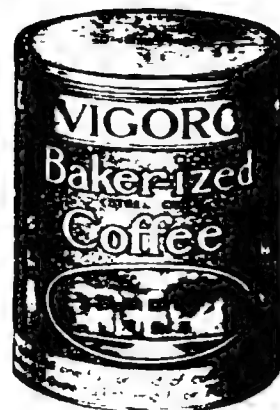
Ideal for those who want to avoid strong Coffee.

* * * *

Price, Bakerized Coffee (any-flavor), 35 to 40 cents, according to location. Packed in sealed tins only.

Our modern methods of cleaning and preparing Coffee for the consumer are fully described in an interesting booklet that is sent with each "Find-out Package." See column at left.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
New York Minneapolis





White—Whiter—Whitest

Many soaps are almost white, some are still whiter, but only one is whitest—Fairy Soap. The reason is the quality of fats and oils used—Fairy contains only edible products. There are no dyes, high perfumes or adulterations to deceive the eye or delude the nostril. Fairy is honest soap—all the way through. Its price, **FIVE CENTS**, is not the measure of its quality

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
CHICAGO.



“Have You a Little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”



At the Christmas Matinee

DID you ever see the face of a child when it is absolutely happy? It is a wonderful thing to make a child happy. If an Edison Phonograph had no other mission than to entertain the children it should be found in every home where there is even one child. But the Edison Phonograph is not merely a children's plaything, though it is the best playfellow a child can have. A child plays with its other playthings—but the Edison Phonograph plays with the child.

That same Phonograph appeals to all the children, large and small; to grown-ups as well as to children; to guests as well as to the family. That is why

**every mother
every mistress of a home and
every hostess should have an**

Edison Phonograph

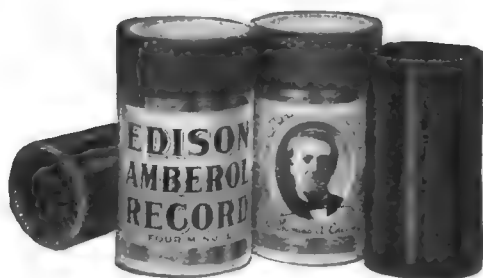
Every mother who reads this should decide today that Christmas will bring at least one joyful entertainer into her house—an Edison Phonograph. Act on that good resolution at once. Go to an Edison dealer today and hear the Edison, select your style, pick out a supply of Records, and make this Christmas a Phonograph Christmas.

You owe it to your children and to yourself to write today for the book telling why every woman needs an Edison Phonograph and making clear all that the Edison Phonograph could do for you.



NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey

THE EDISON BUSINESS PHONOGRAPH saves the time of high-salaried men and increases their letter-writing capacity.



The greatest improvement in sound-reproducing instruments was made when Mr. Edison invented **AMBEROL Records**

No one thing has added so much to the pleasure of the Edison Phonograph as a Record which plays more than four minutes, and reproduces the melody or voice so clearly and perfectly that the illusion almost defies detection.

Edison Amberol Records are the same size as the ordinary Edison Records. They can be played upon any Edison Phonograph by the addition of an attachment which any dealer can supply and any dealer can affix.

Longer selections are now available for the Edison Phonograph than have ever been available before for any sound-reproducing machine, and these selections are better given.

No Edison Phonograph outfit is complete without the attachment to play Edison Amberol Records.

You can hear these new Records at any dealer's. Learn about the attachment and equip your Phonograph with it today. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, a new Phonograph can be bought which plays both styles of Records—the two-minute and four-minute.

Your dealer will give you a descriptive list of Edison Amberol Records, the new instruments and attachments, or you can write to us for this information.

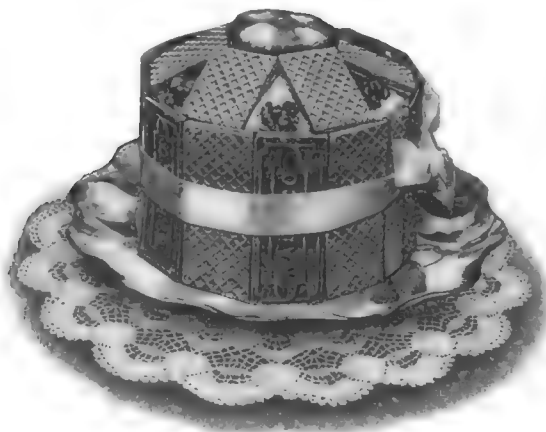
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

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Charlotte à la Baronne

Made with

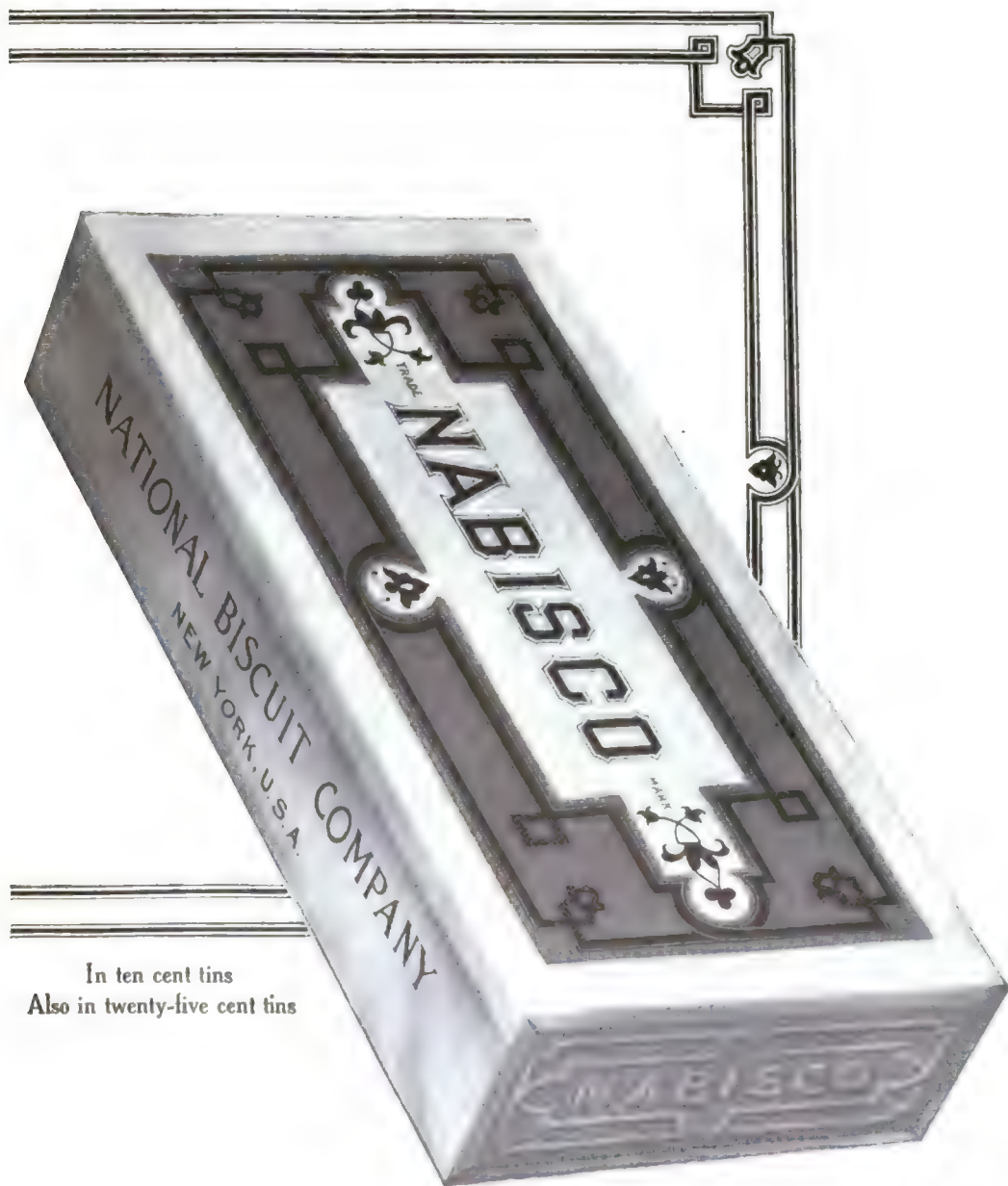
NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

The hostess who delights in
surprising her guests with some
new and unexpected dainty serves

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

RECIPE

Remove almost all the center from a round sponge cake and cover the edges of the cake with NABISCO Sugar Wafers, held in position with Royal Icing. Tie band of pink ribbon around center and place on dish. Mix one cupful of chopped fruits; add eighteen Festinae, one tablespoonful of sugar and three of orange syrup. Soak for one hour. Strain off liquid and add fruits to one pint of whipped cream. Heap the mixture in the wafer case just before serving. Decorate with halves of NABISCO Sugar Wafers and walnut meats.



In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

*"Unlinking all the chains
that tie the hidden soul
of harmony."* —MILTON.



***Make this
an Angelus
Christmas***

In all the catalog of Christmas gifts there is no single purchase which holds for you and everyone in your home so great a promise of enjoyment for every day throughout this and future years as the gift of an ANGELUS Player-Piano.



These are what musicians term "the Three Wonders of the Angelus."

The MELODANT

brings out and emphasizes the "air" or melody notes in splendid contrast to the accompaniment; a single note or chord is thus accented clearly and distinctly and all lesser notes made to serve only as a background to the predominant theme.

The PHRASING LEVER

A device affording most marvelous control of "tempo." A single note or chord may with the *Phrasing Lever* be accelerated or sustained and the regular tempo resumed on the following phrase or note. This delightfully artistic effect is absolutely impossible with the imperfect devices of other instruments.

The ARTISTYLE

A new system of roll-marking, which provides a clear and easily followed guide to correct playing, indicating by special character-marks how any selection, even those never before attempted by the performer, may be given a pleasing and musicianly interpretation.

Only the Angelus instruments are equipped with these devices.

You may already have a piano, but this at its best means indifferent music usually, good music only occasionally. But if in your home you have

The ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO

you are always sure to have good music all the time, whenever it is wanted, and you have also the additional and greater pleasure of being enabled to produce the music by your own effort, even though you do not know one note of music from another.

Make this an ANGELUS Christmas. In doing so, you will be conferring upon your home and everyone in it the one gift which grows more delightful and more enjoyable the more familiar it becomes to you.

The little ANGELUS in the form of a small portable cabinet, plays any make or style of piano. Besides the Angelus Piano, the Angelus is also incorporated in the world-famous Knabe Piano and in the sweet-toned Emerson Piano, making the **Knabe-Angelus** and the **Emerson-Angelus**.

Let us send you our beautiful new book and name of dealer where you can hear and play the ANGELUS for yourself.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.

MERIDEN, CONN.

Established 1876

Regent House, Regent St., LONDON



SANTA CLAUS TO "PACKER'S"

The PINERIES
BALDAMVILLE, U.S.A.

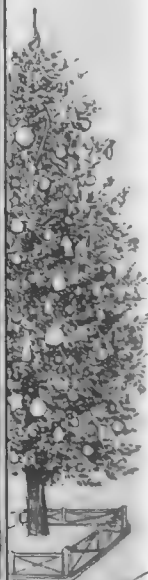
Dec. 24, 1907

Gentlemen:

I attribute the vitality and
lustre of my luxuriant hair
to the systematic use of
Packer's Tar Soap. For
shampooing I use it every
Saturday night - Mrs. Santa
uses it fortnightly. But for
many years we have both
used it daily for the bath
and toilet and so are
never troubled with chapped
or cracked skin, although
often exposed to very bad
weather.

Gratefully yours,
Santa Claus

To Packer Mfg. Co.
81 Fulton St.
New York



TRADE

"Standard"

MARK

PORCELAIN ENAMELED

Baths and Lavatories

are always preferred for the most modern homes because they insure better sanitation and greater satisfaction in use than any other plumbing equipment made.

Write for our beautiful new 100-page book—"Modern Bathrooms." This illustrates and describes a series of the most attractive bathroom interiors. You will find it of great assistance in connection with your sanitary arrangements. Send for your copy now. Enclose 6c. postage, and give name of your architect and plumber if selected.



Address, **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.** Dept. G Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Offices and showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.

Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street.

Pittsburgh:

New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

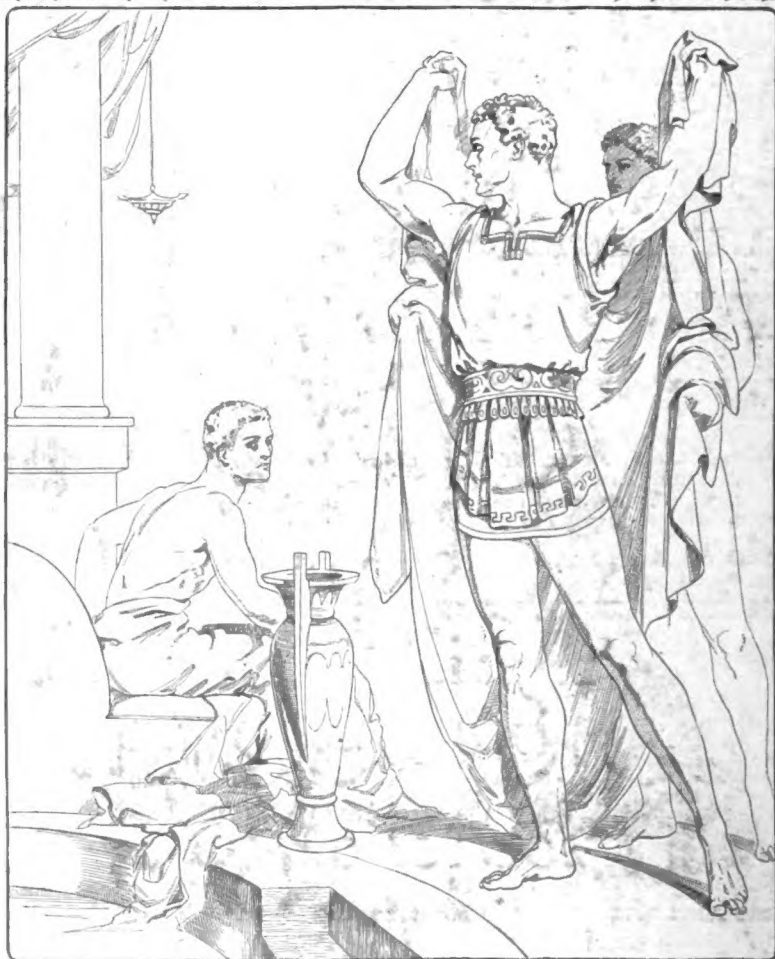
949 Penn Avenue

Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.

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It seems curious, but it is a fact, that John Smith, Everyday American, can enjoy one luxury that Julius Caesar himself could not; and that is a *real* bath—with *real* soap—in a *real* bath tub.

Caesar couldn't. Soap was unknown in his day. When he bathed, slaves covered his body with oils and ashes.

When John Smith bathes, he steps into a tub of water, as warm or as cold as he chooses to have it; covers himself with Ivory Soap lather, rubs it into the pores of his skin, rinses, dries himself with a coarse towel—and feels the equal of Caesar and as much the Master of the World.

It floats; and it is pure. These are the qualities that make Ivory Soap unequalled for use in the bath. Purity, in a bath soap, is of paramount importance. And a soap that does not sink has a great advantage over one that does.

Ivory Soap It Floats.



Painted by Philip R. Goodwin for Cream of Wheat Company.

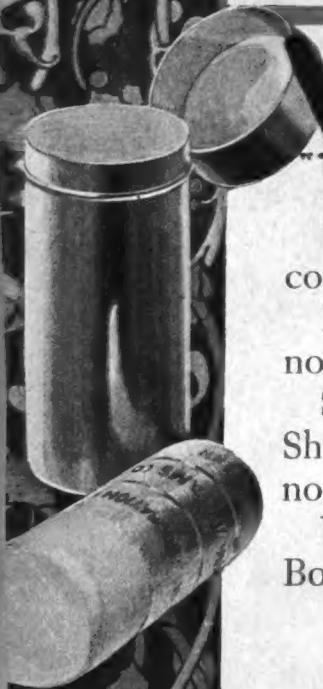
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A "BEAR" CHANCE

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The best results in shaving come from the constant use of Williams' Shaving Stick.

No other yields the same thick, creamy lather; no other keeps the face so soft and smooth.

Some one of the many good qualities of Williams' Shaving Stick may be found in other sticks, but no other shaving stick combines all of them.

Williams' Shaving Stick comes in the Nickered Box, Hinged Cover.

It can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box as formerly. Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c, if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

Jersey Cream Soap possesses the peculiarly soft, creamlike, soothing and refreshing qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soap so famous.

The daily use of Williams' Jersey Cream Soap insures soft, smooth hands and face and a clear, healthful condition of the skin.

Prove this for yourself by using it for a week or two if you are troubled with roughness, irritation and chapping incident to the winter months.

SPECIAL OFFER

As an inducement to a thorough trial of Jersey Cream Soap any druggist will, for a limited time, give without extra charge to purchasers of 4 cakes, a handsome, nickered, hinged cover soap box, invaluable in traveling or at home.

Jersey Cream Soap makes a dainty Christmas gift in itself, but accompanied by this very useful soap box it will be doubly welcome.

If your druggist fails to supply you, send 60 cents in stamps and we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS Co.,
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



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